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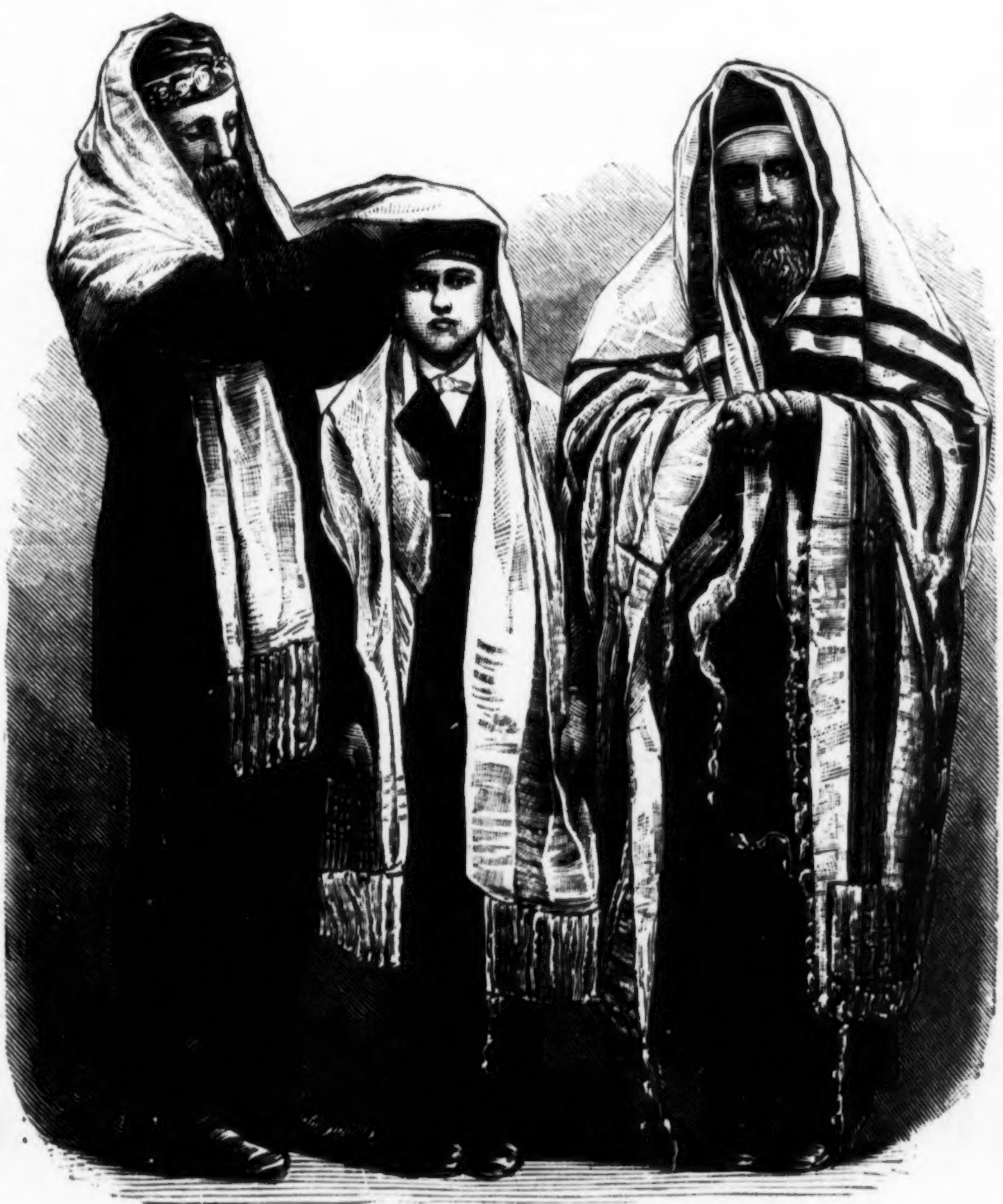
THE JEWS IN AMERICA.

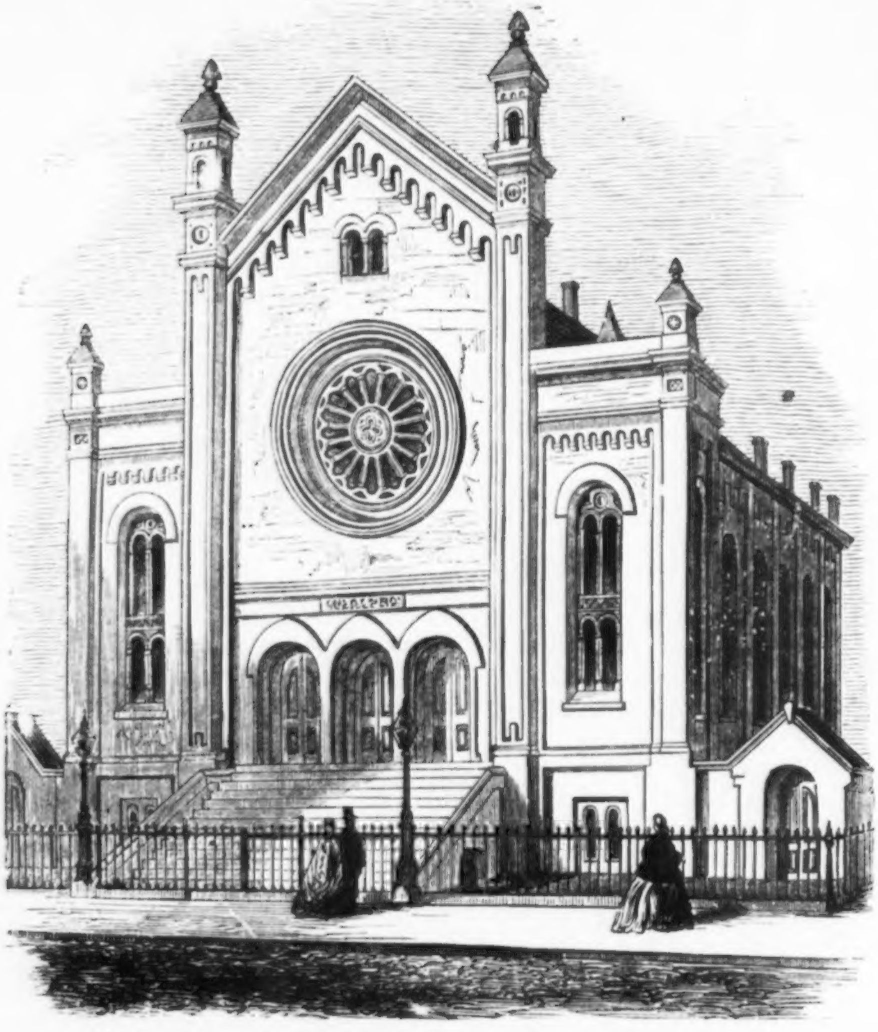
By Alfred Trumble.



A BAR MITVA SERVICE—A YOUNG ISRAELITE'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.

The history of the Hebrew in America is part and parcel of the romantic story that his race sends down to us from the earliest stages of the world. The early chronicle is a dark one, branded on human hearts in letters of fire, written on the gloomy pages of the past in characters of blood. It is the history of a people, weary from long wandering, seeking rest through centuries of pain and finding none, but clinging to their faith through all, as the drowning man, hearing in his ears the watery thunder of his doom, clutches the drifting straw. The Wandering Jew is a type of his race. From the time their temples fell before the Roman sword and firebrand they have been nomads—Pariahs of a Christian world.

Time was—at a time, too, when all the Christian world was engaged in a holy war for the recovery of the very city where their desecrated temples stood in ruins—when in all Europe the Jew's only refuge was in especial quarters of some German and Italian cities, marked by degrading symbols of their caste, and even then so little secure that any man's hand might be raised against their property or lives without



THE BNAI JESHURUN SYNAGOGUE, THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

impediment. At the height of the Crusades, bands of the very men who so bravely carried the sacred symbol of Christianity into the deserts of Palestine sacked the Jewish quarters of the "cities of refuge," hounding such of the miserables as escaped their swords to self-destruction. The Rhine ran blood; the plains of Hungary and Austria lay thick with dead; the black smoke of countless ruined homes vailed the sky with a sombre pall, under which the creators of the devastation swept on to combat and victory over the infidel, and ultimate planting of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem. Even there, at the very base of the Holy Sepulchre, the earth was stained with the blood of Jewry. Every Israelite found in Jerusalem was butchered without pause or pity, and the clash of bleeding swords echoed hollowly about the tombs of the dead fathers of the race.

In the year 1290 no Jew was allowed a refuge in England, France or Spain. When, gradually, he came to be admitted into France, it was to suffering quite as great as that which he endured elsewhere. He was forbidden bathing in the Seine, and herded with his followers in close, noisome quarters, bred pestilence in a natural course, and was massacred for the involuntary act. It frequently was deemed necessary to hang him, and that operation was performed by suspending him from a gallows between two dogs.

The reigns of Richard I., King John, Henry III. and Edward I. were dark days for the Jews in England. Since the Saxon settlements they had been located there and had thriven; were rich and prosperous. Many, too, had accompanied the invasion under William the Conqueror, and Henry II. had given them the support of his royal protection. At York and Oxford they formed extensive and opulent colonies. In the latter place they even had lecture-rooms and public places of worship. Such, in brief, was their condition at the coronation of Richard the Lion-hearted. All Jews had been prohibited entering Westminster Hall at the time of the ceremony, but several evaded the edict, and made their way into the tabooed precinct. They were recognized, and beaten to death in the very temple, and the mob, blood-hungry from the act, swept through the Hebrew quarter of the city, killing and plundering and destroying everything before them. The King did his best to suppress the disorder, and a few of the unfortunates were saved by his troops and by taking refuge in the Tower and other strongholds. Hundreds, however, perished, and the light of their burning houses flashed upon the newly donned crown. The rising spread to York and Oxford, and the butcheries there surpassed in atrocity those of London. Yet, such was the feeling of the time that the King, powerful and popular as he was, dared make no movement toward the punishment of the rioters.

From that time until 1290 the Jews in England enjoyed something like peace, varied by heavy assessments of money for the support of the Throne and the prosecution of the oriental campaigns, but otherwise comparatively unmolested. In 1290, however, under Edward I., an edict was issued, banishing every Jew from England. Their property was confiscated, and they were driven, at the point of the sword, to a banishment of nearly four centuries.

They found apologies for homes in France, the German Empire and Italy; but in 1395 Charles VI. drove them from the former place of refuge. Thenceforth, for several centuries, their persecutions were an almost indescribable horror.

In Germany their condition was the worst. Every visitation of a natural misfortune, a plague, a drought, a famine, was laid to their doors. It was asserted, in 1348, that they had poisoned the public wells, and the people rose in arms, and, penning the Jews in their synagogues with their families, fired the buildings and burned them by thousands. In 1350 this was repeated. In Switzerland the same scenes occurred. In Italy they languished in the *ghettos*, marked from the rest of humanity by badges, and oppressed by every conceivable harsh law. A considerable colony had found refuge in Sicily. In 1493, 20,000 families were banished from that island. A century before, a drought in Spain had been made the excuse for an indiscriminate massacre.

The Spanish Jews had arrived at a point of intellectual and financial elevation of the highest grade. They were opulent as princes, and learned as statesmen. Their counsels, like their money, were of weight in affairs of State. With the founding of the Inquisition their extirpation was apparently determined on, and in 1492, by royal permission, the stake began its frightful work. Seventy thousand families passed over into Portugal, and many more went to Africa, Italy and Turkey. Fully four-fifths, however, were destroyed. In 1492, those settled in Portugal were banished, and all of their children under fourteen were taken from them and sent to Catholic schools for education in that faith. These culminating persecutions fairly broke the virile spirit of the race. Their condition became one of semi-barbarism again, the culture for which they had been famous faded, and their language languished, neglected and nearly dead.

With the tenacity which had characterized them all through their previous trials, however, they rejected every advance made to them for the abandonment of their religion, although they knew that at that price they could purchase a liberty to which they were total strangers. Wherever a congregation could be got together they met for worship, privately. Their enemies lost no opportunity of ferreting out and dispersing these meetings, and the scenes of cruelty their assaults gave rise to in Prague, Vienna, Frankfort and other places in the German Empire, beggar description. Even the ferocious treatment of the Scotch covenanters, in the seventeenth century, was merciful compared to that which the unfortunate remnants of the ten tribes suffered almost hourly, the length and breadth of Europe. The outrages were committed, too, under *quasi* sanction of the law, in so much, at least, as there is scarcely a case on record in which any attempt was made to punish the persecutors of the despised victims.

It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, a blight fell upon the people. The only wonder is that they survived the time, and were not exterminated, as a race, for good and all.

The times were changing, however. The tide of persecution had reached its flood, and was shortly to ebb again. By the action of a commission, assembled at Whitehall at the command of Oliver Cromwell, ground was broken for a return of the Jews to England. They offered £200,000 for the privilege of being allowed to trade in London on the same footing as they did in Holland and Poland, in both of which States they enjoyed a comparative freedom at the expense of a yearly indemnity. Their proposition was at first rejected, and although they, from time to time, found their way into England, they effected no actual settlement, and began no actually extensive trade until the death of the Protector and the action of General Monk resulted in the Restoration of the Stuarts. Then the fortunes and the spirit of the race revived. The legal disabilities under which they lay were gradually removed, and, little by little, they built up the power which is theirs in the three kingdoms and their colonies to-day.

Against much opposition, the English Jews obtained the rights of citizenship in 1753. It was not until over a century later that the last of their disabilities were removed by Parliament, an act in a great measure due to Macaulay's eloquent appeal in his essay on "The Disabilities of the Jews."

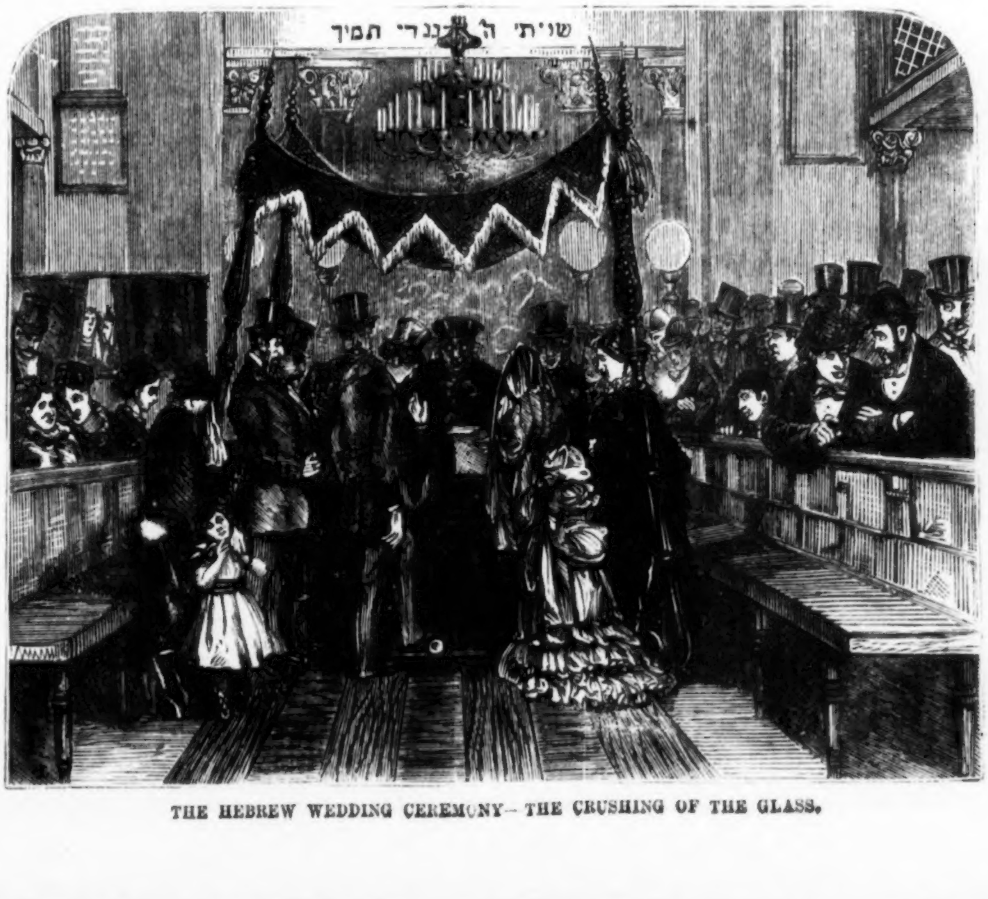
In 1847 the first Jew ever admitted to Parliament was elected, in the person of Baron Rothschild. This event was the occasion of considerable popular tumult. The most bigoted of its opponents, however, would have been probably petrified with horror could they have forecast the time when a Jewish Premier would direct the counsels of the Government.

The Jews were less fortunate in France than in England in the matter of obtaining the concession of residence, and it was not until the fierce hand of the great Revolution had swept the last rotten remnant of a corrupt past into a bloody grave that they actually secured a footing on Gallic soil. Once there, however, their progress was rapid, and long before their brethren in England ceased being the objects of aversion, from contact with whom Christians shrank in public places, and against whom Christian doors were barred, the French Jew walked with head erect, bold in the possession of equal privileges with his fellowmen.

While the Bishop of Oxford was calling for support to prevent the entry of Rothschild into Parliament, sustained in his bigotry by such men as Lord Derby and Sir Robert Inglis, three Jews—Cremieux, Goudschaux and Fould—had successively held the reins of government in France as Ministers, and continued, high in honor with the nation, in similar employments.

In Germany some faint and halting advances toward reform were made during the last century, and at a time when the Jews there were plunged into a misery so profound that any escape from it seemed impossible. Their language was extinct, and they spoke no tongue but a wretched *patois*, called, even to this day, Jewish German. All records, etc., necessary, they kept in this barbarous dialect, written in Hebrew characters. They lived in dens, held distinct from the rest of the cities in which they were, and barred with gates which were locked at night to prevent their taking advantage of the darkness to break bounds and forget, if they could, for a few brief minutes, the frightful sights and sounds they left behind them. It was from one of these dens, the Juden-gasse, in Frankfort, that the father of what is now the house of Rothschilds emerged to found a fortune which was to rule the peace of half the world.

Upon this scene of gloom appeared Moses Mendelssohn, the head of the Jewish reform movement in Germany, and the friend of the most famous philosophers and *littérateurs* of the day. His first work was to translate the Jewish Bible into German. The ultra-rabbinists took umbrage at this, and went so far, even, in their opposition, as to collect all of the books they could and burn them. Their movement failed of its desired effect, however. The idea had found supporters. The hitherto spiritless denizens of the gloomy "ghettos" began to study, and led by such savans as Bull, Gaus, Moser, and Ben David, the German language became the common tongue of Jew as well as Gentile. The first barrier



THE HEBREW WEDDING CEREMONY—THE CRUSHING OF THE GLASS.

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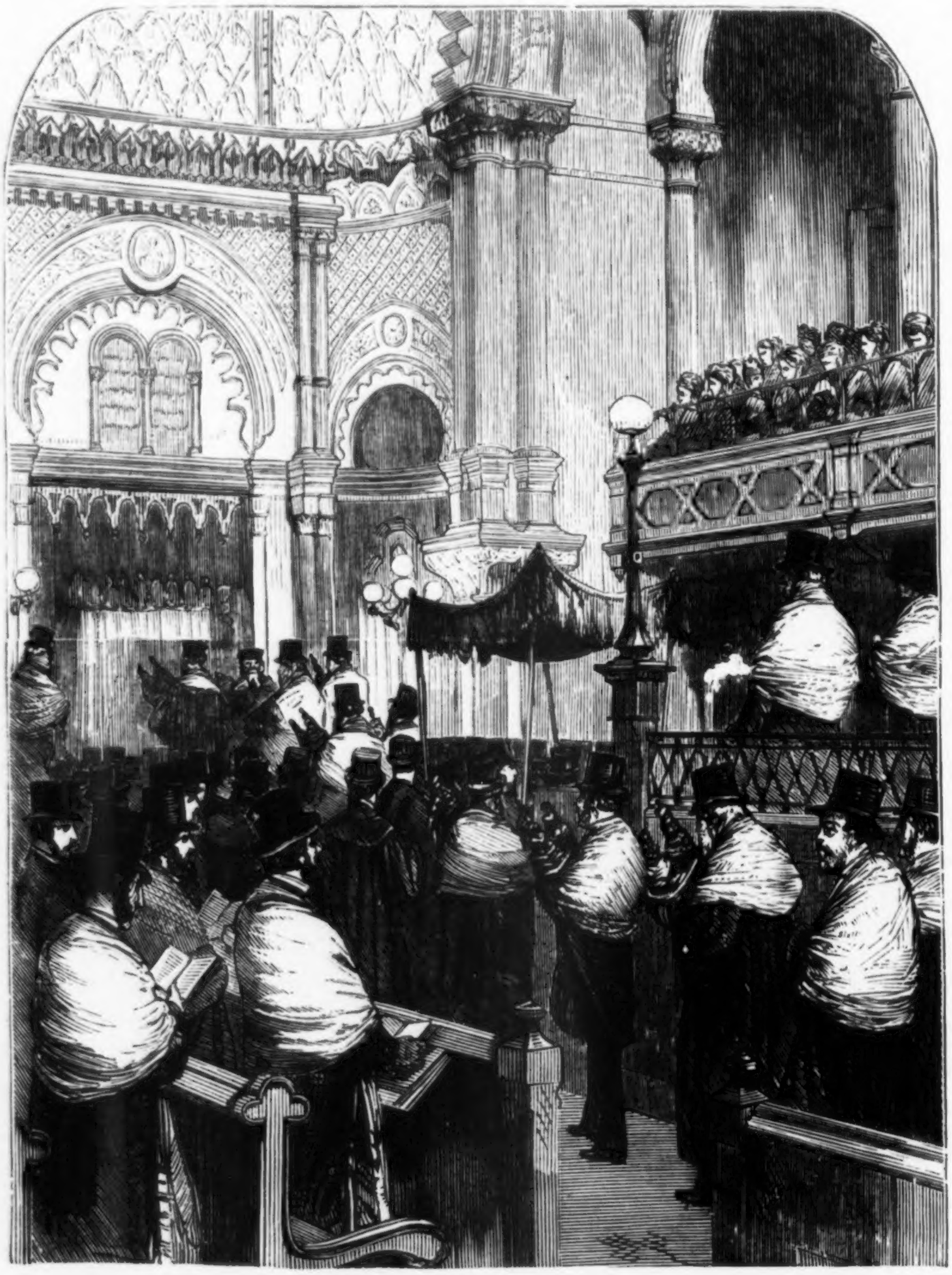
of separation was broken away. A Jew was no longer distinguishable from a Christian by his speech.

The death of Mendelssohn, in 1786, did not clog the wheels of reform, and the gradual improvement in the condition of the Jews in France and England had its effect upon the German contingent. The first reformed synagogue in Germany was opened in Berlin in 1814. In 1819, another was founded in Hamburg. Then came the revolution of 1848 and its attendant changes, and the hard-fought fight was in a measure won. The Jew had taken his place in the world, and was following his advantage to its natural and just end.

Nevertheless, the condition of the lower order of Jews in the German Empire, and the border countries, is still a most deplorable one. Bigotry and ignorance past all belief rule in the Jewish quarters today, for the lower order of Hebrews herd together yet after the old fashion. They are the toy of the extremist Rabbis, and have nothing in common with the enlightened German and Portuguese Jews, much less the adherents of the reformed tenets, other than a common basis of faith. When they emigrate, it is only to repeat in other countries the life they led in their own, and in such districts as they colonize in New York and other large cities of the Occident, the grimed experiences of the squalid homes they have left behind them are repeated after the fashion which has rendered such districts as Baxter and Bayard Streets what they are.



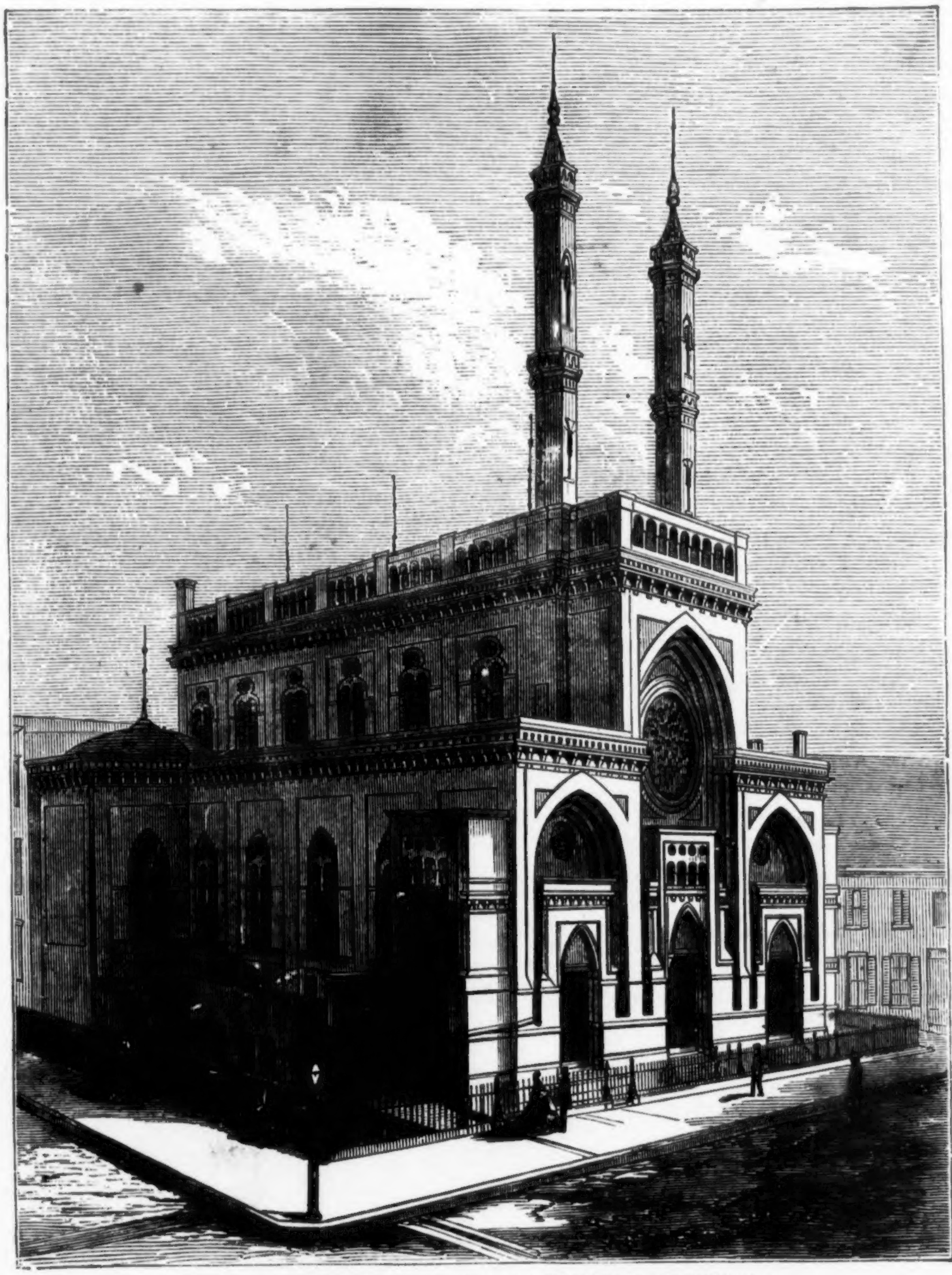
THE FEAST OF THE ATONEMENT IN A SYNAGOGUE.

According to the latest and most reliable census of the race, there are now not less than 7,868,447 Jews in the world, and the actual number is estimated to exceed 8,000,000. There are 5,500,000 of them in Europe, three-fifths of the number in Russia-Poland and Austria-Hungary alone. The child of Israel has not reached the end of his long journey yet. We find twenty-five of his kind among the ice-fields and tempest-splintered peaks of wintry Norway, and a quarter of a million followers of the covenant are scattered in the sun-smitten, fever-cursed fastnesses of Abyssinia. They people the hot sands of Arabia, and exist among the red plains and oven-like cities of the North African coast. Seven thousand of them have found rest under the Oceanican palms. In America, there are 514,000, half a million of whom are residents of the United States.

Such is a rapid *résumé* of the gradual progress and present condition of Judaism in Europe. The average Jew today, the Jew of the middle and higher classes, enjoys the freedom due to all men, thanks to the reforms so briefly noted. And it is to America, or, rather, to the United States, that the existence of these reforms is mainly due, since it was in the American Colonies that the doctrine of equal rights for Jew and Gentile was first propounded and made the basis of a public policy. It was the example of America which led, by slow degrees, but surely, to the amelioration and improvement in the condition of the European branch of the Hebrew race.

The first settlement of Jews in the City of New York, and within the limits of the present United States, was, it is supposed, made during the year 5410 of the Hebrew calendar, or 1650 of ours. The earliest known records of the event are copies of a petition of Salvador d'Andrade, under date of December the 17th, 1655, to the director-general and council of the New Netherlands, and of a remonstrance signed by Abraham de Lucena and others, dated March 10th, 1656. In volume I. of the "Documentary History of the State of New York," Governor Andros has a letter replying to certain inquiries about New York, made in 1678, in which he includes Jews among the inhabitants, and in volume III. of the same work, mention is made of the Rev. Abraham de Lucena applying, as a Jewish minister, to Governor Hunter in 1710, for exemption from military and civil duties, stating that these privileges had been allowed to his predecessors.

The congregation over which De Lucena presided, was the Portuguese *minhag* "Shearith Israel," whose present synagogue, at Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, is one of the architectural landmarks of modern New York. The first minutes of Congregational affairs now in possession of the congregation, are written in English and Spanish, and dated "Tishree 20th, 5489"—1728. They have reference to certain rules and regulations adopted in 1706, twenty-three years before. A year after the date of these minutes, in 1729, the first building specially for purposes of Jewish worship in this country, was erected on Mill Street. Previous to that time, prayers had been read in a frame building, about one hundred feet from the site of the first synagogue. The new synagogue was consecrated in 1730, taken down and rebuilt on the same site in 1817, and consecrated in 1818, the congregation in the meantime worshiping in a room over an engine-house in Beaver Street, near Broad. During the prevalence of the yellow fever, in 1822, service was performed in a school-house at Henry and Oliver Streets. In 1833, the site of the old synagogue was sold, and the materials of the building used in the erection of a new edifice in Crosby Street, which was consecrated in 1834.



THE KAAL OR KADESH BNAI JESHURUN SYNAGOGUE, CINCINNATI, O.

The New York Dispensary, at White and Centre Streets, afforded a meeting-room for the congregation while the new building was being erected. For a long time after, the Dispensary building served as a meeting-house for various temporarily churchless congregations. When the Shearith Israel moved again, it was to assume occupation of its present noble building on Nineteenth Street.

The origin of the congregation is supposed to have been the assembling in private houses of a number of Portuguese refugees for worship. As soon as the requisite number of people for a congregation—which is ten persons over thirteen years of age each—had come together, one of the number was probably called upon to officiate, and so the modest, private prayer grew into the wealthiest and most noteworthy Hebrew congregation in the country.

In close connection with the Shearith Israel was the community of the Newport Synagogue. The Jews played an important part in the history of Newport, and evidences of their presence meet the observer on every side in and about the now famous watering-place. The name of one Jew, at least, is as familiar to the Newporter as a household word—that of Judah Touro, the philanthropist. The synagogue and burial-ground, the former entirely disused for the reason that there is no congregation to worship in it, are situated on a street named after the liberal benefactor of the city, and are kept in repair by the bequest of Judah Touro and his brother Abraham, whose father, the Rev. Isaac Touro, was at one time minister to the now vanished congregation. Rabbi Touro did not confine his labors to the Newport community. He frequently conducted services at New York and Philadelphia, in the former place officiating at the Synagogue of the Shearith Israel congregation. One of the lions of Newport—that famous bone of antiquarian contention, the stone mills—is situated in Touro Park, which was presented to the city by Judah Touro.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport furnished Longfellow with the theme for one of his best-known and most artistic poems. Another American singer, a lady, and a member of the race which forms the subject of this article, found subject, too, for her tuneful pen in a relic of the old Hebraic settlements of Aquidneck.

Emma Lazarus's lines on the Jewish synagogue at Newport are only less charming than her delicious "Blade of

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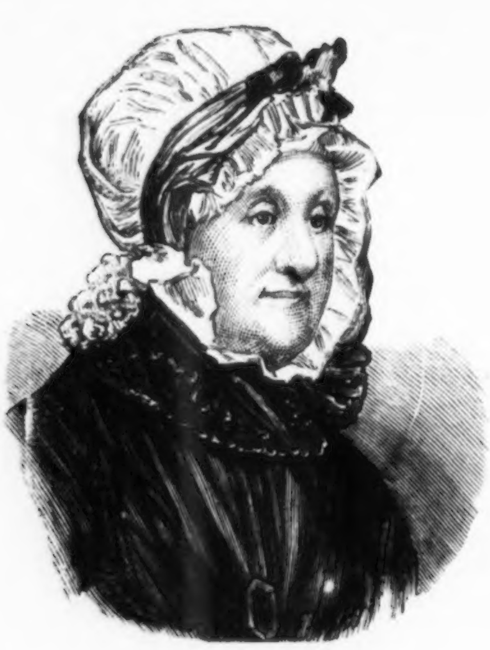


MRS. GRACE NATHAN.

Grass," and are so little known to the reading public that they are well worthy a place here:

" Here, where the noises of the busy town,
The ocean's plunge and roar can enter not;
We stand and gaze around with tearful awe,
And muse upon the consecrated spot.

" No signs of life are here; the very prayers,
Inscribed around, are in a language dead,
The light of the 'perpetual lamp' is spent,
That an undying radiance was to shed.

" What prayers were in this temple offered up,
Wrung from sad hearts that knew no joy on earth,
By those lone exiles of a thousand years,
From the fair sunrise- and that gave them birth ?

" Now, as we gaze, in this new world of light,
Upon this relic of the days of old,
The present vanishes, and the tropic blooms,
And Eastern towns and temples we behold.

" Again we see the patriarch with his flocks,
The purple seas, the hot blue sky o'erhead,
The slaves of Egypt—omens—mysteries—
Dark-fleeing hosts by flaming angels led.

" A wondrous light upon a sky-kissed mound,
A man, who reads Jehovah's written law,
'Midst blinding glory and effulgence rare,
Unto a people prone with reverent awe.

" The pride of luxury, barbaric pomp,
In the rich court of royal Solomon—
Alas! we wake; one scene alone remains—
The exiles by the streams of Babylon.

" Our softened voices send us back again
But mournful echoes through the empty hall.
Our footsteps have a strange, unnatural sound,
And with unwonted gentleness they fall.

" The weary ones, the sad, the suffering,
All found their comfort in the holy place;
And children's gladness and men's gratitude
Took voice and mingled in the chant of praise.

" The funeral and the marriage now, alas!
We know not which is sadder to recall;
For youth and happiness have followed age,
And green grass lieth gently over all.

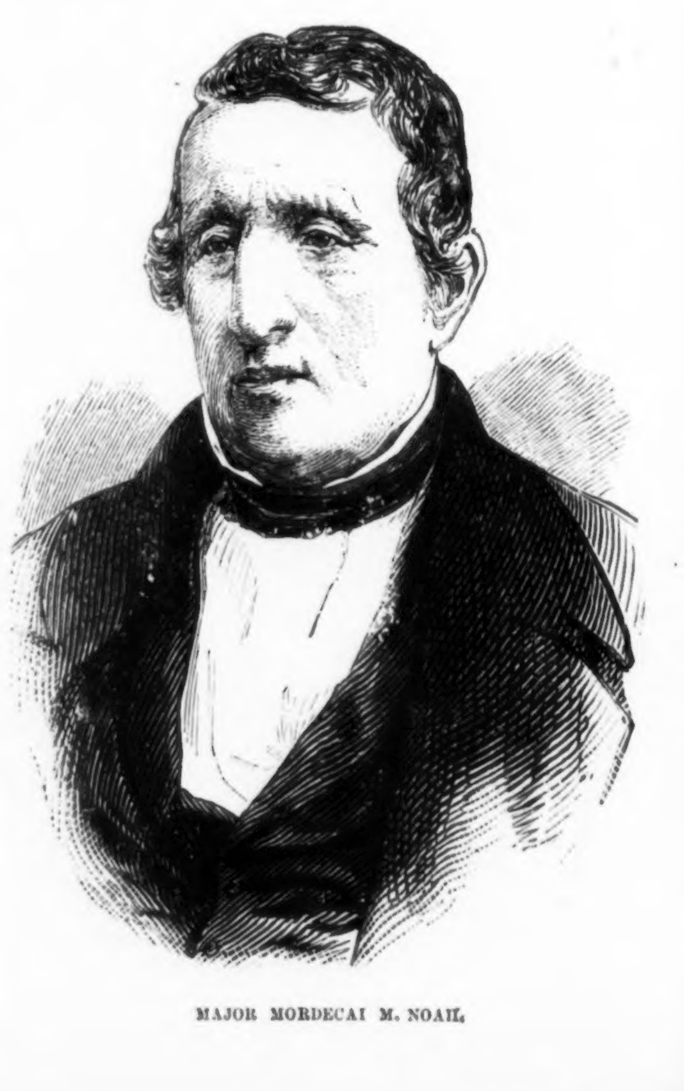
" Nathless the sacred shrine is holy yet,
With its lone floors where reverent feet once trod;
Take off your shoes, as by the burning bush,
Before the mystery of Death and God!"

If the effect of the deserted synagogue is a melancholy one, that of the mossy cemetery, with its crumbling monuments, embowered in long grass and luxuriant verdure, is by no means so dismal. There are few prettier spots about Newport than that garden of neglected foliage, with its milestones to fate scored by the fingers of Time, and mantled with soft, brown moss, where birds sing and bees hum and sunlight flecks the earth with stencil-work of gold.

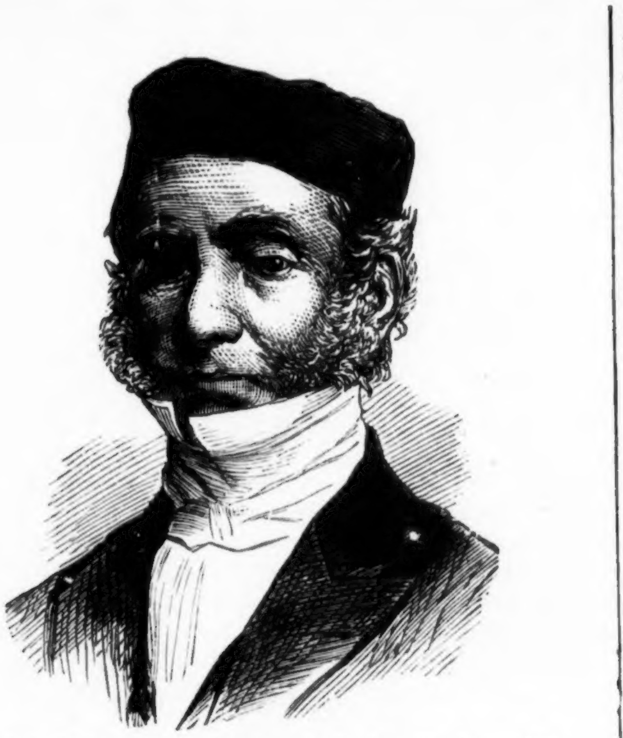
The first Jewish settlement of Newport occurred during the early part of the seventeenth century. The settlers who at that time joined the Rhode Island colony were Dutch Jews, to whom, from time to time, were added refugees of the same faith from Portugal and Spain. Worship was first organized in 1658, but it was not until 1763 that the synagogue was consecrated.

In the days when Newport was a greater shipping port than New York, its Jewish citizens were a power in the land. Their commercial transactions were on the most colossal scale and their wealth enormous. They entertained like princes, kept open houses from year's end to year's end, and were famous through the land for their hospitality and fair dealing. The Rivieras, Lopezes and Touros are historical characters. Of these, Judah Touro is certainly the most noteworthy.

This remarkable man was a native of Newport where he was born on the 16th of June, 1775. His father had been one of the emigrants from Holland, and had become pastor of the synagogue in 1762. In 1798 Judah made a voyage to the Mediterranean as supercargo of a vessel belonging to his uncle. During the voyage the ship distinguished herself by engaging and beating off a French privateer. In 1802 Touro left Boston for New Orleans, where he engaged in business, and accumulated a large fortune. The year 1815 found him a soldier under Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans, where he was severely wounded in the hip. He



MAJOR MORDECAI M. NOAH.



REV. S. M. ISAACS, OF THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET SYNAGOGUE.

died on January 18th, 1854, in New Orleans, leaving the greater part of his large fortune to various Christian and Hebrew charities, and to his native city. Among his bequests was $10,000 toward founding a Protestant church, and a liberal subscription to the Bunker Hill Monument.

The business failure of Newport, and her gradual decadence into a mere third-rate port and Summer watering-place, were followed by the departure or death of the great Newport Jews. The families gradually fell away, until finally the synagogue was closed. It remained for sixty years unused; was then reconsecrated in 1850, and continued for a short time in use, when its doors were closed again for what has, as yet, been the last time.

Many of the old members of the Newport congregation, and of the families whose names are identified with the history of the synagogue, are now members of the Shearith Israel. Among his flock the Rev. Dr. Lyons counts such well-known names as those of Seixas, Gomez, Lopez, Tobias, Nathan, Hendricks, Abecassis, Brandon, Lazarus (among them his niece, the poetess), Hart, Cardozo, Henriques, Peixotto (late Consul to Roumania), and many others. The synagogue, in addition to being the oldest, is the most distinctively American, of any in the country. More than one good officer left the congregation to engage in the late civil war, and the patriotic efforts of the ladies were well appreciated by the Union soldiers who received articles of comfort and use from them while in the field.

The Rev. J. J. Lyons is a native of Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, where he was educated. He officiated as head of the congregation Névé Schalom, in Surinam, for five years, and came to the United States in 1837. After serving as minister of the congregation Beth Schalom, in Richmond, Va., for nearly two years, he was invited to New York, upon the death of the Rev. Isaac D. Seixas, in 1839, and assumed his present charge. Dr. Lyons is a devoted student of Hebrew history, and the author of several books bearing on the subject. It is to his courtesy that many important details of this article are due.

At the time when the Newport and New York congregations were beginning to grow in importance, the position of the Jews in the American colonies was a most favorable one. As a class, the representatives of the race here were men of culture, and brought with them, from the scenes of their late persecutions, many of the elegances and refinements of their earlier lives, and which were being deadened in their brethren abroad. As a consequence, they soon formed a prominent feature of colonial society, and amid the somewhat barbarous civilization of that early date, they loom up in an oriental opulence of refinement, strongly suggestive of the bright days when they feasted princes in Flanders, and extended favors to kings under Iberian skies. For the first time, however, they really enjoyed the true sweets of liberty. Even when their position in Europe had been at its best and brightest, it had only been a freedom of sufferance; the contemptuous liberty one grants a favorite dog; the familiarity of a confidential valet, whom one "thous" as one does a friend, but for a very different reason.

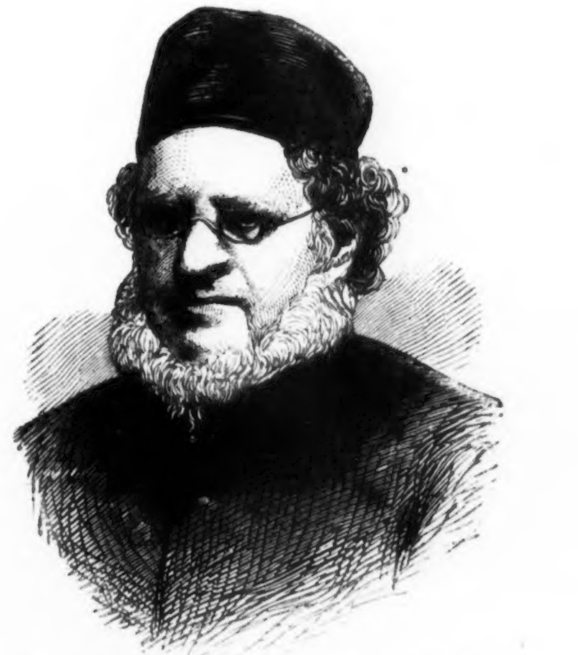
In 1733, there were enough Jews in Savannah to form a congregation. In 1787, there was a synagogue at the corner of Whitaker and Liberty Streets, in that city, several of whose members took an active part in the early government of the colony.

The next, in chronological order, was the congregation Micveh Israel, established in Philadelphia, in 1782. The members were Spaniards and Portuguese, and their first synagogue, in Cherry Street, above Third, is their place of worship to-day.

In 1802, a German *minhag* was organized in the Quaker City, and in 1847, another, and also a Dutch congregation. A Polish congregation built a synagogue, which was consecrated in 1849, and from time to time since then others have been created. The Jews in Philadelphia form an extensive and opulent community. In the early period of their existence, their worship was conducted by various pastors, those of Newport and New York frequently alternating their pulpits with the Philadelphia professors.

The first Jewish congregation in Charleston, S. C., was assembled in 1791, although as early as 1757 the resident Hebrews had possessed a special cemetery. The second synagogue was founded in 1843. The names of several of the Charleston Jews appear in the records of the Revolution. Several of them fought in the Pulaski Legion, and their money and blood were freely spent in the struggle for liberty of the nation which they had found the first to extend the hand of friendship to themselves.

There is one notable figure of those Revolutionary days among the American Jews, which claims especial mention. It is that of Mrs. Grace Nathan, the daughter of the famous Rabbi, Isaac Mendez Seixas, and wife of Simon Nathan, a



THE LATE REV. M. J. RAPHALL, FORMERLY RABBI OF THE BNAI JESHURUN.

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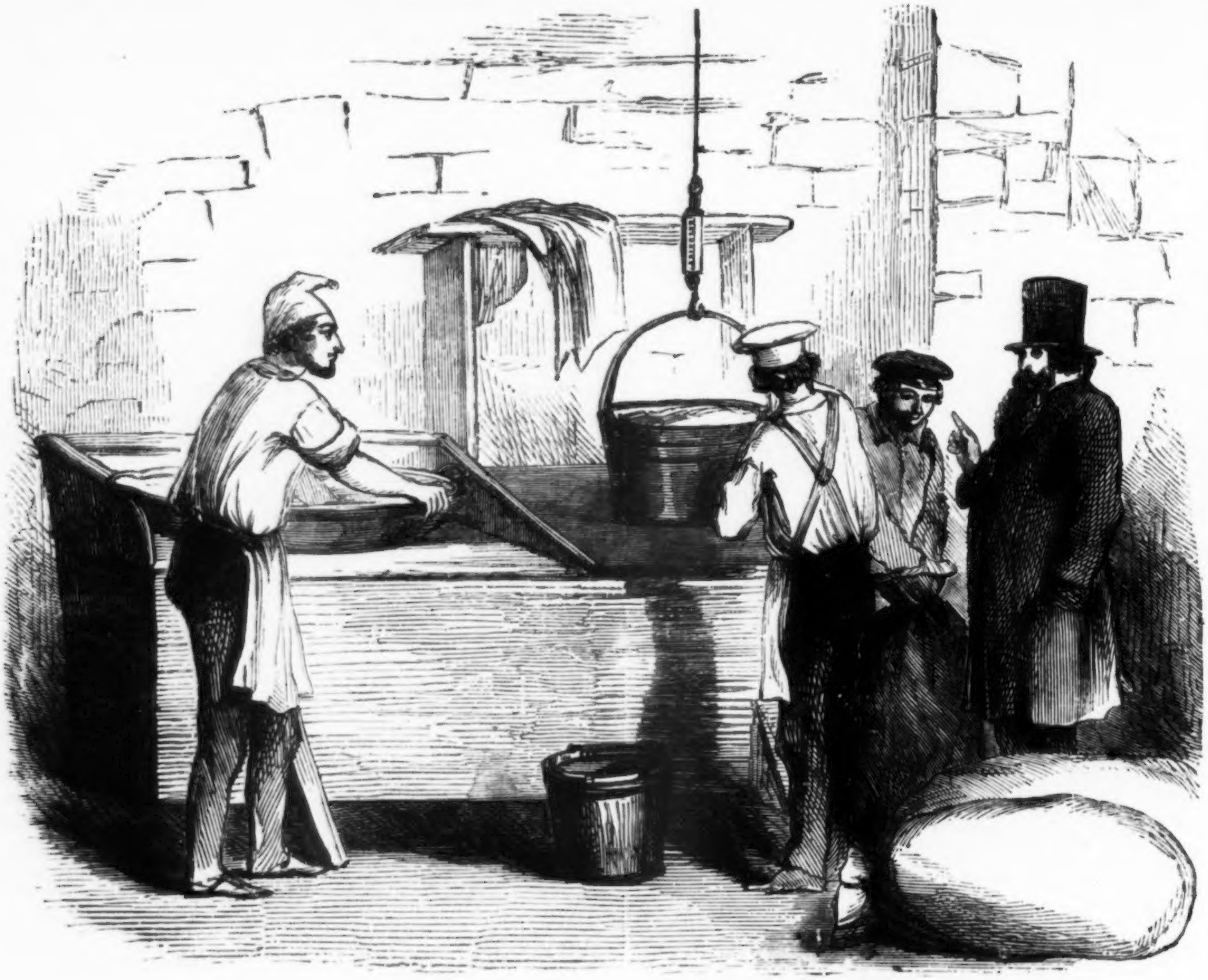


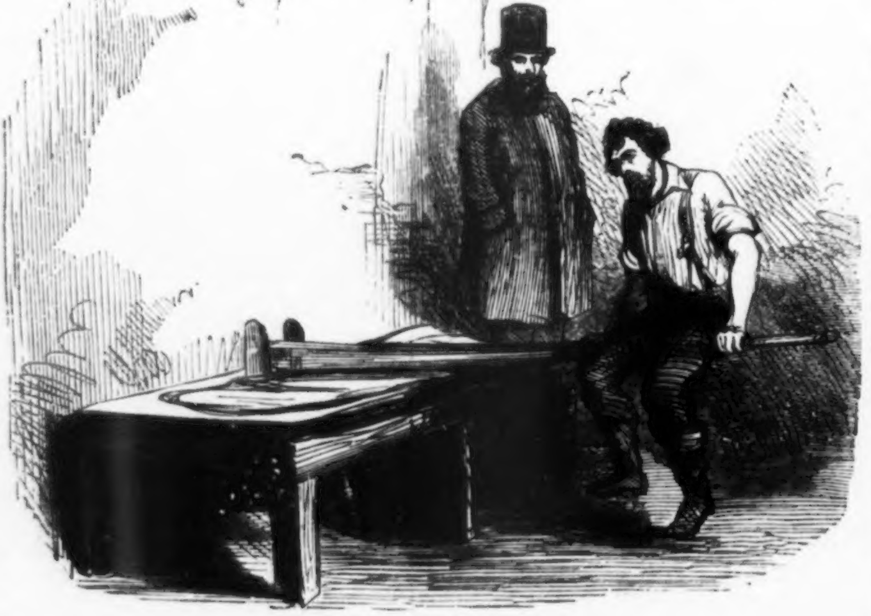
WEIGHING AND KNEADING IN PRESENCE OF THE RABBI.

leading merchant of New York. Mrs. Nathan was a famous beauty, a toast in her day, and a woman esteemed for every quality which claims admiration and respect. In the early days of the Colonial struggle for freedom, when the prospect was darkest, and the life of the young republic hung by a thread, a number of communications were received by Congress from sections and communities, which pledged themselves to support the almost fainting cause. Some of these were publicly read to Congress, among them a letter from Mrs. Nathan, in behalf of her family and race. This historical paper is still preserved among the Congressional archives.

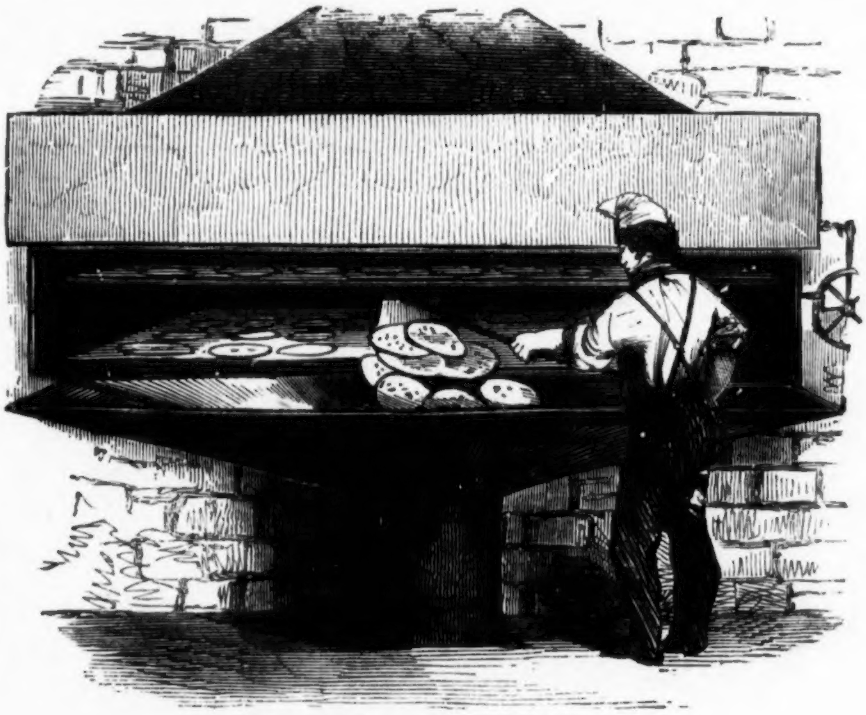
The papers of the day, and the collections of local Jewish *bibliophiles*, are rich in relics of Mrs. Nathan. Letters and verses of remarkable brilliancy and literary value are treasured up among the precious contents of many a Hebrew museum. Mrs. Nathan was the great-grandmother of Benjamin Nathan, Esq., whose tragic and mysterious death forms one of the romances of metropolitan crime, and the poetess Emma Lazarus is another of her descendants.

Jewish society in Charleston, even in its infancy, rivaled the glories of the communities in the North. As early as 1750, the first beneficial society of resident Israelites was formed. The "Hebrew Benevolent Institution of Charleston" was organized in 1791; another followed in 1795, and a Jewish society for the relief of orphans and indigent children *of all sects* was created in 1801. The first Hebrew Sunday-school in Charleston was opened in 1839.

In 1791 a Portuguese congregation came together in Richmond, Va., and in 1841 another was established. In 1819 there was a Polish community, worshiping in Cincinnati, followed in 1840, 1848, 1850, by other



KNEADING PASSOVER BREAD.



TAKING THE MATZES FROM THE OVEN.

congregations of German and Polish Israelites. A school was started for instruction in Hebrew, German, and English, in 1849. The splendid structure which accompanies this article, in illustration, is the present place of worship of the original Cincinnati congregation, and was consecrated in 1868.

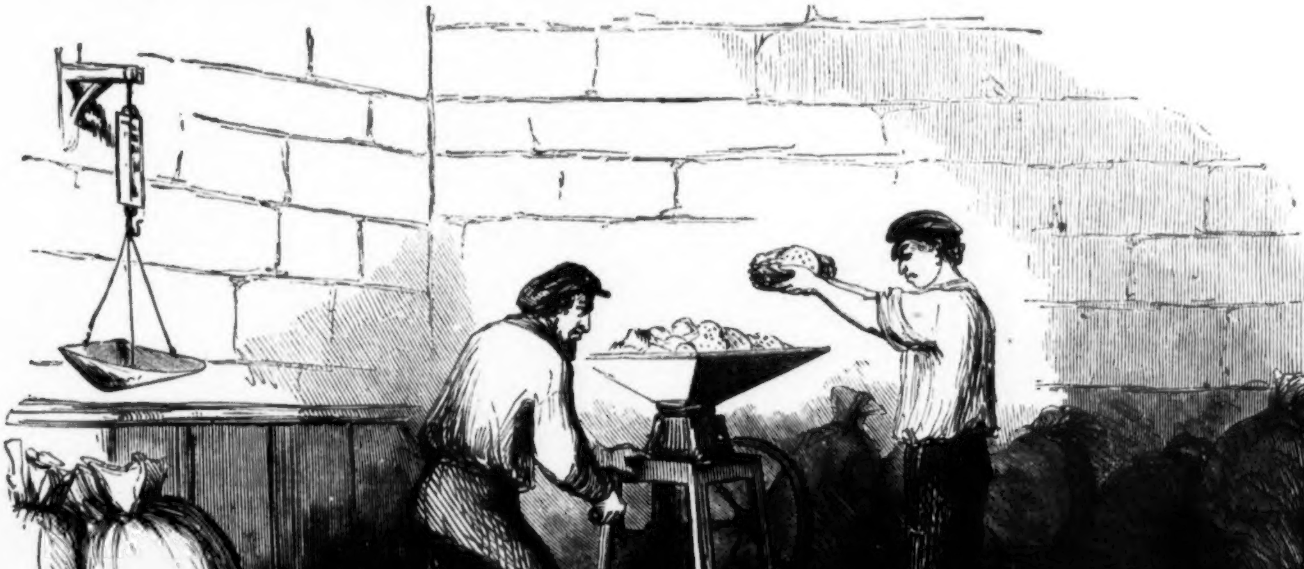
Baltimore built its first synagogue in 1823; New Orleans in 1828. There was a Jewish place of worship on Herkimer Street, Albany, in 1838, and in 1842, the first edifice for the same purpose was built by the German Jews of Boston. Cleveland, Ohio, had a Hebrew church in 1841. Louisville, Ky., had a Jewish community as early as 1836, and Mobile one in 1844, while that in St. Louis dates from 1842.

In 1845 there was a congregation in Wilkesbarre, Pa.; 1846 found similar establishments in Augusta, Ga.; Columbia, S. C.; Norfolk, Va.; and Syracuse, N. Y. In 1847 came the congregations in Buffalo, Chicago, Hartford, Lancaster, Montgomery, Ala., and Rochester; 1848 produced those of Fort Wayne, Newark and Pittsburg, and in 1849 the Wheeling, San Francisco and Danville places. From that time forth the growth of the communities was rapid, and to-day the synagogues rise in almost every city of the land.

The synagogues in the United States were not, however, the pioneer establishments of the sort in the Western Hemisphere. The Jews of Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, were a body, in 1664, worshiping in a synagogue in the "Jew Savannah," a day's journey above Paramaribo by the river of that name, as journeying in those days went. They sought this place of worship in bodies twice a year. In the intervals between these pilgrimages their services were held privately in the city.

Jamaica is a notable place for Hebrews. The first synagogue was erected there in 1750, in Kingston. There is a Portuguese synagogue on the island of Curaçao nearly two centuries old. In Barbadoes, however, occur the earliest records of all. The first settlement of Jews in the island is claimed to date from 1628. A tombstone is in existence in the Hebrew Cemetery there, bearing date 1658.

There are no attainable records of the early settlement of Jews in Canada prior to the conquest of the province by England. Samuel Jacobs, Simon Levy and Aaron Hart arrived in Canada in 1760, accompanying detachments of infantry under the command of General Haldimand, immediately after the conquest. Aaron Hart remained at Three Rivers, and was employed as a commissary to supply the troops with forage, provisions, and other military stores.



GRINDING THE BROKEN PIECES INTO MEAL.

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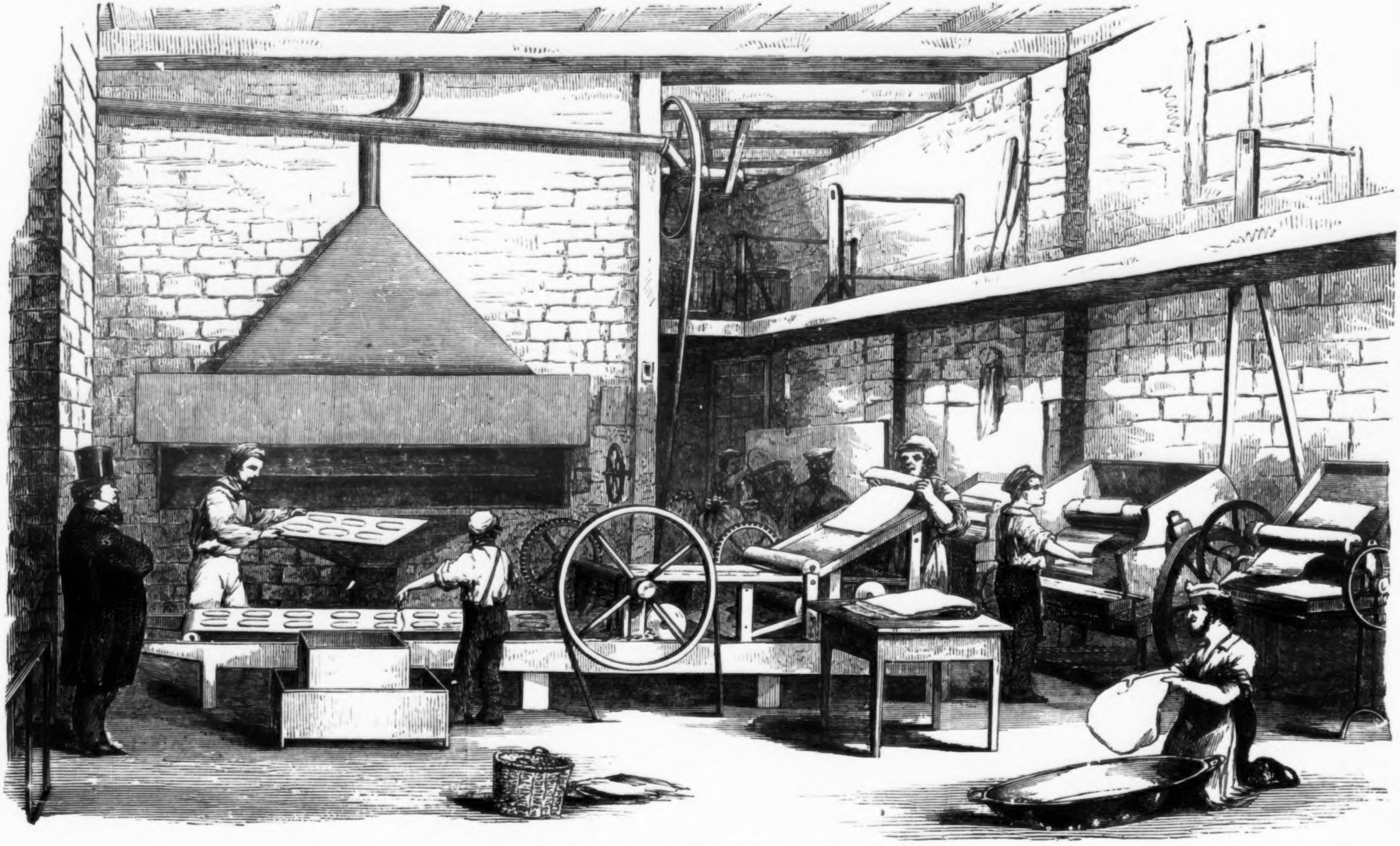
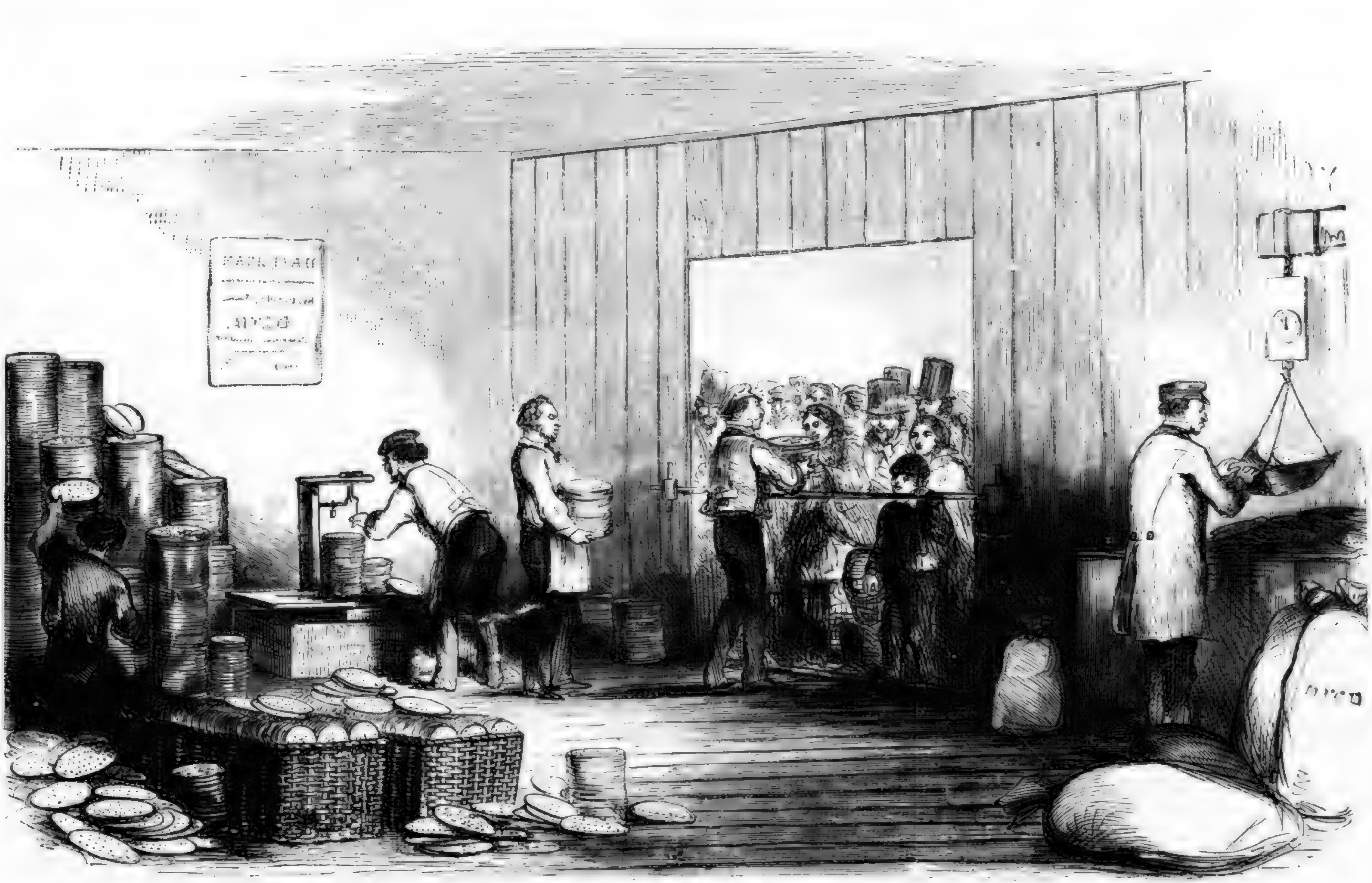


PREPARING AND BAKING MATZES OR UNLEAVENED BREAD.



WEIGHING AND DELIVERING THE MATZES OR UNLEAVENED BREAD.

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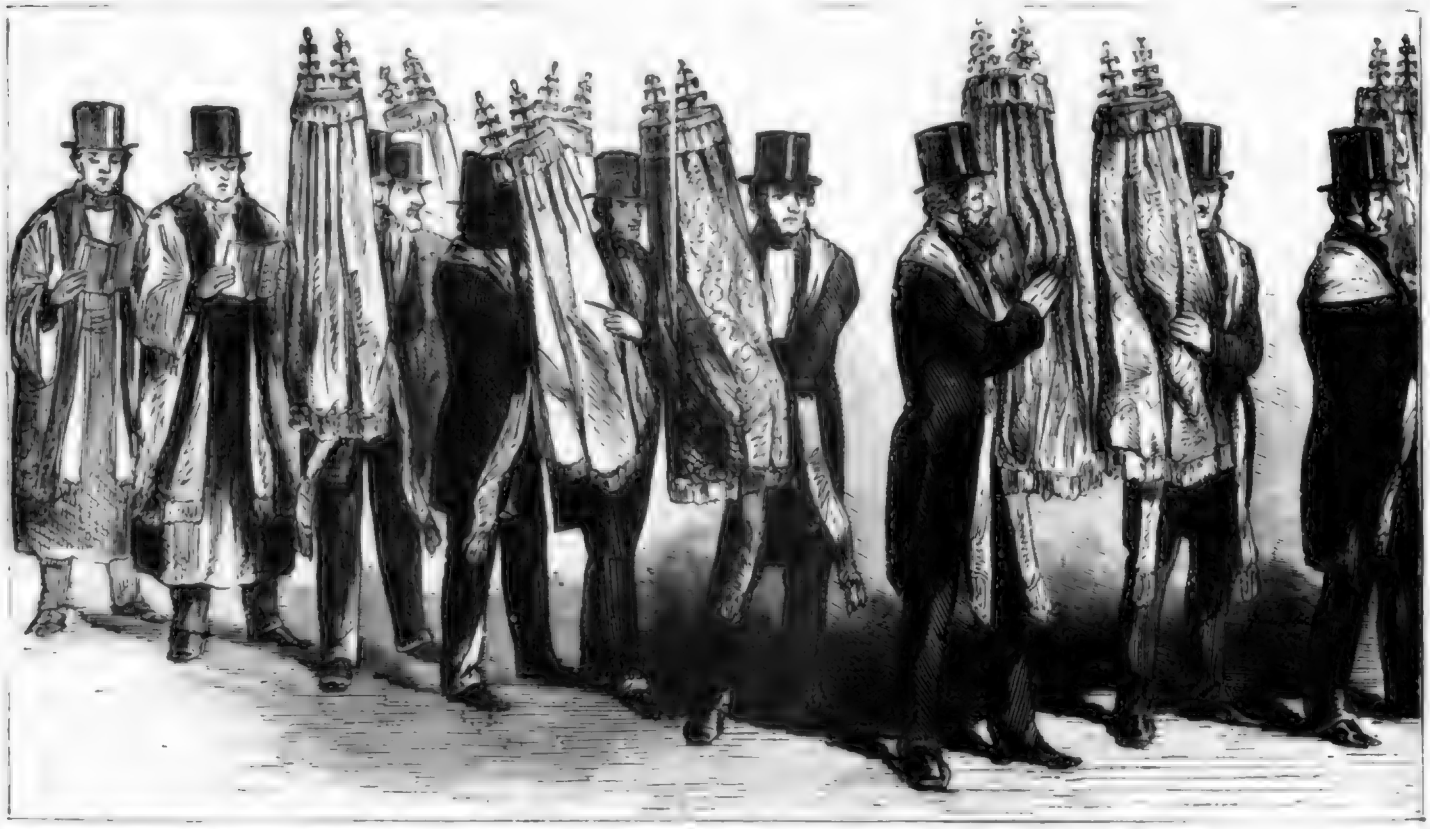
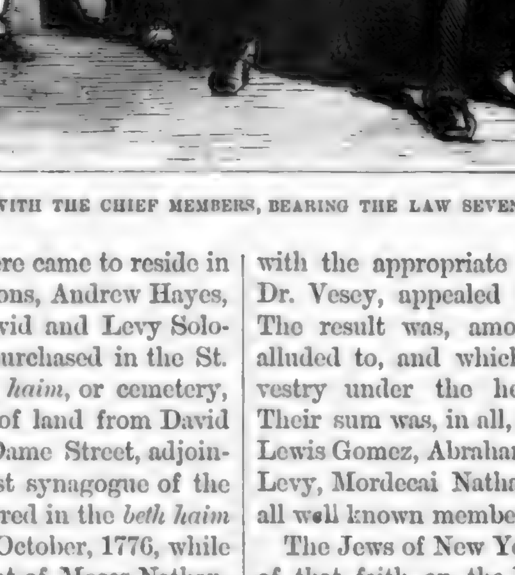


DEDICATION CEREMONIES—A RABBI, WITH THE CHIEF MEMBERS, BEARING THE LAW SEVEN TIMES AROUND THE SYNAGOGUE.

From this period to the year 1774 there came to reside in Canada David Salesby, Ezekiel Solomons, Andrew Hayes, Jacob Mauris, Isaac Judah, Lazarus David and Levy Solomon. In 1775 a piece of ground was purchased in the St. Antoine suburb of Montreal for a *beth haim*, or cemetery, and this was enlarged in 1809 by a gift of land from David David, upon whose property in Notre Dame Street, adjoining the Court House, was erected the first synagogue of the Jews in Canada. The first person interred in the *beth haim* of Montreal was Lazarus David, 22d of October, 1776, while the oldest gravestone now standing is that of Moses Nathan, who was buried in March, 1804. A *beth haim* was set apart in the town of Three Rivers, the land being a gift from the Hart family. In the city of Toronto the Israelites established a *beth haim* in 1852, and the Israelites of Quebec followed their example in 1853.

The details of Jewish history on this side the Atlantic are remarkably meagre. With the exception of the historical collections of Rabbi Lyons, and the insufficient notes of some other professors of the faith, the material at the disposal of the chronicler is really no material at all. The collections of Dr. Lyons are of a most valuable nature, and as thorough as circumstances allow, but the absence of record of many important occurrences in the history of cis-Atlantic Jewry is painfully apparent. Among the most interesting features of the Hebrew *savant's* collection is a record of a contribution by Jewish merchants to the fund for the completion of Trinity Church in 1711.

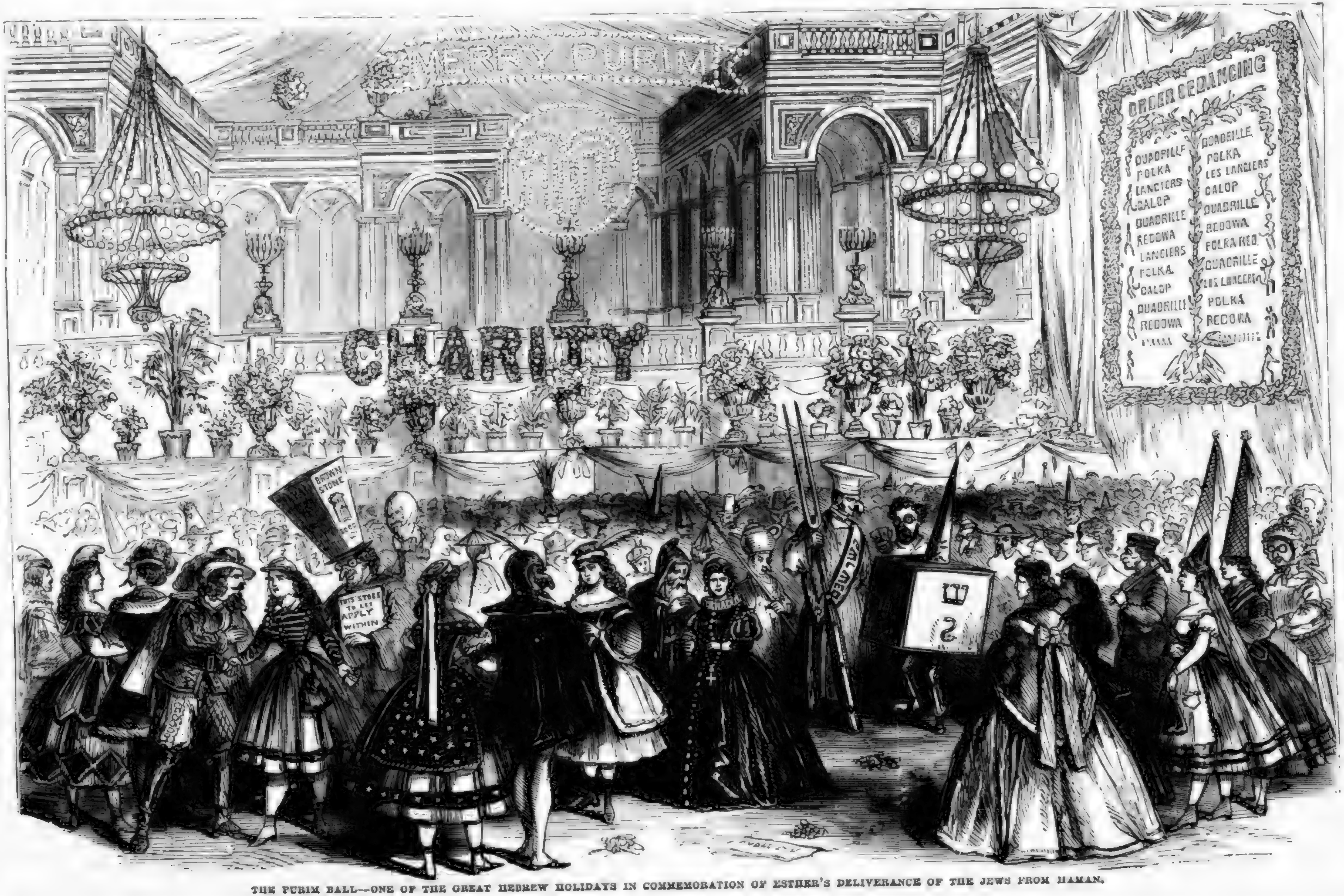
Trinity, now one of the wealthiest church corporations in the world, was at that time so poor, that although it had completed its church proper, it was unable to pinnacle its roof-tree with the appropriate spire, and, in 1711, the then rector, Dr. Vesey, appealed for subscriptions for that purpose. The result was, among many others, the contributions alluded to, and which are entered in the minutes of the vestry under the head of "The Jews' Contributions." Their sum was, in all, £5 12s. 3d., and the subscribers were Lewis Gomez, Abraham de Lucena, Rodrigo Pacheco, Moses Levy, Mordecai Nathan, Jacob Franks and Moses Michael, all well known members of the local Jewish congregation.



THE SHAARAI TEPHILA SYNAGOGUE, FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

The Jews of New York are the most extensive community of that faith on the Western Continent. They worship in twenty-four synagogues, and are the sponsors of over fifty institutions for charitable and educational purposes. The original Jewish cemetery in this city is still in partial existence. It was purchased in 1681, and covered a plot of ground on a hill extending from Madison and Oliver Streets to Chatham. Interment there having been forbidden by the Common Council, a portion of the ground that had not been used was sold. The desolate spot, grown with scant grass, and shadowed by towering warehouses and squalid tenements, faces the New Bowery, from the top of a rough stone wall. The dust of the busy street lies thickly on the tombs. The cemetery is said to be the oldest inclosure of the sort on Manhattan Island.

The second Jewish cemetery was in Eleventh Street, near Sixth Avenue. The third, on Twenty-first Street, near the same thoroughfare, was dedicated in 1829. In 1851, interment was discontinued in this city, and the Jewish cemetery opposite that of Cypress Hills, five miles from Williamsburgh, was dedicated in August of that year, and chartered by the Legislature in 1853.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BROWN STONE
THIS STORE TO LET APPLY WITHIN

THE PURIM BALL—ONE OF THE GREAT HEBREW HOLIDAYS IN COMMEMORATION OF ESTHER'S DELIVERANCE OF THE JEWS FROM HAMAN.

New York presents almost every variety and class of adherents of the Jewish faith. From the ultra rabbinists of the East side, who cling to every tenet and observance of their faith in its primitive entirety, to the extreme of reform represented by the Temple Emmanuel, they are all here. The representative congregations are that of Shaarai Tephila, in Forty-fourth Street, composed of Polish and German Jews; the Shearith Israel, already described; the Bnai Jeshurun, in West Thirty-fourth Street, and the Temple Emmanuel. Each of these temples shelters believers in various phases of that great reform movement which has created a partial schism in the Jewish Church, and whose most daring and progressive prophet is Professor Adler.

Great as the diversity of opinion upon many points of the faith is, the unity of the Godhead and the binding force of the moral laws of Moses are common beliefs to every Jew, whether one of the orthodox sort, who listens, in a rigid conformance to every rule, to a Hebrew sermon, or the reformer in whose synagogue the services are only partially in that mystic tongue.

The first temple in which the reform movement found followers was in Charleston, S. C., where an organ was introduced, the second-day festivals abolished, and English instead of Hebrew hymns sung. In 1847, two years after its establishment, the Temple Emmanuel, in this city, followed in the wake of the Charleston innovators. In 1851, the separation of the sexes in the synagogue was abolished by them. Since then the marriage and funeral ceremonies have been modified, the practice of covering the head while at prayer abolished, and the orthodox references, in prayer, to the return to Jerusalem expunged. Since 1868 the congregation has occupied a handsome temple on Fifth Avenue, and is the head of the reform movement as a body.

Whatever the differences of belief may be, however, the Jews are united upon one point—charity. There is probably no faith whose adherents extend to their unfortunate fellows so liberal and ready a hand. The Hebrew charities for the outdoor poor in New York are consolidated under one association, supported by the various congregations and presided over by a board of managers selected from them. The office of the "United Hebrew Charities" is at No. 13 St. Mark's Place. The indigent Israelite who applies to his charitable fellows for relief is sent by them to this centre of dispensation, and never goes away empty-handed. Up to May, 1876, $42,485 had been received by the institution, and $39,075 disbursed. The synagogues do their best to prevent indiscriminate alms-giving by their liberality in this direction; but thousands of dollars go annually, from private hands, without record and without parade.

The chronicle of the Jew in America exhibits no lack of members of the race who have deserved well of their fellow-men, in what creed or faith soever they may journey. Our humanity is a universal one, and has its common traits in Jew and Gentile, Pagan and True Believer, from pole to pole.

All New Yorkers, and most Americans, are familiar with the history of Major Mordecai M. Noah, an American Jew, whose name will live through all time, not only among the leading ones of his own, but of all, faiths. Journalist, politician, philanthropist, there are few men who have ever faced life more earnestly, honestly, and with such deep convictions and pure purposes.

Major Noah was born in Philadelphia, on July 14th, 1785. After studying law, and spending some time in Charleston, S. C., he was sent as American Consul to Riga, in 1811. During the war of 1812, he was Consul-General of the United States at Tunis, and was removed on the ground that his religion might prejudice the diplomatic relations of this country with the North Coast. The United States was at that time paying an annual tribute to the pirate government of Morocco for the security of our merchant marine, and it was asserted by Major Noah's friends that his outspoken protest against this act was the cause of his removal. The chief work he performed during his brief consulate among the barbarians was the rescuing of a number of American prisoners from their slavery among the Algerines.

Upon his return to New York, Major Noah became identified with journalism. Up to 1834, he had successively founded the *National Advertiser*, New York *Courier and Inquirer*, and *Evening Star*. Then the *Sunday Times* found birth under his hand. He held at various times the posts of surveyor of the port, judge and sheriff. It was on his election to the latter position that the outcry was raised against a Jew's hanging a Christian, which provoked his famous epigram, "Pretty Christians, forsooth, to deserve hanging."

A noble act of philanthropy marks this period of Major Noah's life. During the prevalence of the yellow fever on Manhattan Island, the debtor law was in full force, attended by much the same miseries as are so graphically described by Dickens in his various attacks upon the infamous system of incarceration for debt in England. The poor debtors in the New York prison were dying like rotten sheep of the plague, when the sheriff assumed the responsibility of their obligations and released them. He bankrupted himself by the operation.

The great scheme of Major Noah's life was a settlement of Jews in a close community, upon Grand Island, in the Niagara River. The idea was the haunting vision of his life, and although, like the later scheme of Sir Moses Montefiore for the Jewish colonization of Jerusalem, it was a failure, the major never lost faith in its practicability until his death, which occurred on May 22d, 1851. The paper which he last founded flourishes to-day, under the editorship of his son.

A contemporary of Major Noah, and, like him, a Jew who rose high in official employ, was Post Captain Uriah P. Levy. Captain Levy was a native of Philadelphia, who entered the navy on March 29th, 1812, and served as an officer on the brig *Argus*, which ran the blockade to France, with Mr. Crawford, United States Minister to that country, on board. The *Argus*, after accomplishing her mission, ravaged the English Channel, destroying twenty-one British merchantmen, one of which alone was worth $625,000. The *Argus* was finally captured, and Levy, with his shipmates, enjoyed the pleasures of British prison fare for two years. On March 5th, 1817, he was created a lieutenant, became a commodore on February 9th, 1837, and a post captain on March 29th, 1844. He made his last cruise in 1858, as flag officer of the Mediterranean Squadron, and died in New York on March 22d, 1862. He was the first officer in our navy to move the abolition of the practice of flogging seamen. A notable trait of his character was his admiration of Thomas Jefferson. He became the purchaser of the great Virginia statesman's family seat, Monticello, which was confiscated by the Confederate Government during the civil war.

Any article on the Jews in America would be incomplete without mention of Rabbi Raphall, the most distinguished of Jewish teachers who ever trod American soil. Morris Jacob Raphall was a native of Stockholm, where he was born in September, 1798. After a preliminary education at the Jewish college in Copenhagen, he went to England in 1812. From 1821 to 1824 he was a student of the University of Giessen, whence he returned to England again. In 1834, he began the publication of the *Hebrew Review*, the first Jewish paper in England, and in 1842 was appointed secretary to the chief rabbi there. In 1841, he was rabbi of the synagogue at Birmingham; 1849 found him in the United States, in charge of the Bnai Jeshurun congregation, then meeting in Greene Street, between Houston and Bleecker. He died, full of honors, on the 23d of June, 1868.

It was Rabbi Raphall who proposed the petition to the government that the Jewish soldiers engaged in the Federal army during the rebellion should be allowed to return home to celebrate the Feast of the Atonement. The idea was not supported by the other leading rabbis, and the petition was never presented. A son of Dr. Raphall served as captain on General Sickles's staff, losing an arm at Gettysburg. He was subsequently connected with General Sickles's Embassy to Spain.

Numbers of Jews served in the Federal ranks during the civil war. One entire regiment of that faith, with a special Jewish chaplain, was organized by Colonel Max Friedman in Philadelphia. No Jew, however, appears to have acquired a higher rank than colonel. In this connection, every one will recollect General Grant's famous order No. 11, issued at Memphis, prohibiting any Jew being admitted within the lines of the army. The order was directed at the horde of sutlers and traders, who had been taking advantage of their positions to perpetrate the most outrageous breaches of camp law, trading with belligerents for cotton, selling them drugs and other contraband commodities, and otherwise turning the "nimble sixpence" after a lawless fashion. The order provoked a violent outcry, on the part of the Jews, who claimed to see in it a blow aimed at an entire race, and was eventually revoked by President Lincoln.

On the Confederate side, one Jew, at least, attained to notoriety, if not fame, Judah P. Benjamin—at times Attorney-General of the Provisional Government of the Confederacy, Acting Secretary of War, and Secretary of State—was of Hebrew parentage. He was born in Santo Domingo, in 1812, and is now practising law in London.

The dietary observances imposed upon the orthodox Jew are of so curious a nature as to well deserve a brief description. No orthodox Jew will eat meat killed by a Christian. All animal food must be provided by an orthodox Jewish butcher, who only sanctions the distribution of flesh after convincing himself by a careful examination that the animal has been in a healthy condition. The Talmud forbids the eating the hind legs of animals unless the sinews be cut out. In any case, if the least blemish is discerned in a slaughtered animal, the "shochet," or butcher, discards it and slaughters another in its stead, whose meat is "cocher," or clean. The word "cocher" must be inscribed over the door of every Hebrew butcher shop.

No fish may be eaten which is not cooked in its fins and scales. Shell-fish, lobsters, eels, and, in fact, all products of the water, not provided with fins nor endowed with scales, are tabooed. No game which has been shot, and no animal which does not divide the hoof, may be eaten by the faithful. If compelled by necessity to partake of Gentile food, the orthodox Jew will confine himself to tea, coffee, eggs, bread, vegetables, and fruit. Even cheese is objectionable, on account of the rennet used in its manufacture.

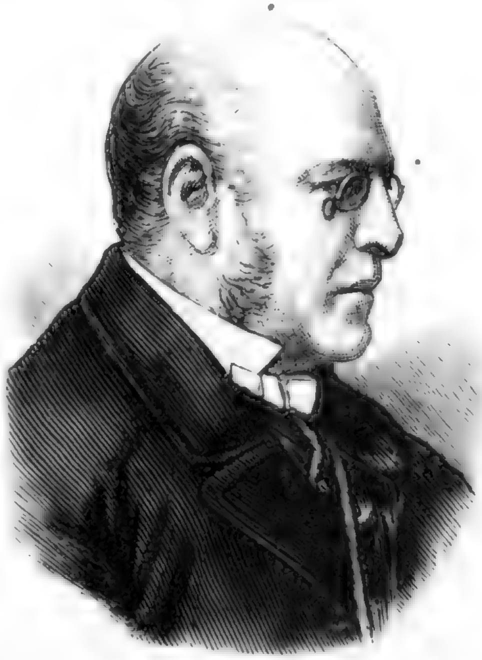
The Passover bread, or "matzes," whose manufacture is illustrated, is prepared of unleavened dough by special bakers, and under personal supervision of the rabbis. Foreign wines are forbidden, on account of the custom prevalent, in European wine countries, of the priests sprinkling the vines with holy water. The poor manufacture a wine themselves, out of raisins and boiling water. The devout Jew utters an ejaculatory prayer, whenever he takes wine. He must even bathe in a bath presided over by an orthodox Jew, as otherwise the water might be allowed to become "terafa," or unclean.

The oriental character of the Hebrew faith is in nothing better illustrated than in the ceremonies attendant upon a Jewish marriage. Under a canopy, symbolical of the protecting shelter of Heaven, the bride and groom take their places. The groom places the ring upon her finger. They drink from separate goblets of wine: the one the emblem of the joy; the other of the grief which they must experience together. The *finale* of the ceremony is the crushing under foot, by the husband, of an empty glass, the action being symbolical of the irresistible power of the Almighty.

Upon the death of a Jew, the body is taken charge of by a special religious body, upon whom devolves the care of those who die in the faith. The body is washed, the nails are pared, and it is then wrapped in a shroud, and put into a rude coffin. Seven days are spent by the family in fasting and mourning. The body must be buried within twenty-four hours after death, but, on account of the number of premature interments, caused by this rule, the reformed Jews do not conform to it.

To the devout, the Jewish Sabbath is a day of absolute rest, from sun to sun. All meals are cooked the day before; no fires may be lighted, and even smoking is forbidden. All labor necessary of performance, on the holy day, is done by Christian servants. Such servants are hired by the well-to-do for people who are too poor to pay for them themselves. The Jewish Sabbath is so absolutely a day of repose that even traveling is forbidden.

It has been remarked that the Jews, as a class, rarely enter the professions, or engage in mechanical trades, or manufactures. They are born traders, and are found most numerously engaged in purely mercantile business. In the manufacture and sale of clothing, jewelry, and what are termed "fancy goods," the Jews are very largely interested. They have been bankers and money lenders for centuries, and in by-gone times their ever-increasing wealth found abundant employment in aiding impecunious monarchs and spendthrift nobles. To-day, the great Jewish bankers, such as the Rothschilds, may almost be said to hold in their hands the peace of Europe. They are creditors of most of the Governments of the world, and there are few nations willing to risk the dangers and losses of war unless they have assurance from these potent capitalists of such monetary aid as may be necessary for carrying on a campaign. In the present European war, one of the combatants, having nothing to lose, is reckless of the consequences to her already bankrupt treasury, and the other, while yet the conflict has scarcely begun, has been compelled to seek the aid of Jewish bankers to secure means for its prosecution.

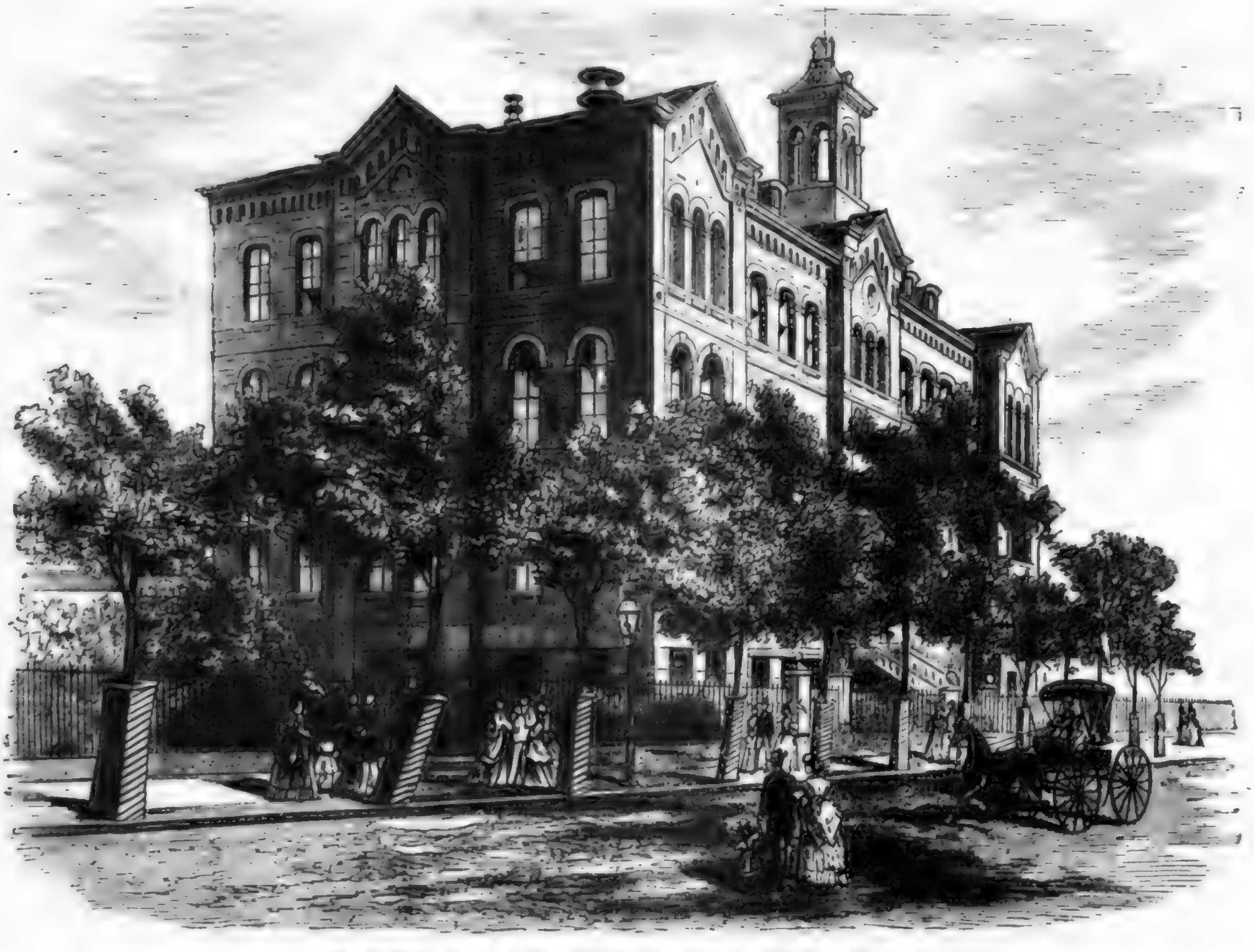


REV. J. J. LYONS, RABBI OF THE "SHEARITH (GATES OF) ISRAEL."

In many American cities, the Jews dominate the banking and brokerage business and in the successive "syndicates" formed for the funding and redemption of our national debt, they have borne a prominent and honorable part.

The Jew of the past was an agriculturist. Driven from his early home, he became, of necessity, a trader; compelled to the strictest economy by his position, he naturally grew close or cautious in all his dealings. To him the most trivial coin figured in its full value. This generic trait of the race, the storms of centuries have failed to eradicate.

In their early dealings with the Christians, the Jews found themselves everywhere regarded with suspicion, and, in self-defense, perhaps at first insensibly, acquired the habit of overcharging, which is now considered by the unthinking a characteristic of the entire race. The Christian began his bargaining with the Jew with the conviction, that by skillful dickering, or "beating down," he could certainly obtain the wares offered at a price much less than that originally demanded. The Jew, easily penetrating the other's design, advanced his price to afford range for this contest of wits, and both parties became, in time, so habituated to this mode of dealing, that they rarely employed any other method. To this day there are many persons who can never deal with a Jewish trader without resorting to this time-dishonored custom of underbidding the stated price, just as there are many Jews who invariably adjust their demands to a sliding scale dependent on the purchaser's offer. The responsibility for this unsatisfactory system of trading rests, probably, quite as much with the professors of the one faith as with the other.



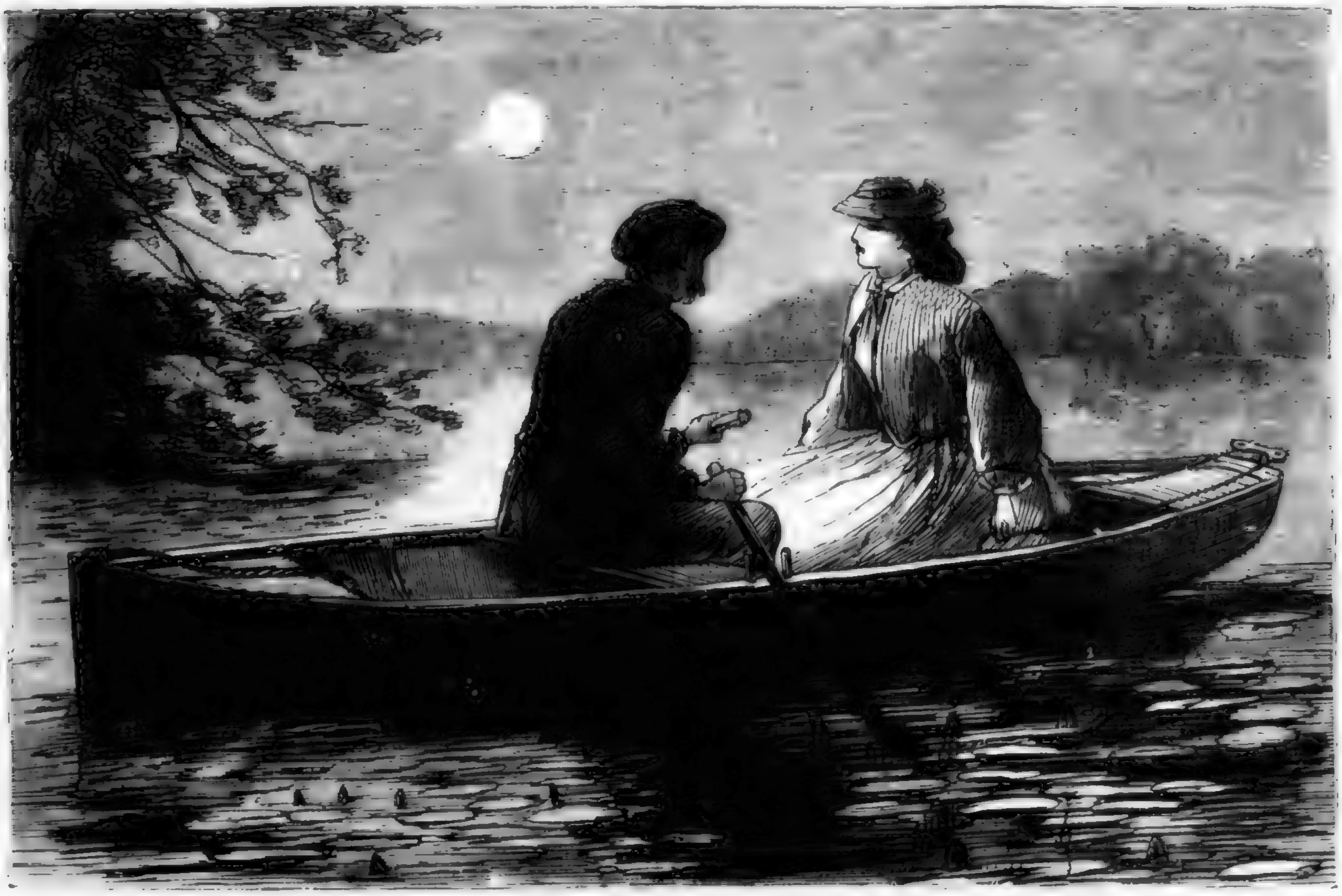
THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM, SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Apropos of the popular idea of Hebrew avarice, is the epigram of Mlle. Maxime, when accused of being of the same race as her sister actress and rival, Rachel: "No. *I* am a *Jewess*. *She* is a *Jew*."

In proportion to their numbers, the Jews exert a marked influence on the communities in which they live. As a race, they are now generally recognized, in this country at least, as an industrious, honest and law-abiding people. The precepts of respect for and obedience to the civil law are inculcated both by the Bible and the Talmud, hence it is not surprising that the Jews are usually good citizens under whatever form of government their lot may be cast.

Such, in the year of grace 1877, and of the Hebrew calendar 5637, is the Jew in America. With a revolutionized ritual and a progress politically and socially which has kept pace with the times, the race among us is still almost as distinctive a one as it was fifty centuries ago. In proportion as the heavy heel of his ancient persecutors has been taken from his neck, the Jew has liberalized and lost that unbending exclusiveness which made him a marked man even before *Ghettos* were built, and badges of servitude invented for him. The Jew will be a Jew as long as creeds endure, but the vision of the return to the earthly Jerusalem and the rebuilding of the Temple are fading more and more from him every year. He has learned from contact with mankind to see through the vista of a living present the dead past as a dream.

Why should we be angry with a man who tumbles on us blindfold? In effect, most of our quarrels are of our own making, either by mistake or by aggravation.



LAST JUNE.—"CARL, WHAT WAS IT YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME?"

LAST JUNE.

By Anna Laura Fish.

Last June I met my fate. Perhaps every one meets their fate at some period of their lives; but of one thing I am positive, last June marks that remarkable episode in *my* life.

You see it happened in this wise: having just graduated at a fashionable boarding-school, and being tired of my own gorgeous home (for you must know I was an heiress and an orphan) and desperately plagued by a swarm of fortune-hunting suitors, I finally came to the conclusion that I would visit my dear cousin, Kate Hunstead, at her charming residence in Berlie.

Mrs. Kate was a married lady, and a charming little wife she made, too, with her smooth brown hair and sunny smiles; and taking into consideration the fact of her having no "little ones" to worry and love me to distraction, I concluded to answer her letter of two weeks' standing, and accept the kind invitation therein expressed to visit her the coming month of June—and to prolong my stay to an unlimited length of time. So calling my maid, Louise, with her assistance I soon had the satisfaction of finding myself and wardrobe *en route* for Berlie—dear, quiet Berlie. I traveled alone—having for once overstepped the rules and regulations of my guardian—forbidding Louise and every one else to accompany me.

I was very happy that day, rushing along through green fields and pleasant woodlands; and, among other things, was just congratulating myself upon reaching the mature age of nineteen without meeting one specimen of the *genus homo* whose presence could bring a flush to my cheek or a—Just then I raised my eyes suddenly, and gracious! my visual organs encountered a pair of the softest, darkest gray eyes they had ever looked into. For an instant my heart stood still, then began throbbing and beating against my gypsy waist, until I was fain to turn my head and hide my blushes by looking out at the car-window. I was ashamed of myself. The dignified Florence Audley to be thus startled out of her habitual self-possession by simply meeting the gray eyes of a gentleman in a railroad car; it was too humiliating.

"Florence," I said to myself, "you are a great goose. You have been and gone and fallen in love with a man at first sight. What would your respected grandmother, aunts, uncles and cousins say to such unseemly conduct? You must do penance by looking out of the window the rest of the afternoon."

Looking out of the window soon became irksome, and before I was quite aware of it I was gazing intently at the owner of the aforesaid eyes. I could find fault with nothing. The unknown was a model of manly beauty and elegance. A beautiful little black straw hat, soft brown hair, just inclined to curl at the ends, smooth forehead, fine gray eyes, a sizable nose, neither too large nor too small, sweet grave mouth, shaded by just the nicest brown mustache you ever saw; a square white chin, underneath a charming little cravat, English walking-coat, fashionable inexpressibles, little shiny boots with Washington buckles and black over-gaiters; brown kids and an ivory-topped cane. There! you have the *tout ensemble* of my traveling companion complete. Although fashionably dressed, one could see plainly he was no fop. There was about his whole person that grave, *distingué* air which compelled me to acknowledge him a gentleman. The rest of the afternoon I passed in a day dream, the unknown and myself figuring largely in my thoughts.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills I was aroused by the conductor's calling out "Berlie!" at the entrance, and was surprised to see my fellow-traveler moving toward the door as I was about to cast a farewell glance toward the seat he occupied; but my consternation knew no bounds when, after hugging Cousin Kate and shaking hands with her husband, Jack Hunstead, I espied the veritable stranger making his way toward us, and in five minutes

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afterward he was formally presented to me as Jack's cousin, Mr. Whitiker.

Was ever a young lady so blessed? I could scarcely believe that I was to have for a *vis-à-vis*, during the drive home, the fascinating young stranger who had so taken my fancy in the cars, but such was the fact. After arriving at cousin's, Mr. Whitiker assisted me to alight, and rushing up-stairs into my pleasant front chamber, I threw myself into the first chair I came to, and was—the happiest little girl in the universe. Then came the trying ordeal of choosing something to wear down to tea. My trunks had been brought into the room, and after tumbling them upside down to find something light and cool that suited me, I finally decided upon an India muslin, pure and white, which lay at the very bottom, of course; then putting some scarlet verbenas (which I found on my table) in my hair, my toilet was complete.

I will just tell you here that I was very pretty indeed (excuse me), had crimson cheeks, black eyes, dark hair that fell in a "waterfall" of curls (not false ones) at my neck, of medium height, form well rounded, small feet and hands, and possessed of a grace which can only be acquired at a French boarding-school. I tell you this simply to give you an inkling of the effect which my brunette face, white robe and scarlet verbenas, in connection with my high spirits, must have had upon Mr. W. That evening was a triumph; and eleven o'clock found us still on the piazza enjoying the Summer moonlight. As our little party disbanded for our respective sleeping apartments, Cousin Jack whispered in my ear:

"If I am not very much mistaken, a certain young gentleman, Carl Whitiker by name, is suffering from a severe case of *smile*."

"For shame, Jack! how can you use such slang phrases, and how can you entertain such absurd ideas!" ejaculated I, as I ran up-stairs to bed.

The next morning found me wide awake at a very early hour, listening to the birds, and thinking of—Mr. Whitiker. Even then, I knew I loved him; my strong, passionate nature was for once fully aroused. The sound of his voice, and the touch of his hand at parting the evening before, gave me a delicious thrill I had never known before. I lay, then, for a long, long time, it seemed to me, but glancing at the little clock on the mantel, I saw that 'twas only seven o'clock; so, jumping out of bed, I hastily dressed myself, went down-stairs and out through the garden to a little summer-house at the further end, where I had spent many pleasant hours during my former visits to Cousin Kate's. Upon entering I was considerably surprised to find the subject of my thoughts stretched out on one of the settees, quietly smoking. The moment he saw me he arose and gracefully offered me a chair. I had a great mind to run away, but, thinking better of it, I finally accepted his earnest request to "come in," and for a whole hour had the exquisite pleasure of listening to the tones of his glorious voice.

But everything must have an end. Three weeks had passed away. The precious moments had dragged themselves into hours, the hours into days, and the days into weeks, and Carl Whitiker and myself were still visitors at Cousin Kate's, when one afternoon, as I was returning from the woods laden with flowers and mosses, Carl met me at the gate with:

"Where have you been, Flora? Your name is no misnomer, for you look a very queen of flowers just now."

"Thank you, Carl, I have been out in the woods with the fairies; and now allow me to ask where have you been spending your precious time this glorious afternoon?"

"Me? Oh, I have been out on the lake. By-the-way, will you give me the pleasure of your company this evening? I would have you see the effect of the moonlight on the waves, and besides I have something to tell you."

"But supposing it should rain? and why can't you tell me now?"

"I had rather reserve it until then. Will you come?"

"Certainly," said I, and we walked toward the house.

That evening, as we were rowing about among the pond-lilies, it suddenly came to my mind what he had said about telling me something, so I broke a long, dreamy silence (for somehow we were both unusually grave) by saying abruptly: "Carl, what was it you promised to tell me?"

He dropped the oars and began smoothing my hair (he had a strange way of smoothing my hair when talking to me earnestly): "I wanted to tell you, little one, that I *loved* you, and wanted you for my little wife."

To think that glorious man loved me! I was so happy I could scarcely speak. But what do you think I did? Why, I refused him point-blank. I was afraid he would think of me as lightly won, so I dashed aside my cup of happiness to gratify a miserably foolish pride. But oh! the wretched days and sleepless nights I passed after that. Carl treated me politely and kindly, although he was the aggrieved party, and suffered even more than myself. I can never forget the sad, grieved look that came into his eyes as he said, "Flora, you have made my life wretched; may God forgive you."

The day before my return home came, and with it, in the afternoon, a terrible thunder-shower. When the storm was at its height I started out to make a farewell visit to the lake, the scene of so much joy and misery to me. The rain splashed in my face, nearly blinding me, but I did not care, the thunder and lightning pleased me. By-and-by the storm abated, and the sun came out in splendor. I sat leaning against the trunk of an old elm, sobbing bitterly, when some one touched my shoulder, and I looked into the frightened eyes of Carl.

"Great heavens! Miss Audley, where have you been, and what are you doing here in the wet grass, half drowned?"

I sprang up fiercely, saying, "Why do you torment me with your presence? Can't you leave me alone the last day of my stay?"

"Do you, then, hate me so much?" and he turned and walked sadly toward the house.

I gave way then; I could hold out no longer. How I did love him! "Carl! Carl!" I cried out, "come back to me!" The next moment I was clasped between two loving arms. But I will leave the rest to the imagination of the reader; simply saying, if you wish to see two of the happiest mortals living, you have only to visit "Whitiker Place," when my husband and myself will only be too glad to welcome you this glorious June.

THE LAW OF HORSE HIRE.

It has been decided that when a horse or carriage is let out for hire, for the purpose of performing a particular journey, the party letting warrants the carriage fit and competent for such a journey. If the hirer treats the horse or carriage as any prudent man would do, he is not answerable for any damage that either may receive, but he must use the horse for the purpose for which he hired him. For instance, a horse hired for saddle must not be used in harness. If the hirer violates this express condition of the contract, he is liable for any damage that may occur. If the horse is stolen through the hirer's negligence, such as leaving the stable-door open all night, he must answer for it; but if he is robbed of it by highwaymen, when traveling the usual road at usual hours, he cannot be held for damages. As these questions are frequently in dispute, these decisions may be interesting.

A RUN ALONG THE SYRIAN COAST.

By Leonard Scott.

We have left the African shores behind us, and are steaming along the coast of Syria, and looking for the first time upon one of the four great quarters of the globe we have not yet visited. My stateroom companion is a Syrian gentleman, a native of Sidon, and an Armenian, dressed in the Turkish costume. He speaks French, Turkish and Arabic, but no English; so we are not very sociable, although he is disposed to be friendly, and we get along very pleasantly together. My daughter converses with him in French, and finds him very agreeable and intelligent. We are somewhat amused by a habit he has, every evening after tea, of taking off his dark trowsers and putting on a pair of white night-drawers, a white night-shirt and a pair of slippers, just as if he were going to his berth for the night, but still remaining in the saloon and conversing with the ladies as if no such change had been made. We notice that he carries a string of beads which he is continually fingering, and at first we supposed him to be performing some act of devotion; but he tells us he is only doing it for his amusement, "to give occupation to his hands." We have since often seen beads used in this way, the practice being a very common one in the East.

Our Quaker friends are making themselves at home among the passengers, and one of the party, an old gentleman from Maine, is reading from a religious book, in a nasal sing-song tone, at once so loud and, to our ears, so inharmonious, that we are not a little annoyed by it. But, on the whole, we are getting along very pleasantly with our fellow-passengers, many of whom, however, we shall lose in the morning, as they go on shore at Jaffa, to visit Jerusalem and other places in Palestine.

Morning comes, and with it a sea so rough that it looks dangerous to go on shore. And here let me remark, that wharves or docks, such as we have at all our seaport towns in America, are things we have rarely met with in the Old World. We found none at Madeira, Lisbon, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Alexandria, nor at any port on the Mediterranean except at Marseilles. I verily believe that their absence is in no small degree due to the fear of taking away business from the boatmen who prey upon the unlucky passengers compelled to land in their midst.

We remained on board at Jaffa, fearing that if we ventured on shore the wind might increase so as to prevent our return to the ship. But all the passengers bound to Palestine departed, and we watched them with some anxiety as they "tossed upon the billows," on their perilous trip to the shore.

Our Quaker friends have all left us. What shall we do for a reader of spiritual rhymes? Alas! they are gone, and world's people returning from the Holy Land are filling their places; jolly travelers full of their adventures in going from Jerusalem to Jericho, some of whom had fallen among thieves and lost their money.

Jaffa, the modern name for Joppa—the same we read about in the Bible, is but thirty-six miles from Jerusalem, and I assure you it was hard to be so near that renowned city and not be able to visit it. But the journey is a very fatiguing one; the road is bad, the conveyances poor, and the accommodations, when you get there, miserable. Our fellow-passengers describe Jerusalem as the filthiest city in the world, and the thousands and tens of thousands of dirty pilgrims, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, who make it their annual visit, add untold horrors to the place, creating fevers and other diseases, the seeds of which are often carried away by travelers, and not unfrequently prove fatal.

It was at Jaffa, or in its neighborhood, that a settlement by people from the State of Maine was attempted, a few years ago, under the superintendence of a speculative Yankee by the name of Adams. Their purpose was to cultivate the fruitful soil of Syria, and with its products supply the wants of the great army of pilgrims that made this their highway to Jerusalem; and they hoped, at the same time, to convert not a few of them to the true Christian faith. But they miserably failed in both enterprises. They were very inhospitably, not to say cruelly, treated by the Mohammedans, and their leader, it was said, proved to be unfit for the enterprise he had set on foot. The settlers were reduced to a state of great destitution, and the United States Government finally forwarded them the means to return to America; which, save in one case only, they gladly accepted. One shrewd fellow decided to remain, and start a stage between Jaffa and Jerusalem. Such an *institution* was unknown in those parts, and, in fact, the road was so rough that his stage frequently upset or broke down; but he persevered, and succeeded in making money. The French Government, or a French company, has recently repaired this road and placed several stages on the line, and our hero is now in their employ, and doing much better than as a missionary or colonist under the direction of his late chief.

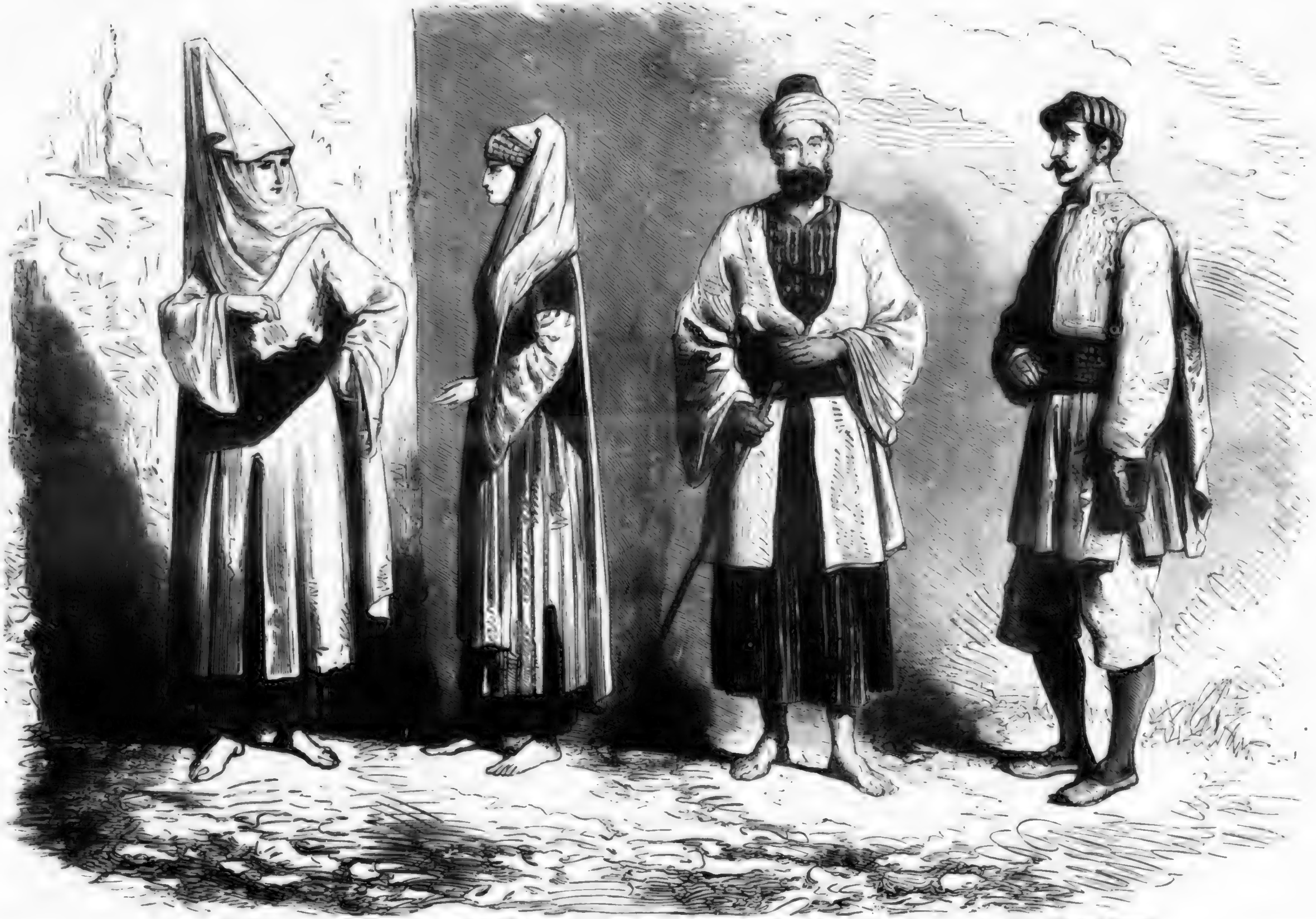
Jaffa lies on a hill facing the Mediterranean Sea, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. It is said to be a very dirty town, and does not contain one good hotel. Outside of the town are some beautiful orange groves, the fruit having a high reputation—which, however, judging from the specimens we saw at Alexandria, they do not deserve. It was at Jaffa (Joppa) that Noah is believed to have built the Ark, and that Peter had his vision from the house-top.

Our steamer is crowded by the arrival of new passengers at Jaffa, many of whom are bound to the next stopping-place, Beyrout, which is the port of Damascus. An excellent turnpike road, built by the French, connects these two cities, and many travelers, instead of going through the interior from Jerusalem to Damascus, and encountering all the perils and discomforts of a tiresome journey on horseback, prefer the more circuitous route I have indicated to reach the latter city, although they thereby lose the pleasure of seeing Baalbeck and its famous temples, which they would pass on the inland route.

On our third morning from Alexandria we arrived at Beyrout—ancient Berytus—in Phœnicia. It presents a very showy appearance from our steamer, but will not bear examination—which is true, I have no doubt, of all the Turkish towns the world over. Here the sea was almost as rough as at Jaffa, but our captain said it was quite safe to go on shore. My wife and daughter accompanied some of the passengers who were anxious to visit the town. I watched them with my glass till they passed into the little harbor through a small gateway, on either side of which the waves were dashing furiously against the rocks, and I felt relieved when I knew they were out of danger. They were several hours on shore, during which they not only drove through the principal streets of the town, but also into the country and along beautiful groves of pine-trees, which had been planted many years ago to prevent the encroachments of the drifting sand. They also passed extensive orchards of mulberry-trees, the silk culture and trade of Beyrout constituting a large share of its business and its wealth.

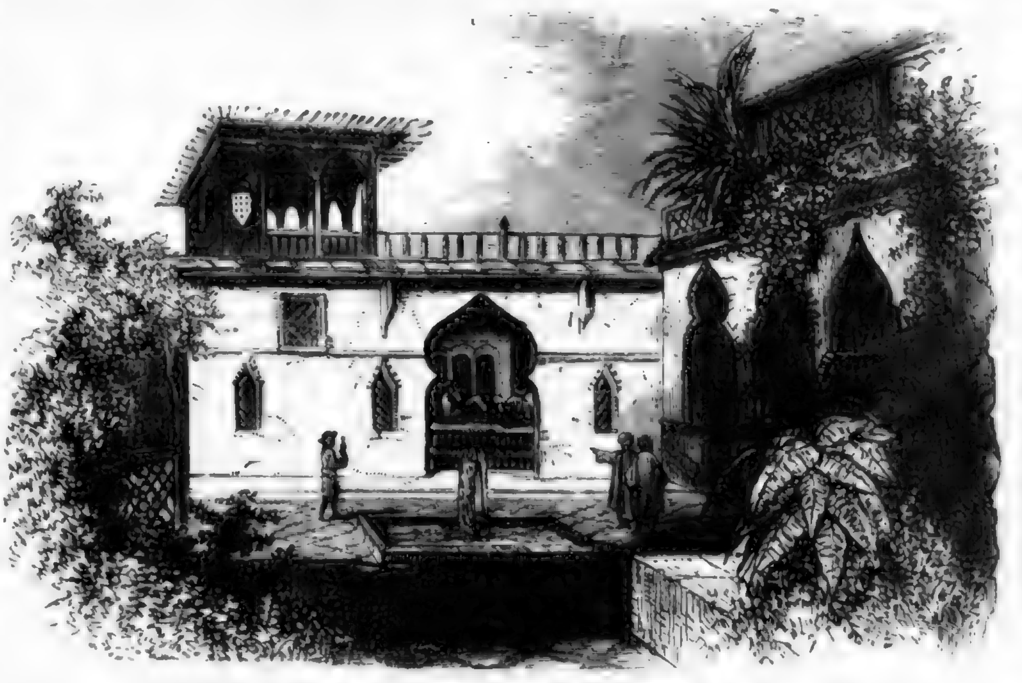
The city lies near the foot of the Mountains of Lebanon, and contains about 60,000 inhabitants, one-third Mohammedans, and the remainder Jews and Christians. It is here that the Rev. Dr. Thompson, the Armenian missionary, has done such good work with American mission schools. The old fortifications of the town, as seen from our steamer, have a very dilapidated appearance, having been riddled, and in

XUM



Druse woman. Turkish woman. Turkish man. Christian peasant.

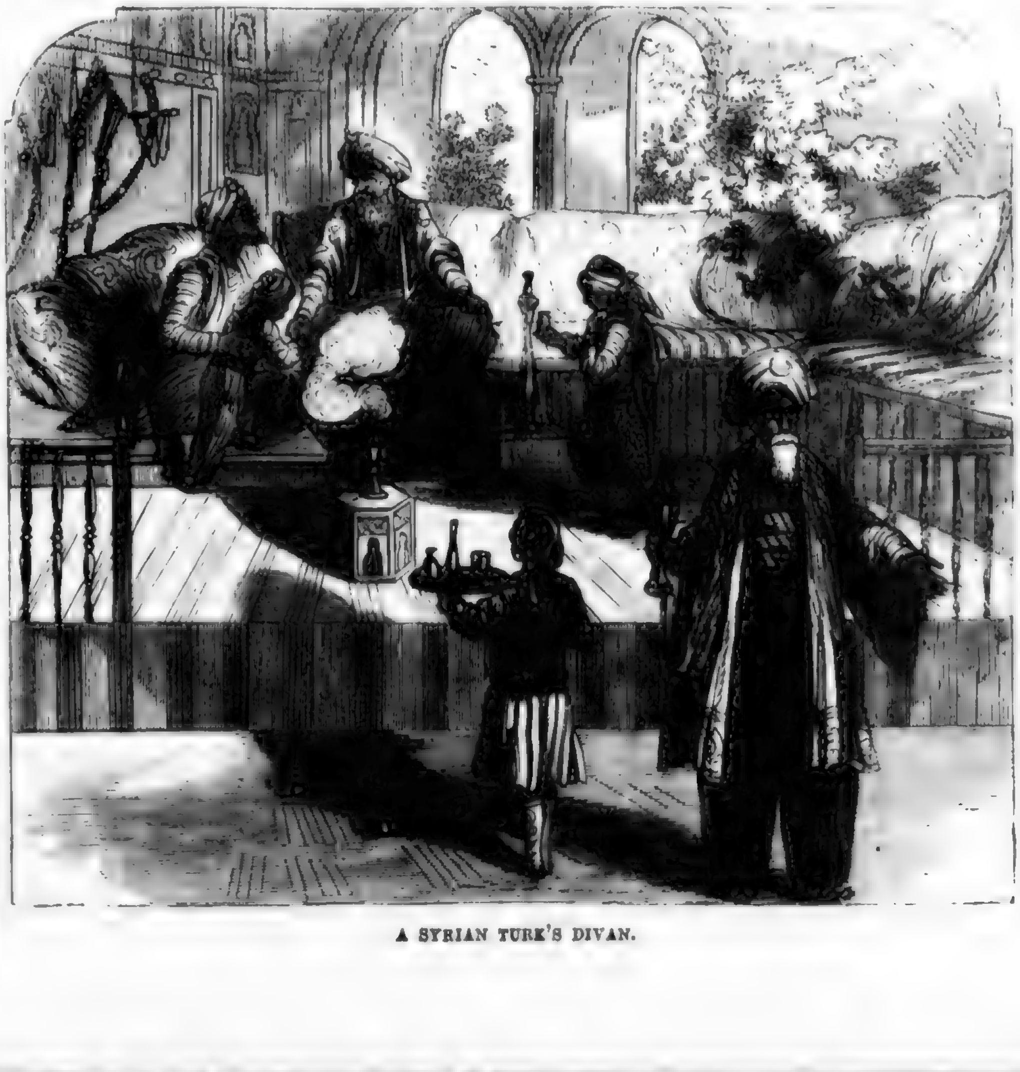
SYRIAN COSTUMES.



COURTYARD OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

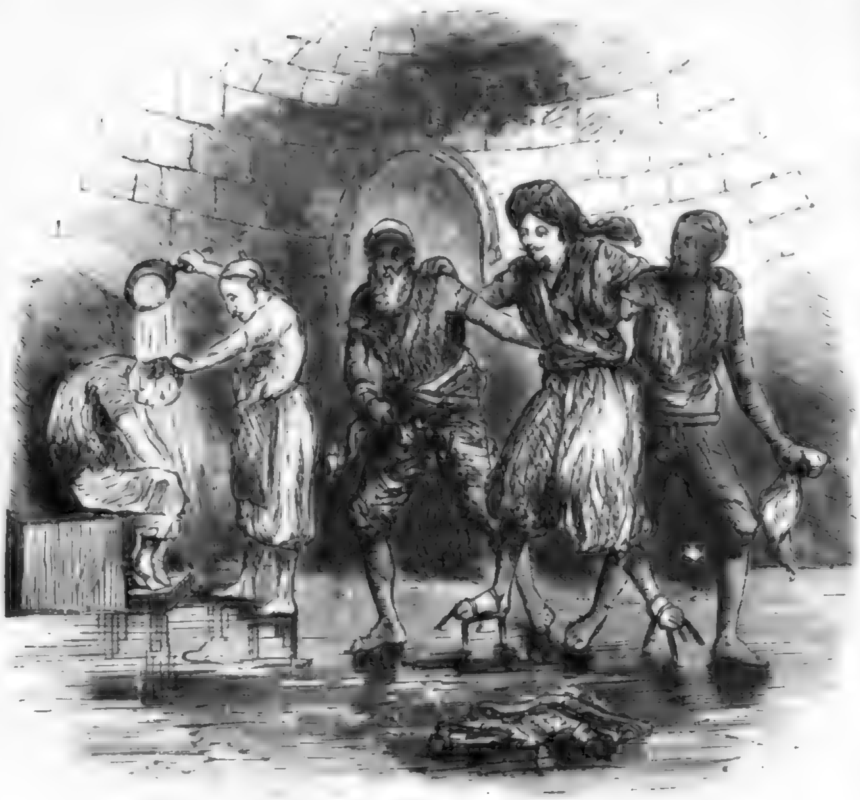
many places battered down, by the guns of the British fleet during the siege of Beyrout.

Another exchange of passengers took place on our steamer, many going up to Damascus, and more returning from their trip to Palestine, and now bound to Constantinople and up the Danube, or to Greece, Rome, etc., on their way to Summer quarters in the north of Europe. A goodly portion are Americans, from various parts of the United States, jolly and genial fellow-travelers as we generally find them. I met more from New York than any other American city; next from Chicago, next from Boston, and next California. Philadelphia is pretty well represented, but very few Baltimorians seem to be abroad, and it is rare indeed to meet travelers from the Southern States. At Beyrout, however, we had one gentleman from New Orleans that might answer for several, his proportions were so immense. Born originally in the "Emerald Isle" from a stock that must have belonged to that race which gave name to the celebrated causeway along the Irish coast, the climate of the Lower Mississippi must have agreed marvelously well with his constitution, for he continued to grow and expand till his height was several inches above six feet, his breadth and thickness of corresponding proportions, and his weight a little under three hundred pounds avoirdupois. He succeeded my Syrian roommate, and was my companion all the way to Smyrna. You may be sure I did not allow him to occupy a berth over my own. It was quite enough to *squeeze by him* whenever we entered our stateroom together. But this great giant was as gentle as a lamb. I never roomed with a more amiable, good-tempered man in my life, and we got along together delightfully. He was a bachelor of some fifty years or more, but a good deal of a ladies' man, and the ladies all seemed to like him. The most amusing picture he presented was when he would go on shore and ride through a town on a diminutive donkey, his feet stirrupless and not unfrequently touching the ground, so that, looking at him, one could scarcely decide whether he was a pedestrian or an equestrian, or whether it would not have been quite proper, since he was the larger of the two, that he should have carried the donkey, instead of the donkey carrying him.



A SYRIAN TURK'S DIVAN.

On the 11th we reached Tripoli, so named from its having been originally settled by colonists from the three towns of Tyre, Sidon, and Arcidus. The present population consists of 10,000 Mohammedans and 3,000 Greek Christians. I decided not to go on shore, having learned that the water was so shallow that the passengers would have to be carried on the shoulders of the boatmen some distance before a landing could be effected. Most of my fellow-travelers, however, went, and among them my Hibernian-Louisianian roommate, and my wife and daughter. It was laughable to witness the process of landing the passengers. I watched the boats till all were emptied but that in which my bulky friend was sitting. At last it came his turn. The



IN A SYRIAN BATH.

boatmen demurred, but finally two of the stoutest of them united their forces and staggered through the water with their burden amidst the shouts of his companions, and landed him safely on terra firma.

There is a citadel or fort at Tripoli, built by the Crusaders, and now used as a place of confinement for political offenders. It is situated on a hill overlooking the town, or rather the two towns, for there are two—and when our party reached the ramparts they were rewarded by a view of snow-capped mountains, verdant valleys, blue sea, white minarets, and swelling domes that amply satisfied them for their troubles. They represent the inhabitants, and especially the young women, as very beautiful. Light skin, fresh, rosy complexion, and dark eyes, and, judging from a few of the men who came on board, I should say this picture was not overdrawn. Their cicerone, who seemed superior to his class, turned out to be a son of the Governor, but he was, nevertheless, not above taking "backsheesh" for his services, which he valued rather higher than the *market rate*, and charged for accordingly.

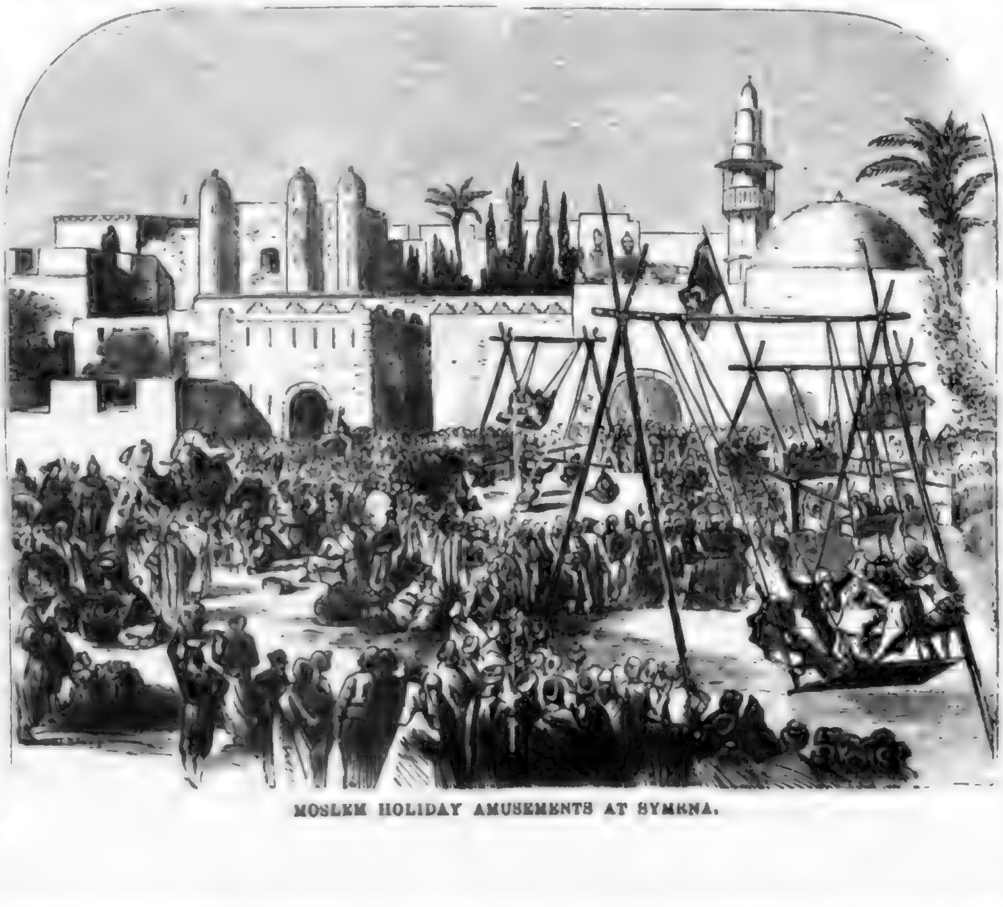
Our party came back decorated with lemon and orange flowers, and bringing in their hands branches of the orange-tree, bearing some of the finest fruit I had yet tasted in the Old World. They also brought me a thin cake, covered with the grains of the sesame, about which we read in the story of "Ali Baba; Or, The Forty Thieves." It was crisp and palatable, having a taste not unlike parched corn.

Within ten hours' ride from Tripoli, and at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, are what now remains of the famous "Cedars of Lebanon," about forty in number. The oldest of them are gnarled and twisted, and some are fifteen feet in diameter. They are difficult of access, the only road to them being a narrow mule-path. They appear to be fast going to decay, and my informant said that in a few years there would probably be none standing. They occupy a barren region, with no other verdure near them.

Latakeah was our next stopping-place. It is famous for the excellence of its tobacco, of which it exports large quantities. Connoisseurs in the weed, whom we met in Egypt and elsewhere, never tired of singing its praises, and it is, I believe, considered by all the first quality of Turkish tobacco. We did not go on shore at Latakeah, as we were told there was little to attract us. The artists on board amused themselves by sketching an old ruined castle near the shore, and the mountains of Lebanon in the background.

April 13th.—This morning we find ourselves at Alexandretta, the port of Aleppo, the third largest city in the Turkish Empire, whence come caravans of camels laden with cotton, silks, wheat and other products of the interior from far beyond Aleppo, which is 80 miles distant, and even from Bagdad, a journey of 40 days. Alexandretta is a dirty town, and has pools of stagnant water in all its streets and squares, that make it very unhealthy. We were told that we ran no small risk in remaining on shore even for the few hours we were there, so poisonous is the atmosphere. Yet people live here and do a good deal of business; but what will not some people endure for the sake of money? Besides, Turks and Arabs, I fancy, have been so many centuries inured to hardships and exposure in every shape, that they are not so easily affected as our more effeminate race.

Here we witnessed again, as in Egypt, the loading and unloading of the camels; saw the long trains arriving from their forty days' journey in the wilderness, and others just



MOSLEM HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS AT SYMRNA.

setting out. It is a scene full of interest to a stranger, and one I never tired of looking at.

The mountains around Alexandretta come down nearer the sea than those we have lately been passing, and are exceedingly picturesque, being full of gorges and ravines, and partially covered with trees. There is a pretty green valley near the town, and, as seen from our steamer, its bright colors contrast well with the more sombre tints of the mountains, whose tops are still covered with snow.

In the course of the day we were honored with a visit from the Governor's Harem, consisting of about twenty vailed women of various ages, sizes and complexions. They were under the charge of some official from the Governor's Palace, probably a Eunuch, and were courteously received at the gangway by our polite captain, who ordered them to be shown through the ship. Their curiosity knew no bounds, for it was probably their first visit to a steamship, and they peered into every part of the vessel—saloons, staterooms, pantries, closets, engineer's quarters, etc., showing not the slightest timidity or diffidence, but making themselves very much at home. The machinery seemed to attract a good deal of their attention, although it was not in motion; but what interested them most was the *piano*, which a gentleman played for their amusement. They all gathered around the instrument and the performer, and seemed interested in nothing else while he continued to play. They were not so careful to conceal their faces as to prevent us from seeing all we wished to of them, for there was not a single pretty woman in the party. Some were mere children, eleven or twelve years old, some were women of fifty, and two of them were *black*. We gentlemen did not at all envy the Governor in the possession of a harem composed of such specimens of the fair sex, and we were not sorry when at length they took their departure.

The next morning we arrived at Mersina, which is another mean Turkish town, not unlike Alexandretta. We went on shore, but found little worth seeing. There were some broken columns and capitals lying along the beach, which once belonged to an ancient city some two hours' ride from Mersina, called Pompeopolis, where there are still some interesting ruins, which, however, we did not go to see.

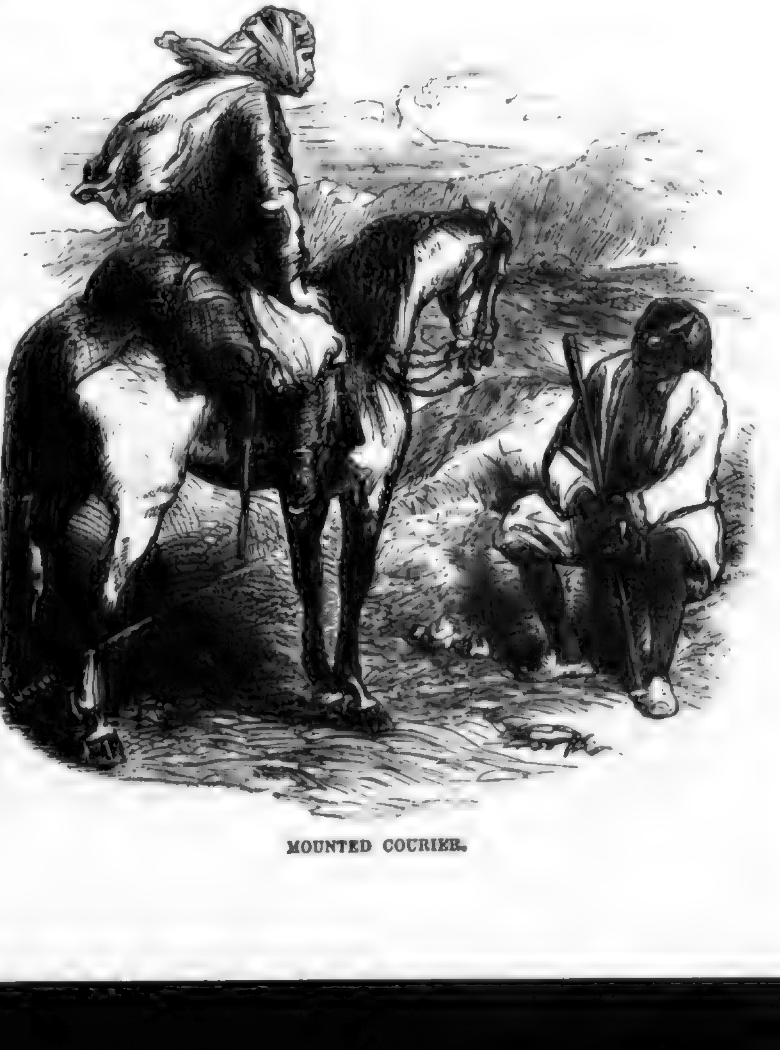
A little incident occurred while we were on shore, so unusual, that I cannot omit to mention it. My daughter commenced a sketch of our steamer, as it lay broadside to the town, and she took her stand near a dwelling-house, at the entrance to which stood a bright, intelligent-looking little boy. After watching us a few minutes, he went into the house and brought out chairs and motioned us to be seated. Then he went into the garden, and presently returned with a bouquet of roses and orange blossoms, which he presented to my wife. Judging him to be actuated by the same selfish motives that had always prompted similar attentions during our travels in the East, we offered the little fellow some coins, but he refused them and ran off, evidently to avoid being pressed to accept the money. He made his appearance again just as we were about to leave, and again we tendered him the coins, but he smiled and immediately ran away as before. The recollection of such unlooked-for kindness from a total stranger, in a strange land, trifling though it was, we shall cherish long as one of the pleasant incidents of travel. I presume the boy had acted upon the instructions of his parents, who, unseen by us, had probably witnessed our occupation, and desired to show us an act of politeness.

Among our fellow-passengers, we have made the acquaintance of an elderly French gentleman, an archæologist, a great traveler, and an enthusiast in his profession, not at all *puffed up* by his learning, but as ready to converse with plain, unlettered people as with savants of his own class. He had spent so much of his life in England that he spoke English perfectly, and in fact he looked and talked more like an Englishman than a Frenchman. He was now returning from a long voyage, in the pursuit of his special study, and he made it a point to visit every old ruin that came within his reach to examine it critically, to determine as far as possible its age and history by the style of its architecture, the inscriptions upon its walls, the material of which it was built, and by numerous other marks known only to the archæological student.

While we lay at Mersina this gentleman determined to visit the old city I have already mentioned, and in company with a young gentleman friend of his, he went on shore for that purpose.

Knowing the want of a comfortable saddle to ride on, in those Mohammedan countries, he carried his own with him in the boat, but on landing his saddle was seized by a Turkish custom-house officer, and no explanation would satisfy him that it was not a contraband article. Our friend and his companion remonstrated, but the Turk was not to be moved; moreover, he was impudent, and this so excited the ire of the Frenchman that he became furious. The result was a scuffle, during which the saddle got roughly handled, and our friend thrown down on the beach and held there by main force until the Turks' superior officer came to his relief. As soon as he was released he called on the French consul, made his complaint, and was assured that the affair should receive his immediate attention. Meantime, he obtained possession of his saddle, and the two gentlemen accomplished their visit to the ruins of Pompeopolis without further molestation.

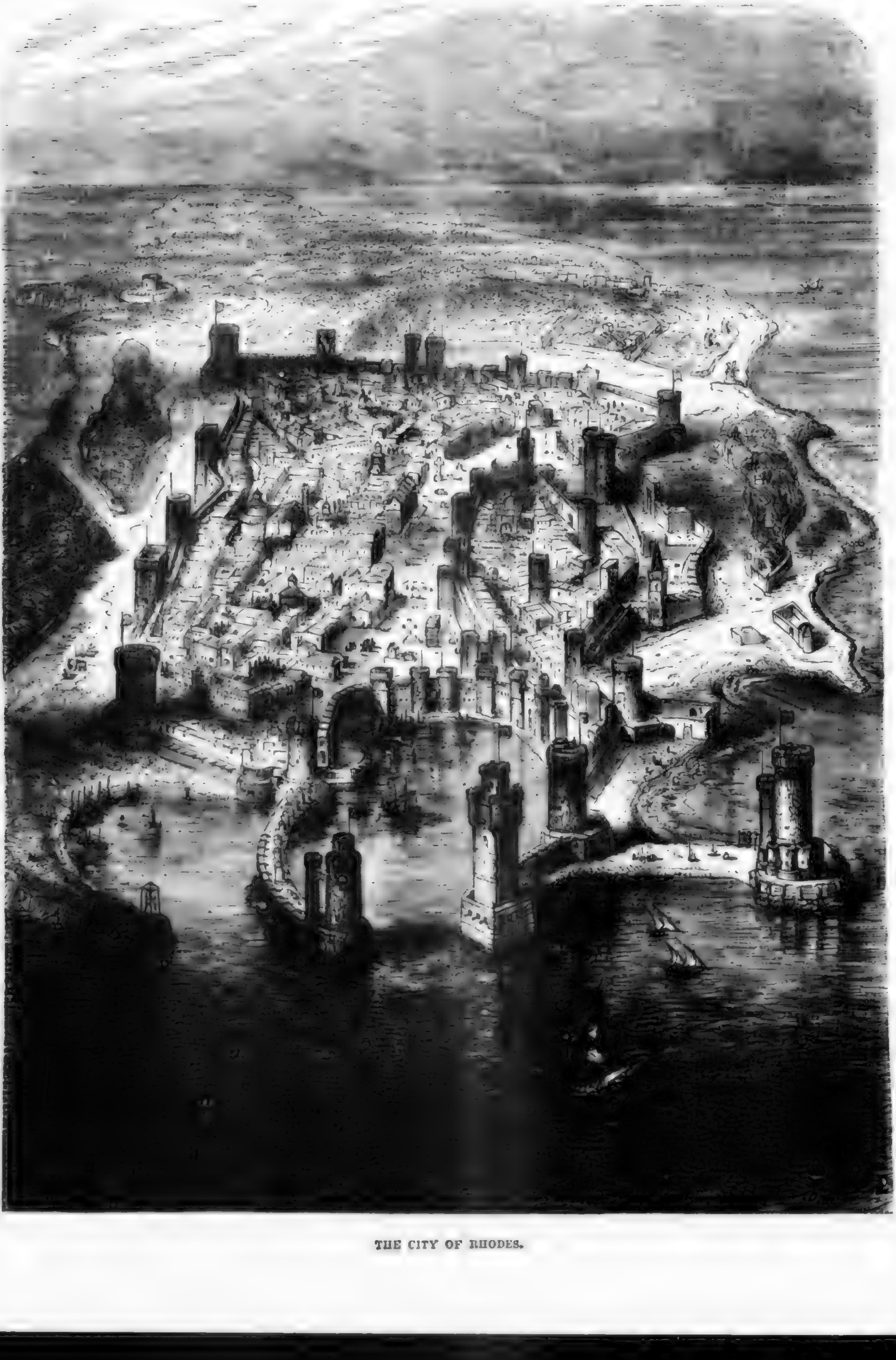
When they returned to Mersina, the French consul informed them that the officer who had seized the saddle was arrested and sent to prison, and those who had assisted him in the fight had been discharged from their employ by the Government.



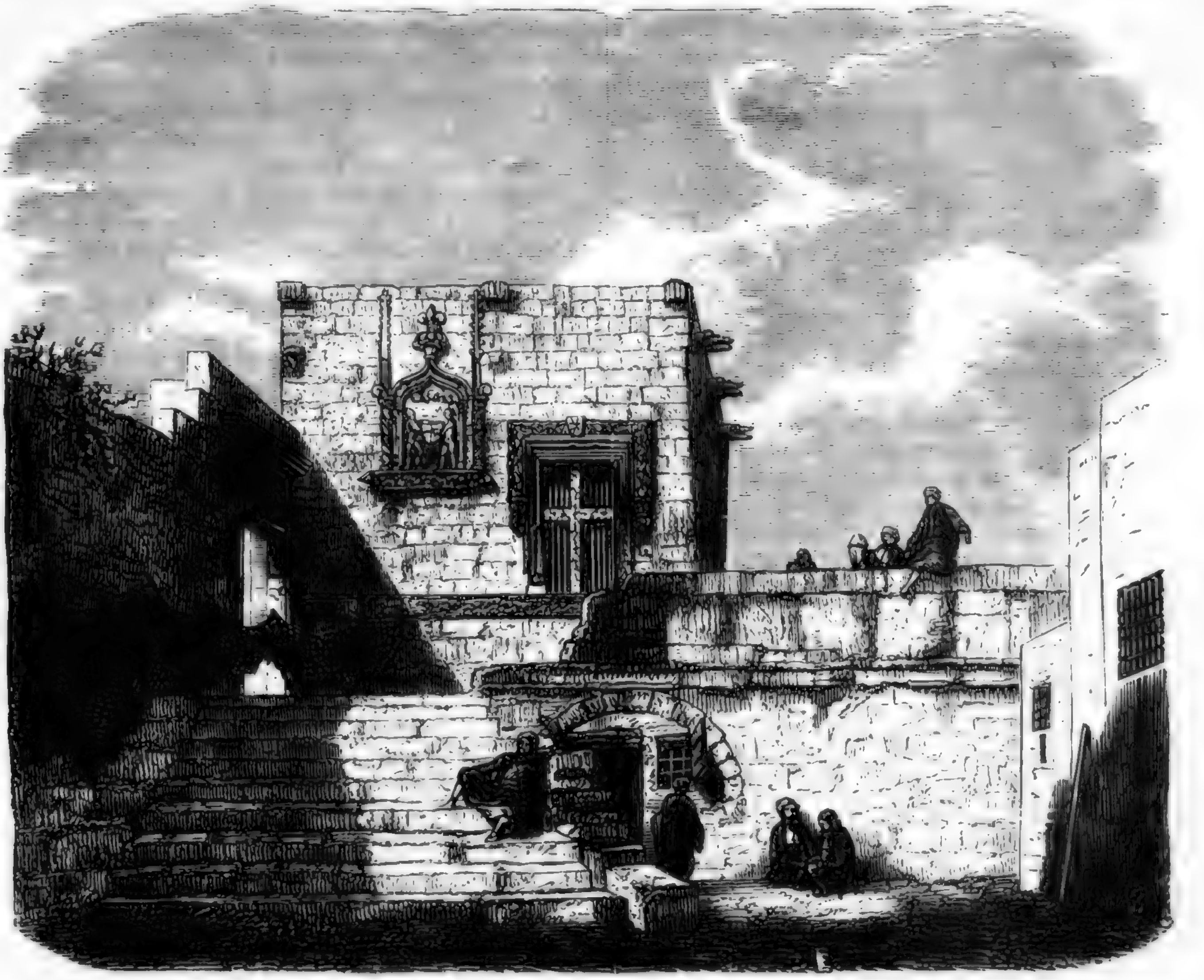
MOUNTED COURIER.

The Turks have a wholesome dread of offending the powerful nations of the West, such as France and England, to whom, in fact, they owe their present status, and without whose protection they would soon be swallowed up by their colossal neighbor of the North. Turkey is still regarded as the "sick man," and as such must be careful not to give offense to his Christian friends. Hence the prompt and summary punishment of these surly, stupid officers. The consul assured our friends their presence would not be necessary to prosecute the case against the man who was in prison, as he would be duly punished without the aid of courts or juries. The affair created some excitement on board the *Tanais* before our friends got back, as the news had been brought on board soon after it occurred. Their appearance, however, later in the day, with unbroken limbs and unscratched faces, reassured us, and we all offered them our congratulations on their safe return.

The next morning, Mr. D——, for that was the name of



THE CITY OF RHODES.



ANCIENT RESIDENCE OF THE GRAND MASTERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

the principal actor in this scene, found under his plate at table the following poetical description of his late *squabble*, which he kindly allowed me to copy:

THE SAVANT AND HIS SADDLE.

Upon the ocean's heaving breast,
A gallant steamer lay,
And on the deck there stood a man
With scanty locks and gray;
Yet on his face, and in his eye,
The fire of youth he bore,
And wistfully he cast his glance
Upon the Syrian shore.
For there a ruined temple stood
Of some forgotten age,
And much he wished to scan its walls
And read their mystic page.
So with a friend he took a boat
And knowing he should need
A saddle, brought his own along
To ride upon a steed;
But sad to say, the surly Turks
Refused to let it land,
But rudely forced it from his grasp
And threw it on the sand.
Then there ensued, 'twixt Frank and Turk,
A fierce and dubious fight,
From which our hero came unscathed—
But then to make things right
The consul of the French he sought,
And told the whole affair;
Who promised it should have at once
His prompt and earnest care.
Meantime, the saddle was released,
And then with quickened speed
Our hero took his onward course
Upon a Syrian steed.
To make his promise more than words
The consul did not fail,
For when our hero came again
He found the Turks in jail,
But here the matter may not rest.
For though itself a trifle,
Much smaller things 'twixt State and State
Are settled by the rifle.
Once more the question may arise
To vex the statesman's plan,
Of how the nations shall dispose
Of Turkey, *the sick man.*
If hostile fleets with shot and shell
His towns and forts shall batter,
The predisposing cause may still
Be traced to this small matter.

The author's name was not attached to the poem, but, singularly enough, he was among the first to whom Mr. D. showed it, and he coolly remarked that he (the speaker) could write a better one himself. As he was an old, gray-headed gentleman, with a very serious cast of countenance, and until now had been noted for the quietness of his manners, amounting almost to diffidence, his remark seemed so extraordinary, that Mr. D. at once suspected him as the author. After a little pressing, he was induced to confess it, and thenceforth his status among the passengers became sensibly improved.

On the 16th we arrived at the city and island of Rhodes. We entered the harbor at the same time with a large Austrian steamer, which had left Beyrout six days later than we, but which had come direct, instead of following our track along the Syrian shore. This was the steamer that carried a party of travelers, sixty in number, known as "Cook's Party." Cook is an enterprising Englishman, and has been for several years engaged in getting up large parties of travelers for Europe, Syria, the Nile, etc., and, under his personal superintendence, making long journeys with them at a greatly reduced cost—not much more than one-half of that paid by those going in the usual way. His speculation seems to be successful, for his patrons are rapidly increasing, and he will doubtless make a fortune for himself at the same time that he saves money for those who join him. He makes arrangements, long in advance of his journey, with the proprietors of hotels, and with steamboat and railroad companies, etc., who readily reduce their prices to secure his custom, and who have places and rooms reserved for his passengers on the particular routes and within the specified days in which they require them. The great objection to joining such a party is that, in case of sickness, one must continue his journey, whether able or not, or else forfeit the passage-money he may have paid. In other words, must surrender his liberty to travel or rest as he may be disposed, for the sake of this saving in his expenses. We had on our own steamer about a dozen passengers of this sort, under the care of an Englishman named Gags, and among them was one American lady from New York, so ill as to be confined to her berth most of the time. Yet she had been obliged to travel through Palestine on horseback, and to suffer the privations that well people found it hard to endure, and she had still to go to Greece, Constantinople, up the Danube, and through Germany to England, before her trip would be ended. I doubt if she would adopt this mode of journeying a second time. It is unfortunate for the ordinary traveler to follow in the immediate track of "Cook's Party," for he will be pretty sure to find all the hotels so crowded that rooms and beds, and even sofas and chairs, will be at a premium. Fortunately for us, we parted company with the steamer on which Cook was traveling before going anywhere on shore, Cook taking the route eastward from Smyrna to Constantinople, while we went westward to Syra and the coast of Greece.

Passengers going on shore at Rhodes had to do so at six o'clock in the morning, which was too early for me, and consequently I did not accompany my wife and daughter, but intrusted them to the care of Mr. D. They were gone an hour or two, and came back much pleased with their visit. Close to the water's edge stood two castles, built upon points of land which, tradition has it, once formed resting-places for the feet of the famous *Colossal Statue* (reckoned among the seven wonders of the world), whose legs, it is said, spanned the entire harbor.

After passing these castles, they landed at the head of the harbor, and proceeded to the celebrated street of the Knights of St. John, where they saw the "coats of arms" of those valiant soldiers carved in white marble and set into the fronts of the houses which lined the street on either side.

As Rhodes is now owned and occupied by Mohammedans, it is not a little surprising that these monuments of their deadly foes should be suffered to remain.

The old "Church of St. John" was unfortunately blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine not many years ago, and nothing of it now remains but a heap of stones. Out of another old church the Moslems have made a mosque, upon the portico of which there still remain sculptures of suits of armor, drums, battle-axes, etc., used by the Chevaliers, and also one or two figures which the Moslems had defaced.

The walled city has a good many arches and gates, over most of which escutcheons are still remaining. The Knights of St. John, those brave champions of the Cross who bore so conspicuous a part in the days of chivalry and the Crusades, long had their headquarters on this island; but after many a hard-fought battle, they were at last driven away, and found an asylum in the Island of Malta. Here they remained as a distinct Order for many years, but they gradually became corrupt, outlived their usefulness and are now extinct.

Leaving Rhodes, we pursued our course along the shores of Asia Minor, with the picturesque snow-capped mountains of the Taurus range high on our right, while on our left stretched a chain of small islands, the tops of submerged mountains, supposed to have been at some remote period far above the flow of the sea. About seven o'clock P.M. we passed on our left the Isle of Patmos, sacred to the memory of St. John the Evangelist, who, it is believed, there wrote the Book of Revelations. We did not go near enough to distinguish it from other small islands in its vicinity, nor to ascertain whether it contained inhabitants; but I believe it does.

April 17th.—Punctual to its time (ten days from Alexandria), our gallant steamer this morning dropped its anchor before the city of Smyrna, lying at the foot of a chain of high mountains.

THE SEA SWALLOW AND ITS EDIBLE NEST.

The sea swallow and its nest have been known for centuries. Among the ancients, Hierax of Cappadocia, Andromachus, Nero's physician, and Asclepiades, mention the nests among their *materia medica*.

Bontius, the first modern who describes them, says that the nests are made of the scum which floats on the waves and adheres to the rocks—in a word, of the spawn of fish. This idea is supported by many observers; but Mr. Staunton, who found them on the highest mountains of Java, avers that the nests are made of insects.

Others again pretend that the matter of the nest is secreted by the bird in membranous tubes peculiar to it, and that, like the spider, it forms its abode from itself; while others say that it is made of a fucus of the genus *Gelidium*, a mucilaginous plant which, masticated by the bird and mingled with its saliva, forms the concentric layers which compose the nests.

The sea swallow of the Malay Archipelago, Lawit of Java, Salangane of the Philipine Islands (*Hirundo esculenta*), comprises evidently several varieties. It is uniformly dark colored, inclining to green on the back and blue on the breast, with a short, strong bill, blue at the base. They are very small, some not exceeding three inches in length. It is a native of Java and the neighboring islands, building its nest in almost inaccessible caves. The nests, being highly prized by the Chinese as a delicacy, are gathered regularly, and form an important branch of commerce. The best nests are those found in deep, humid caverns. The white or male nests, as they are called, are preferred to those which are blackened by use and soiled by feathers and dung. Although it takes a bird two months to build a nest, they are gathered, without any apparent diminution of the number in the caverns, in April, August, and December.

The best are found on the south shore of Java, and are gathered by men trained to the dangerous work from childhood; but they never attempt it without sacrifices and religious rites, called Bembang, at which games in masks are performed, and buffaloes and goats killed. A girl personates Nyal Ratu Kidul, the Queen Lady of the South, a mythical personage. They reach the mouth of the caves on the perpendicular side of the rock by means of ropes, and enter with torches. The danger within, from the depth of the cavity, adds new dangers, and a false step is certain death.

According to Mr. Crawford, they are put up in boxes of about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and are divide into three classes. In a hundred nests there will be fifty-three of the first quality, thirty-five of the second, and twelve of the third. The ordinary prices of these classes at Canton are twenty-nine, twenty-three, and thirteen dollars a pound, while choice ones run higher. In 1850 the produce of Dutch India was 35,734 pounds, worth $250,000.

THE ESCAPE.

"KATHLEEN, alanna, it's time ye was stirrin'. The boys'll be wantin' their breakfast afther the hard night's work."

"It's early yet, mother," replied the young girl, raising herself in bed, and glancing drowsily toward the small window through which the daylight faintly struggled.

"An' sure, dear, that's because o' the weather. There's no sun the mornin'; an' the mist an' fog's lyin' down low in the valley, an' up on the hillsides, like it used to be in the Kilmenally hills, when I mind I was a girl like you. Faix! I've seen nothin' like it afore, sence I left the dear ould country."

And Nancy Mullighan drew aside the scanty blue-checked curtain, and gazed out thoughtfully upon the scene before her—a beautiful view when the weather was clear, but now almost obscured by the heavy fog, which lay thick and white in the valley below, and hovered in broken masses about the hilltops.

"Faix, ye'll scarcely be able to see yer hand afore ye, acushla," she resumed, as her daughter, having robed and taken a light breakfast, stood tying on her cloak and hood; "an' I'm a'most afeared to thrust ye alone on the mountain-paths, an' ye not been used to it long."

"Oh, never fear, mother; I know the path well enough, and it's only two miles to the furnaces. I'm ready now. Where is the basket?"

"It's here, dear. But ye'll put on yer sun-bonnet over yer hood, or the mist'll wet it through and through, an' ye'll be laid up wid the chills, an' the pain in yer face agin. An' be careful o' the rocks, as ye go down the hill-path."

"Why, mother, a body would think I was a child, from the way you talk to me," said Kathleen, laughing. "Sure, I'm eighteen, and old enough to take care o' myself. Never be uneasy about me, mother. I'll be home safe, and in good time."

"An' ye'll carry these few duds down to Mary Kelly, acushla. I forgot 'em intirely yisterday, an' the crather'll be wantin' 'em. An' tell her it's washin'-day, Tuesday, an' I'll remember better next time."

Kathleen tripped lightly along the level pathway for a short distance, and then began more slowly to descend the steep hillside, rough with rocky ledges, and rendered dangerous by the thin ice with which they were incrusted. The fog, too, bewildered her; and more than once she paused, and looked carefully around at the trees and the rocks, to be sure that she had not wandered from the narrow, and now almost invisible, pathway, which led from her mother's cabin down into the valley, and thence up again on the opposite side to the iron furnace, whose lurid fires could be seen day and night, except when vailed, as now, by the mist. At those furnaces worked her two brothers, Kit and Lawrence; and, as it often happened that they would be kept for a day or two at a time in attendance, it was Kathleen's custom to take to them their meals. She never objected to the walk, long as it was. In Summer it was lovely, and even now, in the early Winter, the girl found pleasure in the keen, bracing air, the fragrant smell of the pines, and in the sight of the objects of nature about her—from the towering Peaks of Otter, in the distance, down to the least clump of green moss or gray lichen which beautified the rocks and trees. Yet to-day, with everything hidden in the fog, it was certainly less pleasant than usual; and Kathleen drew her cloak more closely about her, and shivered as she walked onward.

Suddenly, on the dense, damp air, came the muffled tones of a bell, from the direction of the "town," a few miles below the furnaces.

"I wonder what that's for?" soliloquized Kathleen, after listening for an instant. "It isn't the church-bell, and there's but one other in Coverley—the old bell in the Court-house steeple. It can't be fire, I reckon——"

She started back with a faint cry. Directly in the pathway before her lay a huge boulder, which had evidently been precipitated from the heights above, and from behind this, as she spoke, appeared a shadowy figure, of apparently supernatural size, which glided swiftly and noiselessly across the path. At the sound of the girl's shriek it paused, and then came more slowly a few paces forward.

Kathleen's heart beat thick and fast. She was not a timid girl, yet, when she saw close to her the figure of a man, bareheaded and half-clad, with pale face, and eager, restless eyes, and having attached to one wrist an iron ring, her heart failed, and she drew a quick, gasping breath, as she crossed herself, and murmured:

"Holy Mary, protect us!"

"Don't be afraid," said the man, hastily, and glancing behind him as he spoke. "You are a woman, and women are always ready to help those who need it. You are Kathleen Mullighan," he added, "Kit Mullighan's sister?"

"Yes."

"And I am Maurice Connor."

The girl became pale, and clasped her hands silently. She recognized him now, wan and worn, and half-clad as he was—recognized him as the active and handsome young man whom she had more than once seen at work near her brothers at the furnace. This was two months ago, and since then she had heard his name—the name of Maurice Connor—in every one's mouth, as that of the murderer of Mr. Parker, one of the "agents" at the furnace, tried last week, and condemned to imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary. It was a shame, many people had said, for the young man was an universal favorite, while Parker had been equally disliked; and yet, to the last, the prisoner had pleaded "Not guilty," and with a calmness and earnestness which had sent conviction to most of the persons present at the trial, though failing to influence the jury.

"Kathleen," said Connor, hurriedly, "can you, or will you, help an innocent man—a man hunted to death for a deed he never did? I broke out of jail some hours ago. You hear the alarm-bell ringing for me now. The whole country will turn out in search of me. Is there any place up this way where I can hide for a few days till the search be over?"

The girl clasped her hands in despair.

"Not a place that I know of—not a hole nor a hollow; besides that, they'll be sure to search every rock and tree and bush."

"I know that," said Connor, looking round, with something like the calmness of despair. "They know I've had too short a time to get far off, and they'll leave no stone unturned in that distance. Kathleen," he added, suddenly turning toward her with a new light in his eye, "which is the way from here to Eagle's Nest?"

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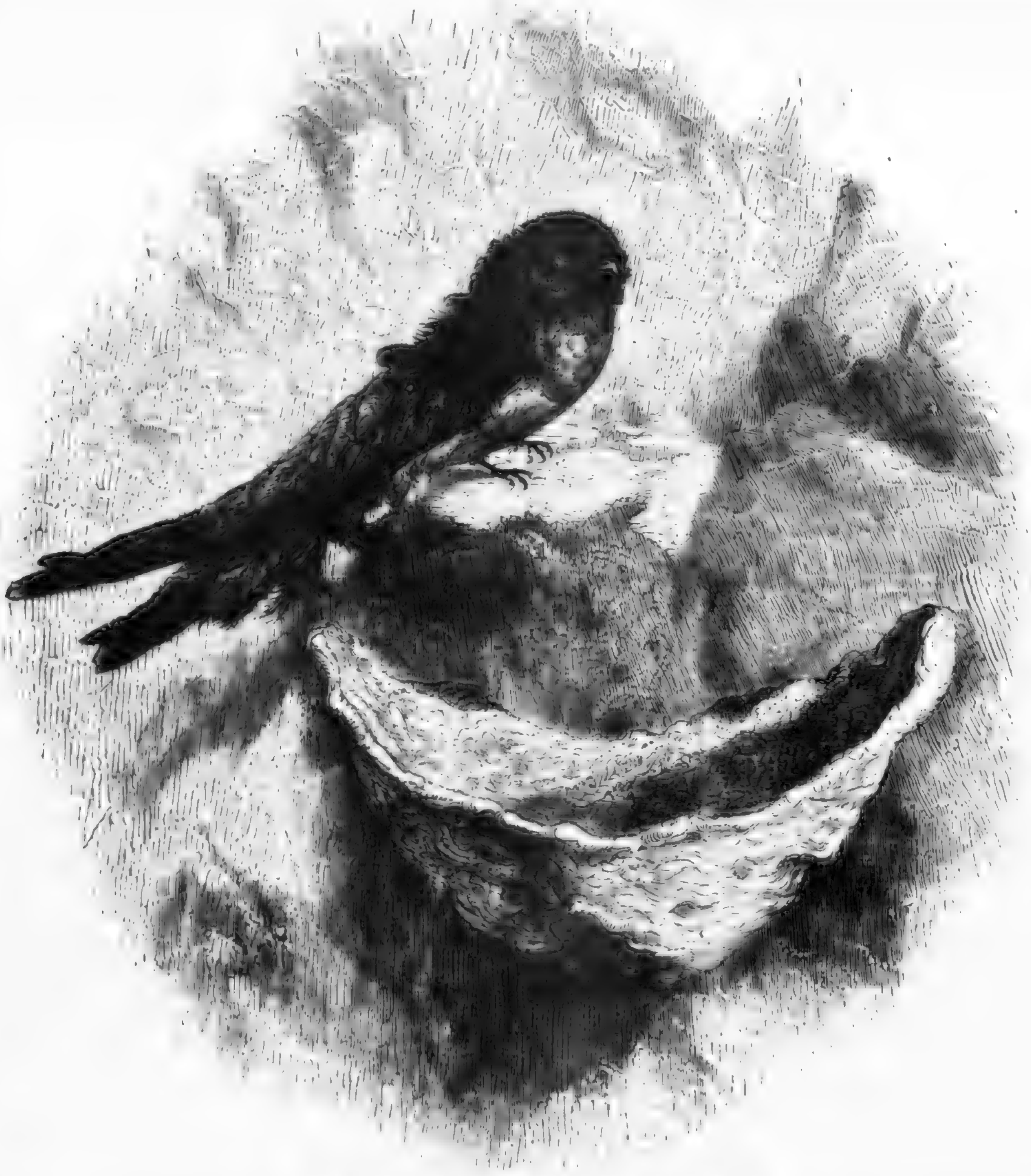


THE SEA SWALLOW AND ITS EDIBLE NEST.--SEE PAGE 154.

"That's no place for you—in full sight o' the furnace," the girl replied.

"It makes no difference. They can all see me die," he answered, calmly. "Better to die boldly, like a man, under God's free heaven, than to drag out one's life shut up in prison-walls. Show me the way, Kathleen," he added, softly and pleadingly. "It's only a leap from a rock, a plunge into the water, and my soul will be free, thank God!"

"Oh, Maurice!" exclaimed the girl, lifting her blue eyes to his, full of tears, while her voice trembled—"oh, Maurice! I wish—*I wish* I could help you!"

He took her hands in his own, hesitatingly.

"Kathleen, if I was guilty, as they say, I would not dare to touch you thus—God knows I wouldn't; but——" he paused, only looking down into her eyes with a gaze which sent a strange thrill to her heart, and a flush to her cheek, even in that moment of suspense and terror.

The young man's cheek flushed. He bent his head, and touched his lips passionately, yet reverentially, to the hand which he held.

"You'll forgive me, Kathleen," he murmured; "it is the kiss of a dying man, though, God knows, I did hope——"

"Hush!" whispered the girl.

On the chill, foggy air came an indistinct sound of voices, and horses' hoofs, from the valley below.

"It's them," said Connor, hastily. "They're in pursuit. For God's sake, Kathleen, show me the way to the Eagle's Nest!"

Instinctively she put her hand on his arm to detain him. It was pitiful to see her agitation—her pale face and trembling lip, as she gazed helplessly around.

"Oh, what shall I do?—what *can* I do?" she cried.

Her eye fell on the bundle of newly washed and ironed clothes, which she was taking to Mary Kelly, the sick wife of one of the furnace-men, and for whom Mrs. Mullighan sometimes performed this kind office. The bundle had burst open, and the clothes now lay scattered on the ground.

"Here!" exclaimed she, "put on these—quick! It is all you can do; and I hear them coming up the mountain. Oh, for God's sake, be quick!"

In scarcely more than a moment, the transformation was made. One of Mary Kelly's gowns, hastily thrown over the young man's head by Kathleen, was pulled down to a length to hide his feet—too large for a woman. The girl's full, wadded brown cloak, thrown around him, concealed his figure, and then Kathleen, hastily parting the long, dark hair in the centre of the forehead, pulled over it her sunbonnet, within whose depths the face of the wearer was obscurely visible.

"It's a good thing I was shaved last night," remarked Connor, with a gleam of humor even amid the anxiety of the moment.

"Hush—hush! Tie this red handkerchief around your face. Now take the bundle of clothes. You're Kitty Murphy, a cousin of mother's, come up a week ago from Romney to see us, and to look for work. You've washed the clothes, and are taking them to Mary Kelly."

"I understand," said Connor; and at that moment the voices again made themselves heard—very near now, and evidently coming up the winding pathway. A few moments more, and Kathleen and her companion, walking leisurely onward, came in sight of a party of four men, armed with muskets, who were breathlessly ascending the hillside

"Hullo!" cried one of these, as he caught sight of the two "Who have we here?"

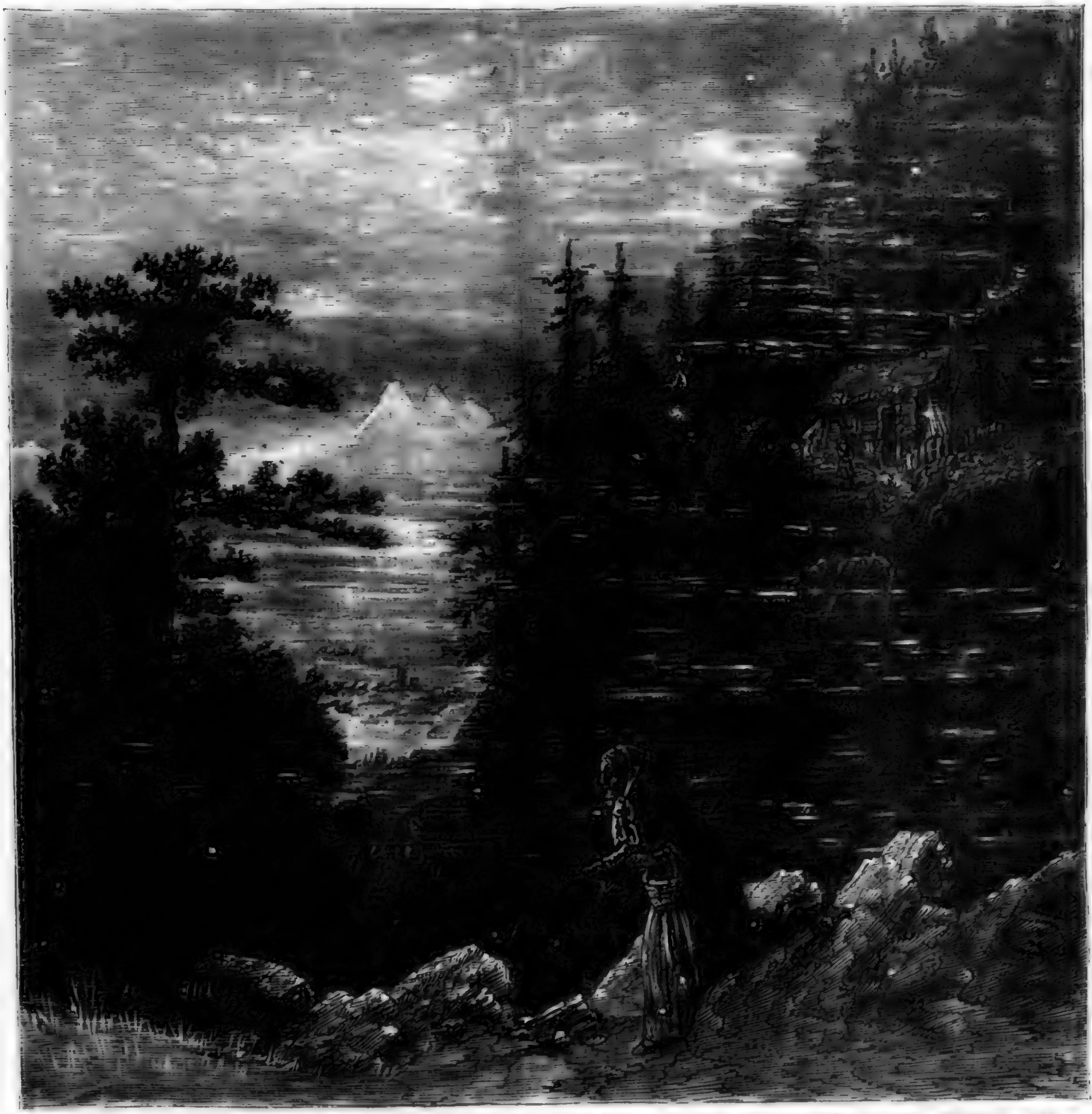
"Only two women," said another.

Then, without a pause:

"I say, have you seen any one pass this way?"

"No one has passed me since I left home, half an hour ago," replied Kathleen, with a calmness more the effect of fear than of self-possession.

"There's a prisoner escaped from jail last night—Maurice Connor, who murdered Parker," said another of the party. "He was safe at one o'clock, the jailer says, and hasn't had time to get many miles away. There's more than a hundred men out looking for him below; but Hans Schaffer, here, swears he saw him, or some one just like him, glide



THE ESCAPE.—"KATHLEEN BEGAN SLOWLY TO DESCEND THE HILLSIDE WHICH LED FROM HER MOTHER'S COTTAGE. SUDDENLY CAME THE TONES OF A BELL. 'I WONDER WHAT THAT'S FOR?' SOLILOQUIZED KATHLEEN."

XUM

past him in the fog, as he was looking after his pigs at daybreak."

"I did dat," said the Dutchman, stoutly; "him or his ghos', ant him pe comin' dis vays."

"You haven't seen anything of him?" inquired the first speaker, addressing Kathleen's companion, under whose bonnet he was sharply peering.

"*I* haven't seen him, I'm sure," replied Connor, in a feigned voice, and with marvelous self-possession. "A murderer—good gracious! I *should* have been frightened, I reckon, if I had met him here in these woods, by ourselves."

"If *I* had been with you, you need not have been afraid to meet him, Miss Katie," observed a third of the party, a burly, red-faced, red-haired individual, well-dressed, and evidently superior to his companions. It was Captain Anderson—so called because of his being a kind of overseer at the furnace. He was a coarse, brutal man, who had more than once rendered himself obnoxious to Kathleen by his open admiration. His character being known to her from report, the girl had always shrank from him in disgust; and even now, she instinctively drew a little nearer Connor, as the captain approached and addressed her in a lower tone:

"You mustn't take these lonely walks any more, Miss Kathleen. Connor's no doubt lurking somewhere about these woods, and you're too pretty a girl to run the risk of meeting a reckless chap like that. I think I must escort you, after this."

And he leered in her face, with a look from which she turned in loathing.

"By-the-by, who's this with you?" he asked, turning curiously to the figure in the brown cloak. "Another young woman, it seems; but, I'll bet a dollar, not as pretty as her companion;" and, with another grin, he attempted to peep under the deep sunbonnet.

"Come along, captain, and let the girls alone. We've got no time to waste in such foolery at present." And the men moved on, but Anderson lingered.

"Look here, pretty one," said he, confidentially, to Kathleen, "I know something of your secrets—I haven't eyes for nothing."

The girl's heart beat fast; but she restrained herself. He continued:

"When a good-looking young fellow like Maurice Connor looks at a handsome girl like you, who blushes and casts down her eyes, people generally know what it means—at least *I* do. Now, if I find Connor up here in these woods—where I've no doubt he is—what'll you give me to let him escape?"

What between anxiety and fright, she was too agitated to reply.

"If you'll give me something now," resumed her persecutor, "say a kiss, I'll promise to be easy on him, maybe, though he deserves worse than he's got, for the crime he's committed."

"He has committed no crime!" said Kathleen, her spirit rousing, for an instant, with a woman's instinctive generosity.

"Didn't he kill Parker?"

"No; no more than you did!" she answered, firmly.

A peculiar expression came over Anderson's face.

"What makes you talk like that?" he asked, sharply.

"Because I know it."

"Know what? Do you mean to say that—that I——"

The girl shrank back, wondering at the strange glare of his eyes. Connor, on the contrary, turned, facing him, and their eyes met in a mutual, steady, inquiring gaze.

"Yes!" said Connor, slowly. "Yes—she means that *you* murdered Hiram Parker!"

"You lie!" returned Anderson, fiercely.

"Come!" said Kathleen, anxiously; "for God's sake, come! Let us pass, Mr. Anderson; I did not mean it. I should not dream of such a thing as accusing you of murder!"

"Then what did *she* say it for?"

"Only—only in jest; only to tease you, I am sure. Please let us pass."

"Give me a kiss first, to pay me for your rudeness. What! you won't? Then I must take it and be off, for I hear them calling me."

He seized her arm, and attempted to lift her face, despite her resistance. The next instant a blow from a strong hand sent him reeling against a tree. Recovering himself, he turned furiously to his assailant.

Connor, roused out of his prudence, forgetful of all but his manly instincts, had thrown off the bonnet which had concealed his face, and now stood confronting him. A single look was enough.

"Scoundrel—murderer!" yelled Anderson. "What—ho, there!" And with a prolonged shout—intended to summon his companions—he sprang upon Connor, and attempted to pinion his arms to his sides. But the latter, younger and more active than his assailant, twisted out of his grasp, and, with another well-directed blow, laid him senseless on the ground.

"Oh, Maurice! what have you done? You've killed him!" cried Kathleen.

He stooped down and examined the fallen man, whose head had struck upon a rock as he fell.

"He's not dead; but this tight necktie must be removed, and this cut on the temple bound up. Have you a handkerchief, Kathleen? St [illegible]-better use his own."

Thrusting his hand in Anderson's pocket, Connor drew out a red silk handkerchief, and with it a knife. He looked curiously at the latter as he was about returning it, and finally placed it in his own vest-pocket.

"There—he'll do well enough now, till he comes to himself," he said. "But will you remember and bear witness, Kathleen, how I found this knife?"

She assented, wondering; and the young man, resuming his disguise, they continued on their perilous journey, fortunately without meeting any one, except an old woman who stopped to wish Kathleen good-day, and a negro boy driving his master's cattle to pasture. It was not long ere they reached the furnace, where Kathleen, calling her brothers aside to partake of their meal, confided to them her story, in which they at once entered, heart and soul.

"We'll do what we can for you, Maurice, lad, niver fear," said Kit, heartily. "And now, as there's not a minute's time to lose, afore that beast of an overseer comes to life, and informs on us, we must try to get you out o' the way—across country to the railroad, which'll carry ye like a streak through, beyant the Mississippi belike. An' as for the money, we'll see if we can raise it amongst us, and your own folks, who, av coorse, are to be trusted."

But Maurice Connor, rising from his seat on a fallen tree, looked calmly into Kit Mullighan's face.

"I'm more grateful and obleeged than I can tell you, Kit," he said; "but I've another plan."

"Let's hear it, then, Maurice."

"It's this: Kit, as sure as I now live, it was Anderson murdered Parker."

"Connor!"

"He was murdered—that every one knows; and not by me, as *I* know. Now, who was it?"

"You know there was no one besides you suspected—the circumstantial evidence, as they called it, was so strong agin you; though God knows, Maurice, I'll take yer word agin the verdick, any day. And I did believe, all along, that

Anderson was swearin' false, when he came out so strong wid his testimony."

"Yea, that's it!" said Connor; "he hated me; for, you know, I had had words with him, and Parker, both. As to the circumstantial evidence, that was strong enough, I grant. I *did* threaten to kill Parker, when he insulted my sister. I did clean and load my gun the evening of the murder, and go up the gorge, where, it seems, Parker had gone before me, and where his body was found that night. And I did come back late, bruised, and with blood on my clothes, and go into my cabin without speaking to any one. But as I live, I never saw Parker that evening; and the blood and bruises were from slipping down the rocks, as I followed the hare I had shot. You know all this, Kit; and now, tell me, didn't John Martin and I hear Parker accuse Anderson of *cheating* his employers, and threaten to expose him if he didn't go fair with him? Wasn't Anderson, by his own confession, not far from the place of the murder, when he heard, as he says, a cry for help, and a shot? He was up that way to see old Wilson at his cabin, he says, but found he'd gone to bed, and wouldn't rouse him. And, most of all, look here! Kathleen can tell you how I found this knife, which I know to have belonged to Parker, because I once saw him carefully cutting his initials on it, though they've been scratched out since. Yet look close, and you'll see the P still. You know, Kit, there was a stab over the heart, done with a knife; and they said I'd done it, and flung the knife away. Yet the knife was never found, spite of all the search made for it."

"There's somethin' in what you say, Maurice," responded Kit, thoughtfully; "but I'd be a'most afeard to venture such a risk as exposing myself, in order to accuse Anderson."

"I'm not afeard, Kit," replied the young man, firmly. "Guilt must lie somewhere, and there's somethin' tells me that Anderson's the man. I felt sure of it from the look he gave Kathleen, when she so innocently accused him. It flashed upon me suddenly, all of a moment, though I'd never before suspected it. And now, the more I think over it all, the more I'm convinced that he is the real murderer. Come with me at once to Lawyer Gholson, Kit. I'll tell him all, and give myself up, and wait till the truth is brought to light."

When Anderson was that evening arrested on charge of being the murderer of Hiram Parker, there was not a person witnessing the scene who did not at once set him down in his own mind as guilty. His courage failed him utterly, and before the subsequent proceedings were half concluded, he had, by his own blunders and contradictions, rendered his guilt so palpably clear, that his subsequent confession of the deed was scarcely needed. He, of course, expiated his crime, and Maurice Connor stepped again a free man, with an unblemished name, which latter, Kathleen, his brave but tender-hearted rescuer, bore proudly as her own for many happy years after.

BABOO ENGLISH.

A FEW years ago, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there died in Calcutta a most respectable native judge, named Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee, a quiet, unostentatious man, of mediocre ability but indefatigable industry.

This estimable person had the misfortune to have a nephew, one Mohindro Nauth Mookerjee, who, fancying himself possessed of literary talents, was moved to write a memoir of his deceased relative. Fully to appreciate the following extracts, it should be borne in mind that the biographer was not only a teacher in the Calcutta Training Academy, but also the author of an essay on the "Effects of English Education upon the Native Mind." The memoir is dedicated to Sir Richard Couch, as "a Fidus Achates of letters," and begins after this manner: "Let me hold my *Penna* after a few months, to write the memoir of the individual above-named; but *quid agis?* if any one put me such a query I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say—a great fool of myself!" To write "in such a way as the literary public may fall in love with" is described as an extremely difficult task, seeing that the deceased was neither a poet nor a generalissimo, though "by dint of nude energy and perseverance" he "erected a vantage-ground above the common level of his countrymen, nay, stood with the rare, barring few on the same level with him."

By the advice of an English friend, Onoocool applied himself to the study of law and passed his examination with great distinction, and, after a successful career, was asked by the Chief Justice to become Advocate of the High Court; but, after consulting the other native pleaders, he "did nill the offer politely." After all, he was only human, and suffered much at one time from a "doloriferous boil."

In 1870 he was appointed a member of the Bengal Legislative Council, and took his seat "solely by the dint of his own legal weapon." "He was an *au fait*, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental lucre to the Council." Until then it had been customary to confer that honor on non-professional men who were "as if cocks of the roost . . . merely ciphers and ditto-saying members," but the selection of Onoocool Chunder was acknowledged to be "most judicious and tip-top." A little later he was promoted to the bench of the High Court. His elevation "created a catholic ravishment throughout the domain under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion."

As a boy "he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge." His dress was simple. He was never to be seen in garments "fine as a carrot fresh scraped, but *esto perpetuum* in Pantaloon and in satin or broadcloth *Chapkan*, with a Topee well quadrate to the dress."

He died in 1871, "of paralysis and *ruptum* of a blood-vessel, leaving four issues, two male and two female." His illness began with a slight headache, which made him feel "like a toad under a harrow." He rapidly grew worse, and at "last hermetically sealed his lips, not to open them again." Various doctors were called in, but their skill availed nothing. "It proved, after all, as if to milk the ram."

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS WISDOM.

COLERIDGE once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds: "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head." Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

"FRIENDSHIP" is of a large signification. By friendship we mean the greatest love and the greatest usefulness; and the most open communication and the noblest sufferings; and the most exemplary faithfulness and the severest truth.

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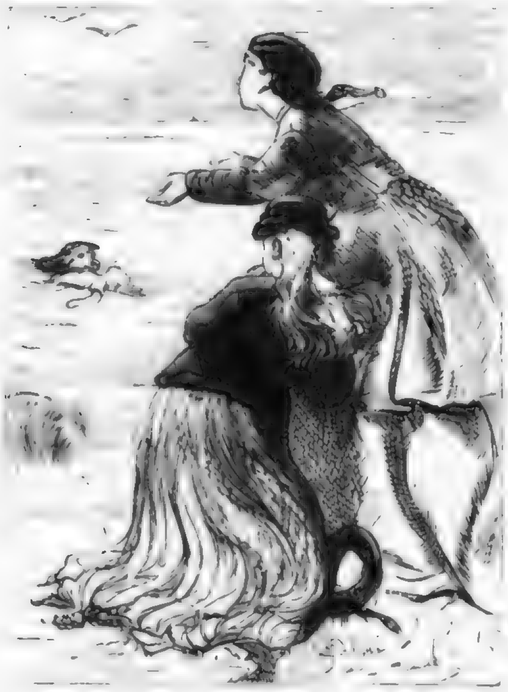


RANGER.

A LITTLE boat in a cave,
And a child there fast asleep,
Floating out on a wave,
Out to the perilous deep –
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
And dash their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says, with great surprise,
"Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors' graves,
And he laughs out, "Isn't it nice,
Playing see-saw with the waves?"

Alas! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
And his sister wrings her hands,
Watching in speechless terror,
The boat and the flaxen head.
Is there no hope of succor?
Must they see him drown'd and dead?

They run to the edge of the shore,
They stretch their arms to him;
Knee-deep they wade, and more,
But, alas! they cannot swim.
Their pretty, pretty darling,
His little hat floats by;
They see his frightened face;
They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
Dashes before them then,
Hairy and curly and long,
And brave as a dozen men;
Bounding—panting—gasping,
Rushing straight as a dart;
Ready to die in the cause,
A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
He grandly wins his prize;
Mother! he brings it thee
With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, oh, mother!
His burden, pretty and pale;
He lays it down at thy feet,
And wags his honest old tail.

O dog, so faithful and bold!
O dog, so tender and true!
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.
O Ranger! do just what you choose;
Old friend, so gallant and dear;
What churl would dare refuse
To drink your health with a cheer?

THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.

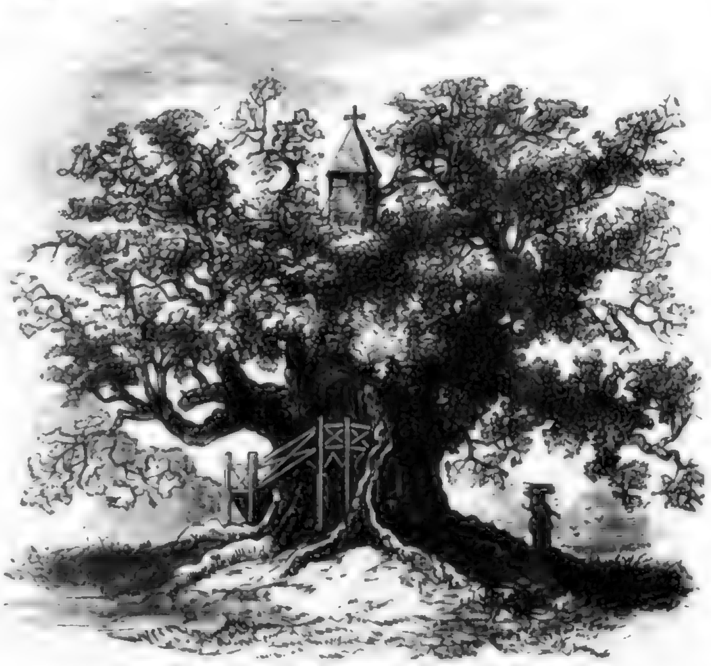
OAK trees were an object of worship among the early inhabitants of France and the British isles, and much of the Druidical worship is connected with the oak. When Christianity was introduced, the early heralds of truth turned these oaks into temples, and statues of Mary and Jesus showed their consecration to a new religion.

Mary Oaks became often famous places of pilgrimage, and their renown remained attached to the stately gothic churches reared on the spot. At Alouville, in Normandy, stands the last survivor of these chapel trees, which is sufficiently curious to merit description. It is thirty-five feet round the trunk. For hundreds of years have the snows of Winter covered its mighty branches, and successive Springs robed it with leaves and acorns.

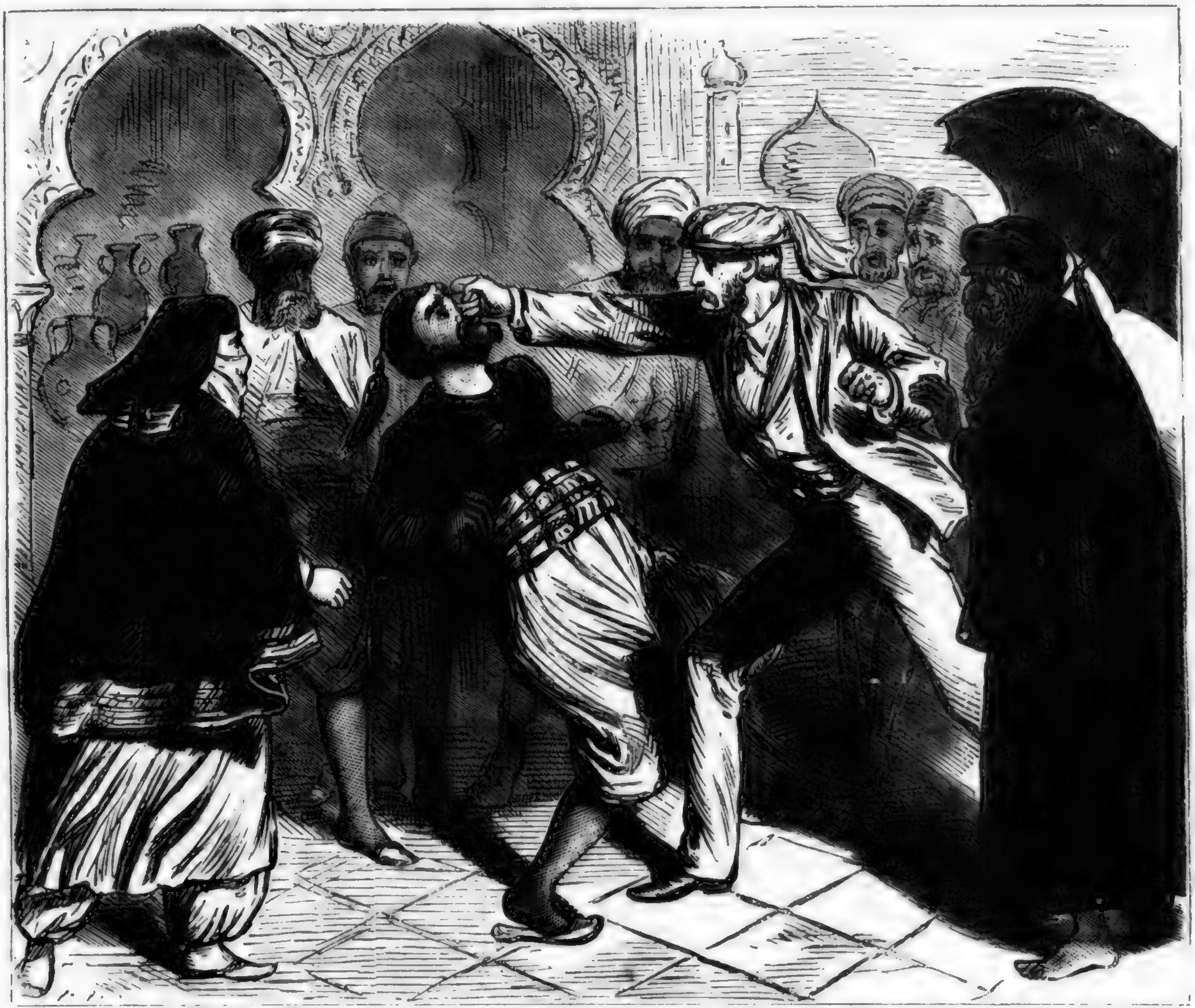
Years and years ago, time hollowed it out; but the reverence felt for it as a shrine of Mary, led the people to line its hollow trunk with white marble, and erect within this crypt an altar, surmounted by a beautiful marble madonna; and in this tree-shrine, service is actually performed. A flight of steps lead up to it, and above, amid its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross, surmounting a little hermitage to which a winding stair encircling the tree leads up.

This chapel, even in this shape, is so old as to be ancient; and the people cling to it so devotedly that when, during the French Revolution, the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it, the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance, that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, the only spot where the old faith was openly practised in the *Pays de Caux*, bearing on its portal, even amid those times of war, its title, "*Notre Dame de la Paix*"— Our Lady of Peace.

So there it stands, a tree beneath whose shade William the Conqueror's troops are said to have been encamped when on their way to meet Harold, of Hastings; and tradition tells how knights, returning from the first Crusade, here sang their exploits in the Holy Land.



THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.



BOUND IN MOROCCO.—"THE STRANGER FLOORED THE DISCONTENTED POTTER WITH SO UNDENIABLE A 'FACER' THAT THERE WAS NOT THE REMOTEST PROBABILITY OF HIS RIGHT EYE RENDERING HIM ANY SERVICE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."

"BOUND IN MOROCCO."

NATHAN BEN-AMMI was well known in the Alcaiceria, as the richest Jew in the Hebrew quarter of Fez-el-Djedid; and despite his shabby blue gabardine and bare feet—for the intolerance and fanaticism of the Moorish Government permitted no other attire to a Jew when he trespassed beyond the precincts allotted to the Hebrew population—the appearance of the wealthy goldsmith in the vine-trellised avenues of the grand bazar was hailed by the dealers with interest and some cordiality, because, though Nathan's calling was primarily that of a trafficker in the precious metals, an eligible bargain in any other valuable commodity did not come amiss to him. A more than ordinarily rich specimen from the looms of Mequinez would unclose his purse as readily as would a barbarously massive set of armlets or anklets. In fact, Nathan Ben-Ammi's dealings had a very wide range, and his markets were many.

It was midday; the Alcaiceria, as the bazar is designated in the Mogreb dialect, was comparatively still; the wrangling and haggling, plentiful as a general thing, were intermitted; for the wranglers and hagglers had their mouths full of "couscoosoo," squatted, more or less comfortably, on their carpets in the rear of the stalls. Here and there was noise enough, especially in the avenue sacred to the guild of the potters, where the Riffian musicians most do congregate and dispense dolorous harmony (?) from cymbals and tom-toms. There also assemble the beggars, halt, maimed, and blind, everything but dumb; and the "torture performers," a Moroccan luxury seldom indulged elsewhere, who perforate their noses, cheeks and tongues with skewers for the edification of the Spartan-minded, and a few copper coins. Upon the day of which this sketch deals, the Jew Nathan was shuffling through the Potters' Avenue under the shade of his large black umbrella, vouchsafing little heed to the various groups that incumbered it, none at all to the beggars who importuned for alms—he hated beggars almost as intensely as he loathed the torturers.

The goldsmith was not what would be called prepossessing in his exterior; he was uncleanly in person and dress, with long, grisly hair parted into two straggling ringlets on either side of his gaunt, yellow-skinned face, in which his unpleasantly hued eyes asserted a claim to notice by reason of their continually shifting movement. His beard was the only respectable thing about the man. Nobody greeted him; he was a Jew, and had no dealings with the potters; what had Nathan Ben-Ammi to do with them or their guild. Better that Nazarene yonder in his Frankish garb, who parted with his sequins as readily for a terra-cotta "gugloot" (water-jar) gorgeous with the brilliant hues their art taught them to impart to it, as he would for a Mequinez saddle-cloth or a scarlet fez cap with its blue tassel.

The Jew progressed rather laboriously to nearly the end of the avenue, when a sight caught his eye that had an irresistible fascination to him. A stranger was counting out money to a dealer in earthenware who was vehemently demanding

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additional payment for certain articles purchased by the former, without succeeding in rendering his demand intelligible to the customer. Nathan spoke the Mogreb dialect—indeed, it is the chief medium of intercourse in Fez, amongst the Hebrews, contrary to the custom of that people in Tangier, where Spanish is in general use. He paused, and, while affecting to be examining the wares of the dealer, concentrated his attention upon the money transaction in dispute.

One astute glance at the stranger sufficed to satisfy Nathan as to the language he should choose to reach his comprehension. That ruddy, though sunburned complexion; those frankly open blue eyes; that half-smile that had something of self-esteem and disparagement of others in it, belonged to a type rarely, but yet occasionally, witnessed in the Moroccan capital. Nathan Ben-Ammi had once crossed over from Ceuta to that wonderful "*imperium in imperio*"—the frowning rock with its cestus of orange-groves, "*Gibel-Tarick*," the mountain of Tarick, where now the great Moor's name is all that remains to commemorate the time when Africa made Europe tremble; and there the goldsmith knew the type before him had its habitat.

"Thou payest twofold the value of those water-jars, O Englishman!" said he. "If thou wilt, I can furnish thee better goods for less money."

The stranger, upon hearing himself addressed in English, looked curiously at the speaker.

"Well, my good friend, if you can, my custom is very heartily at your service; and, at all events, our dealing has this to recommend it: we shall be able to understand each other. Where is your stall?"

"I am Nathan Ben-Ammi. I live in the Jews' quarter in Fez-el-Djedid."

Nathan spoke rather hurriedly, and looked furtively, with a doubtful expression of countenance, at the Moorish dealer in earthenware, who, on his side, was looking somewhat loweringly at the Jew.

"Thou shouldst not betray what I have told thee to the Moor, or ill will befall me. I will speak to him for thee."

Nathan forthwith addressed the potter in Mogreb, declaring that the Frankish customer absolutely refused to pay more than two piastres for the "gugloots."

"Why, what filth do you pour into my ears, cursed of the Prophet? Has not the Nazarene offered me already four piastres? and now, with thy tongue of Shitan, thou seekest to rob me of my honest profit. Your beard shall be plucked. Are not the Jews ever the robbers of the Faithful?"

Much more the incensed potter delivered himself of, wandering, in his displeasure, from the second person singular to the plural pronoun, and spitting vehemently between his periods.

"Take up thy money, O Englishman,' muttered Nathan; "I will meet thee again in the Avenue of the Jewelers;" saying which, the goldsmith shuffled off, throwing a meaning glance at the Englishman from behind the shelter of his umbrella. But when the latter, acting upon his suggestion, actually gathered up the coins he had previously deposited on the stall-boards, the dealer made a very decided outcry. It was wasted upon the Christian, who calmly nodded and moved after Nathan Ben-Ammi, but had the effect of raising a confusion of tongues in the stalls contiguous to that of the disappointed potter. The last-named sprang over his show of pottery and nimbly overtook the Jew, whose gabardine he seized with one hand, while with the other he beat aside the umbrella behind which Nathan sought to enshroud himself.

"Pig of a Jew!" screamed the man of pots, "thou shalt pay me the loss thou hast caused to fall upon my house."

Nathan extended his hands humbly, as if deprecating the speaker's wrath.

"May the sun of prosperity never depart from the roof of thy house, O Hussein Ismail," said he; "I have worked thee no loss. I did but interpret what thou saidst to the stranger."

But the potter's wrath was too hot to be turned away by a mild answer. With an opulence of invective positively exhausting in such a temperature, he poured out his "vials," working himself into a fury that was shared in by the momentarily increasing throng of dealers, who appeared to think their collective interests imperiled by the action attributed to the Jew; so, from words they speedily passed to deeds, twisting poor Nathan Ben-Ammi hither and thither, and bestowing buffets beneath which the old man staggered helplessly. An abrupt change to the state of affairs was effected by the vigorous interposition of the stranger, who, not content with verbal remonstrance, floored the discontented potter with so undeniable a "facer" that there was not the remotest probability of his right eye rendering him any service for the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The Englishman's audacity was not without its effect upon the mob. The Moors in Fez are so habituated to blows and ill-treatment on the part of their social superiors, that, perhaps, an impression grew up amongst the potters of some protecting power overshadowing the Nazarene who made so little ado about knocking down a true believer in the presence of so many of his countrymen. A few on the outskirts of the throng retired to their stalls, and the stranger and the Jew might possibly have been able to retire unmolested had not a vailed and draped figure rushed from the floored potter's stall and begun a voluble address to the hesitating dealers. It was Hussein Ismail's better-half, and she passionately inquired if they, the potters of the Alcaiceria, were going to allow Hussein to be first robbed by a Jew and a Nazarene, and then assaulted in defiance of the law which made it an offense for an infidel to strike a true believer. A fierce hubbub ensued. Hussein himself, rising from the dust, exhibited his ensanguined frontispiece, and, as if encouraged by the support of his wife, vehemently called upon his fellow-potters to seize the offenders against their privileges and laws.

Nathan Ben-Ammi clung closely to his champion, alternately mumbling English and vociferating Mogreb. The stranger began elbowing his way with muscular energy through the crowd, and was tolerably successful in doing so, until one Moor broke the ice by clutching the collar of his white linen coat.

Emboldened by the example, a dozen hands were outstretched to seize the presumptuous Nazarene; but before one of them had touched the prey, the Moor who held his coat-collar was compelled to relinquish it by a blow from the Nazarite fist in the stomach.

The odds were altogether too heavily against our stranger for his single prowess to avail for any length of time. He did, indeed, present a bold front, with his back to the trellis of the avenue, but the potters were seriously infuriated at the discomfiture of another of their number, and precipitated themselves in overwhelming force upon the Englishman, whom, despite his blows and indignant threats, they speedily dragged to the ground.

It is highly probable they would not have stopped at that but for the sudden appearance of four individuals in red cotton jackets, lavishly embroidered in green worsted, who carried long staves in their hands and short, curved swords at their girdles. The staves were promptly exercised with impartial indiscrimination upon whoever was nearest.

"Who is this that makes a riot while his excellency the

Cadi is sleeping?"—whack, whack, whack! "What children of the Evil One are ye?"—whack, whack, whack!

Such as could removed themselves out of reach, and, released from his foes, the Englishman rose to his feet, panting, and with his attire in considerable disarray.

"Oh, most worthy Ibrahim!" cried one potter, rubbing his arm shrinkingly, "know that this Nazarene has robbed us, and beaten us into the bargain. We but sought to bring him and his accomplice the Jew, Nathan Ben-Ammi—may his grave be defiled—before his excellency the Cadi. They are the authors of the riot, not we. Look, O Ibrahim, at the face of Hussein Ismail! May a Nazarene ill-use a true believer, and go unpunished? Judge thou between us."

Ibrahim, who was the Cadi's chief of police, or sharoofdar, gazed gloomily at the stranger, and from him glanced at the Jew. He began to sniff purses in the shape of fines.

"What say ye about robbery, ye turbulent potters?" he grumbled.

Every mouth opened at once to pour out a purely fictitious account of wrongs wrought by the stranger, culminating in a charge of broken pottery and stolen money.

Nathan Ben-Ammi timidly expostulated, which earned him a whack with a staff, after which the sharoofdar addressed the Englishman in Mogreb, demanding his account of the transaction. Naturally the latter, not understanding a word of Arabic, stated as much in his native tongue, and concluded by shaking his fist menacingly at the mob of potters; whereupon the police official threatened him with his stick.

"Speak to them gently, O Englishman," said the Jew, imploringly.

The upshot was that, after a conference of some minutes with the accusers, Ibrahim unceremoniously arrested the stranger and Nathan, marching them off ignominiously to the Cadi's divan at El Arba, the public market-place.

The crowd kept increasing by the way until, by the time the *cortége* reached El Arba, what with vagabond Berbers, itinerant Arabs, "gaila" players, beggars and town's folk, the following was quite imposing.

The Cadi's "karia" was a dismal-looking white stone building, without windows, but with a low door admitting to a small courtyard, into which gave the unglazed slits which do duty for casements in Fez, admitting a modicum of light and air to the dwelling-rooms. The prisoners were thrust rudely through the door, which was then slammed in the faces of the crowd, not even excepting the witnesses in attendance. As a preliminary, the prisoners were sedulously searched. Nathan's pockets yielded an astonishingly scanty return to the operation. He had not lived for thirty years in Fez for nothing. The Englishman's, however, made up for it; a well-filled purse, watch, chain, bundle of papers, cigar-case, gold pencil-case, to say nothing of finger-rings, sleeve-links, and so forth, which latter were left in his possession, as Ibrahim promised himself, only so long as he remained unconvicted by the Cadi.

"Tell them I will complain of this to the Emperor, and have their confounded backs well scored," said the angry Briton to the Jew, who was far too wise to expose himself to a beating by interpreting the speech.

The Cadi Ben-Aouda was sitting on a small square of carpet when the delinquents were introduced to his presence, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. He was a little, square-framed man, wearing a doubtfully clean, white "jameh," or cotton robe, and muslin turban, but with undoubtedly dirty hands and face. At his right hand stood Hussein Ismail and three of his fellow-traders; on the left sat, cross-legged, the Cadi's son, a boy of about ten.

Nathan Ben-Ammi bowed himself profoundly before the magistrate; our Englishman, on the contrary, pushed his attendant policeman to one side, and strode up to within a yard of the Cadi's carpet.

"I am an English officer," he rapped out, imperiously; "and I will trouble you to protect me from the impertinence of these rascals, and punish them well into the bargain."

"Wallah!" ejaculated the Cadi, with a bewildered look at the incomprehensible speaker.

"Shall we beat the Nazarene's mouth with a slipper, O Cadi?" inquired the indignant sharoofdar.

The Cadi sucked his pipe, and looked hard at the prisoner, without answering his functionary.

"What has the Nazarene done?" he slobbered out.

Hussein Ismail burst into speech forthwith:

"Live for ever, O Cadi! The infidel dog pretended to buy my wares, and because I would not suffer him to take away two magnificent 'gugloots' without paying me, he assaulted and beat me as you see. Justice, O Cadi, in the name of the Holy Prophet."

"Wallah!" ejaculated Ben-Aouda.

The remaining potters chorused confirmation of Hussein's story. According to them, the prisoner endeavored to rob them every one.

"What speech does the child of Shitan make with his tongue?" inquired the Cadi, fretfully.

The Moors gazed in each other's faces, as if to see who could answer the question, but remained silent.

"Why, dogs," cried the Cadi, angrily, "what speech did the Nazarene use when he robbed ye?"

Hussein stammered incoherently; but Ibrahim, the sharoofdar, spoke up:

"Know, O Cadi, that I have here papers found upon the Nazarene. Your wisdom will teach you how to understand them."

So saying, he raised the packet of papers taken from the prisoner to his forehead, and handed them to Ben-Aouda.

"Am I a priest or a teacher, to read writings?" observed the Cadi, grumblingly, but accepting the packet, and turning the documents over and over until he reached one that attracted his attention, not by the writing upon it—Ben-Aouda was guiltless of all pretensions to literary attainments—but on account of a seal in green wax that ornamented it.

"Wallah!" he whispered, huskily, to himself, inspecting the impression with visible agitation. "Wallah!" he repeated, more loudly, and then gazed with widely opened eyes at the prisoner.

"Who are you, O stranger?" he inquired, and his tone had something in it that caused a disagreeable thrill to pass through Ibrahim and the potters. On the other hand, it fell comforting on the ears of Nathan Ben-Ammi, who shrewdly argued a favorable augury from it.

"May your days be long, O Cadi, and your end Paradise!" he whined. "The stranger is an Englishman. I can interpret his speech, if it so please you."

The Cadi stared at the Jew.

"An English Nazarene?" he repeated, absently, and then suddenly beckoned Nathan nearer, holding out the document with the green seal upon it. "Can you read this to me, O Jew?"

The goldsmith, upon receiving the paper, read a few words to himself, and immediately carried it reverently to his forehead.

"I can read it, O Cadi!"

The words were accompanied by a rather malevolently expressioned glance at the potters.

"Wallah! read, then."

The Cadi dropped his pipe in his eagerness, and stared hard at Nathan.

Again the Jew raised the document to his brow, and then, with sonorous utterance, whence every trace of timidity had vanished, began :

"Muley Mohammed Ben-Abderrahman, Sultan of Morocco—To our Caids, Governors, and Cadis throughout our dominions: Take notice, the bearer, a servitor of our faithful ally, Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, is our much-esteemed friend. Protect, aid, and entertain him—upon your heads be it. From our palace of Dar D'Biba, at Menshuwar, the seventh of the Fifth month, year of the Hejira. . . .

"Signed, (Green Seal). Abessi."
"Countersigned,

Ben-Aouda's complexion passed rapidly through all the gradations of color a Moroccan's skin is capable of, finally settling into a sickly olive green. His eyes rolled in their orbits idiotically, and he trembled so excessively that in attempting to rise from the carpet he fell upon his knees.

"Oh, friend of the Magnanimous Muley Mohammed, your slave's house, and all that he has, are yours. Let the displeasure of my imperial master's friend pass away from your slave." The Cadi turned his face toward Nathan, and added: "O worthy Nathan Ben-Ammi, tell my lord what I say. Assure him that I will visit upon these sacrilegious dogs who have dared to molest him a wrath as terrible as a furnace seven times heated."

Nathan interpreted this to the Englishman with extreme gusto.

"Oh, tell the Cadi I do not wish them punished," replied the mollified Briton; "all I want is my property restored to me, and a safeguard from further annoyance."

"The illustrious Nazarene says, O Cadi, it is well. If you cause his property to be restored to him, and punish the evil men who have lied before you against him and your servant who speaks to you, he will not complain to his Imperial friend, the Sultan."

"Wallah! it is well—upon your heads be it, O children of the Evil One!"

The Cadi waved his dirty hands toward the panic-stricken potters.

Ibrahim, the sharoofdar, humbly brought all the articles he had taken from his prisoner, and, with repeated obeisances, tendered them to their owner; then, at a word from Ben-Aouda, he marched off the potters, vigorously poking them with his staff when they endeavored to address the Englishman.

The Englishman was invited to partake of the Cadi's hospitality, and Nathan's services were retained as interpreter.

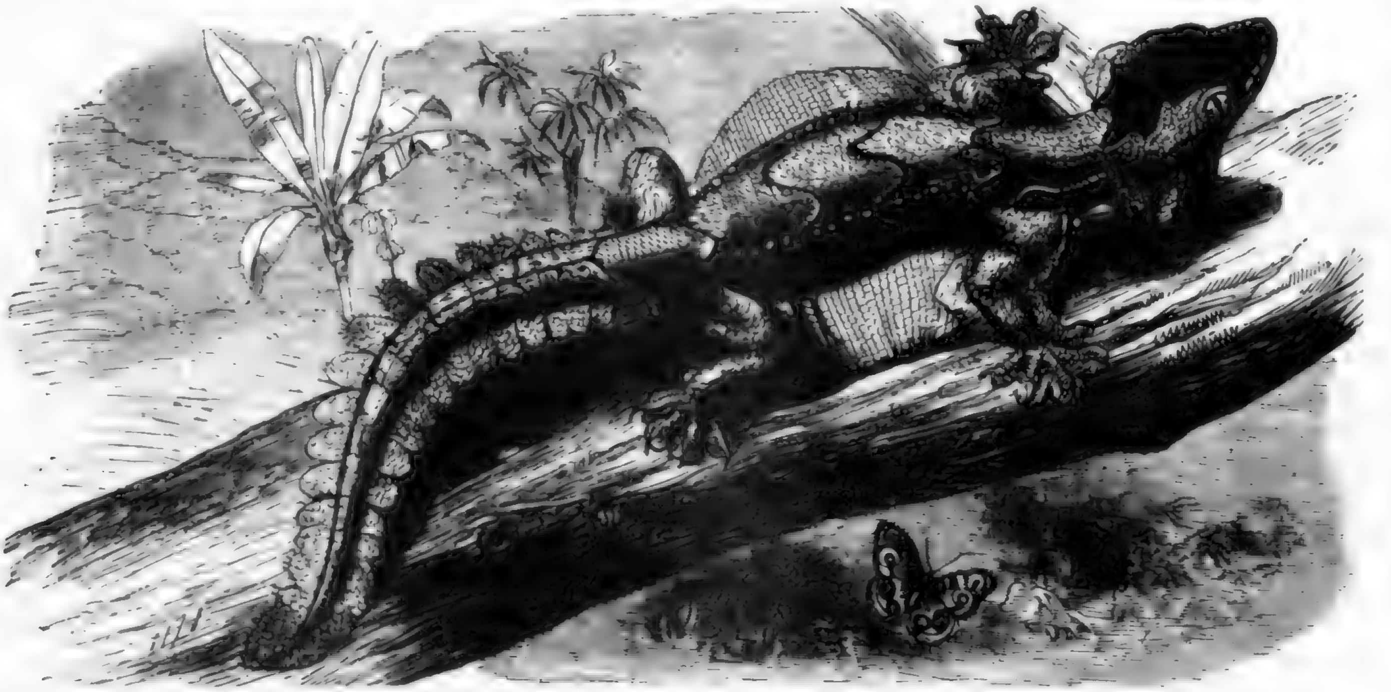
* * * * * * *

Later in the day, yielding to his host's importunities, our stranger went for a walk with the Cadi, who promised him a spectacle of great interest. Preceded by guards, who belabored every one who was unfortunate enough to be on the road they followed, the Cadi led his guest past the great mosque of Muley Idris, through the "casba," or citadel, to the "Bab-Maharoc," or great gate of the old city.

Pausing there, Ben-Aouda directed the stranger's gaze upward to the battlements. The setting sun was pouring a flood of amber light upon it, and the tamarisk-trees that rose above the masonry. Four ghastly heads decorated the hooks over the gateway, and the yet dripping blood splashed in great gouts to the dusty path beneath. The four potters had retired from business.

In response to the Englishman's horrified remonstrance, Ben Aouda complacently remarked :

"May the enemies of my Imperial master's friend be even as those dogs' heads. Amen!"



THE FRINGED TREE GECKO.

THE FRINGED TREE GECKO.

The very remarkable reptile which is figured in the illustration, is a native of Java.

The fringed tree gecko, or smooth-headed gecko, is especially worthy of notice on account of the broad, membranous expansions which fringe the sides of the head, back, limbs and tail. On the body this membrane is covered with scales, and waved on its edges, but on the tail the waves become suddenly deepened, so as to form bold scollops. The toes are webbed to the tips, and, with the exception of the thumb-joint, are furnished with claws at the swollen extremity. The scales of the back are smooth and flat, and even the membranous fringes are covered with scales.

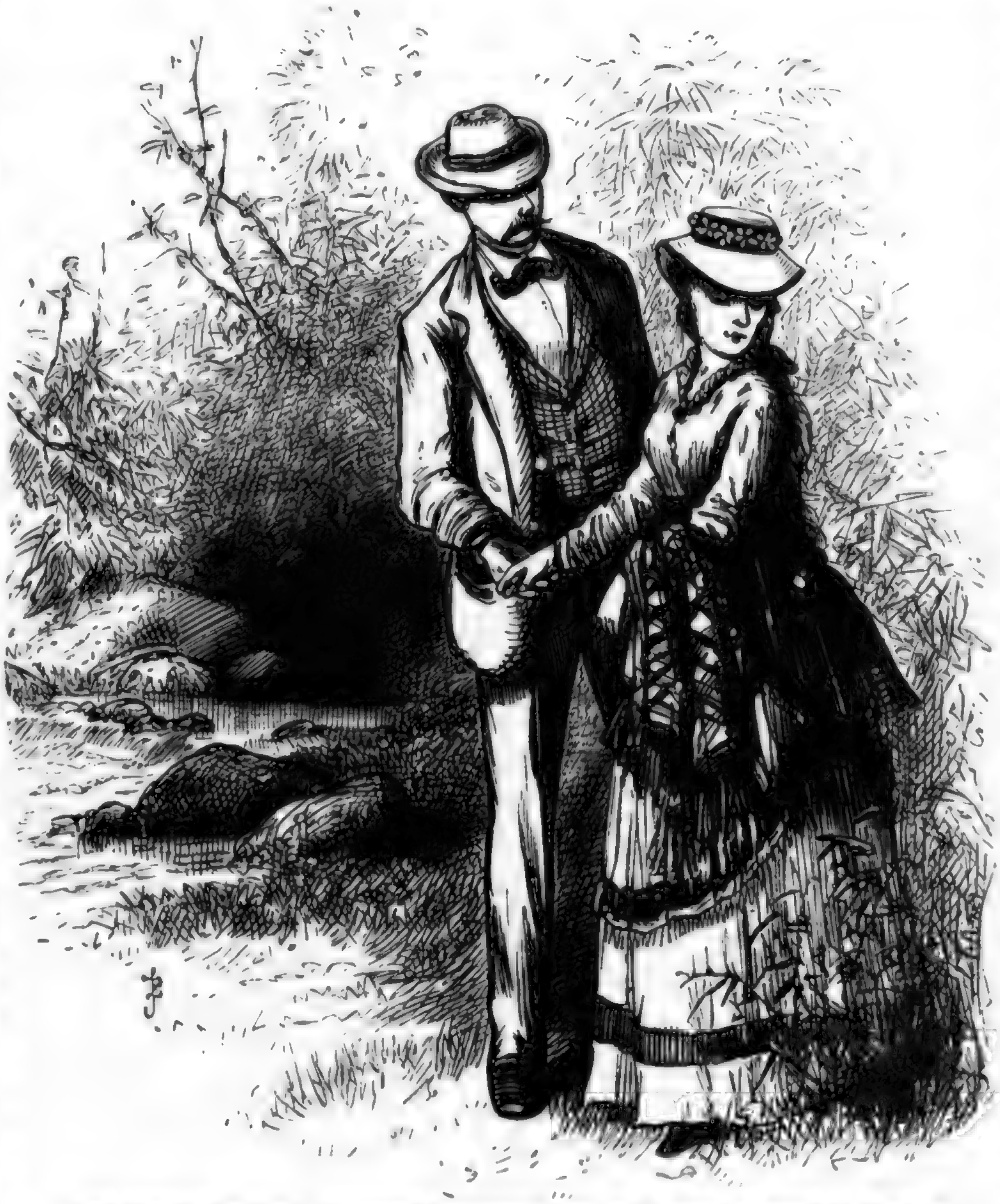
Formerly this creature was thought to be aquatic in its habits, but it is now known to live on trees, and to employ the membranous expansions in aiding it in its passage from branch to branch, much after the well-known fashion of the flying-squirrels. The generic title, *ptychozöon*, is composed of two Greek words, the former signifying a fold of a garment, and the latter a living being.

The general color of the fringed tree gecko is brown above, with a slight yellowish tinge along the spine, and crossed with small, dark-brown lines, very narrow and deeply waved. A line of similar appearance, and of a bold, zigzag form, encircles the top of the head, looking as if a dark-brown string had been tied at the ends, formed into a rude circle, and then pinched at intervals so as to cause deep indentations. Below, it is of a whitish-gray color.

AUNT TABBY'S MISTAKE.

"Cynthy, come right down, I say!"

As Aunt Tabby's shrill voice pierced my ears like a knife, I got up with a jerk from my bed, where I had been weeping a tempest of angry tears, and prepared to obey.



AUNT TABBY'S MISTAKE.—"STEPHEN INTERCEPTED ME—NAY, MORE, HE TRIED TO TAKE MY HAND. 'CYNTHIA, TELL ME WHY YOU DID NOT COME TO MY PICNIC?'"

The plain truth was, Aunt Tabby and I did not agree; I was petulant, thoughtless, trying sometimes, but not the idle, frivolous girl she always called me. And she? There was no doubt in my mind, as I went grumbling down to the kitchen, that of all the odious, grasping, vinegar-faced, mean, shrewish women that ever tormented one's life out, Aunt Tabby was the worst.

If the reader will follow me into the kitchen, he may judge for himself of the goddess who reigned there; of the kitchen itself I can sing nothing but praises. Coming, as I had, a few months before, from the close, dingy rooms in the neighboring manufacturing town where my mother was wearing out her life trying to rear and support six other girls besides myself, the spacious, cheery kitchen at Calvola had won my heart completely.

The red-brick floor gleamed with cleanliness; the daily-scrubbed tables were snowy-white; burnished pewter, dear to the heart of every bustling New England housewife, garnished the walls; and four generous windows poured a flood of sunshine and sweet-scented air over everything.

Aunt Tabby herself would, by any other than myself, I suppose, have been called comely. Her face was ruddy, her eyes black, and her figure still youthful, for she was not more than five-and-thirty; she was bustling, active—"real smart," in fact; and, moreover, undisputed mistress of the substantial old farmhouse and twenty rich acres.

She was well aware of her many attractions, among which she did not omit to count the house and farm; and of her admirers, Stephen Boorman was especially favored.

He was leaning against one of the windows, talking to Aunt Tabby, when I blurted stormily into the room, my hair all tossed and tumbled, my cheeks scarlet, and my eyes still red in consequence of that previous indulgence in my angry passions.

Aunt Tabby looked not ill-pleased at my uncouth appearance; in fact, I have always believed that she called me down for no other purpose than to contrast my untidiness with her own neat looks; as for me, I felt like putting my finger into my mouth, and running away, as I caught sight of Stephen's bright eyes bent upon me with a queer, amused look; but I stood my ground, and said, though with an ill-grace:

"What do you want me for, Aunt Tabby?"

"La, child," she answered, "what a figure you are, to be sure! If I had attended to your bringing up, it would have been different——"

"Thank goodness, you didn't!" I muttered, impatiently.

"What's that you're saying? Oh, Cynthy, you have a temper and no mistake! but take that basket and go down cellar, and bring me up some of them best Fall pippins; no specked ones, mind; and, while you're about it, just look over them dozen barrels, and bring up what specked ones is on the top, for I am going to bake a batch of pies."

I took up the basket, and plunged with it into the cellar, feeling more miserable than ever.

How unfair things were in life! Why should I be forced to rummage about an old cellar that lovely Autumn afternoon, and leave Aunt Tabby, vicious old thing, up in the sunshine, with nothing to do but listen to Stephen Boorman's jokes, and—ah! there he was saying good-by; what must he have thought of my touseled looks? And, filled with mortification and anger at myself and every one else, I tossed the pippins pellmell into the basket, and was struggling to lift it, when a kind voice said at my elbow:

"Let me try; 'tis too heavy for you, Miss Cynthia."

"Oh, dear!" I burst out, breaking down at the sympathetic tone, and trying to hide my tears with my fingers.

"Too bad!" muttered my consoler, somewhat hoarsely. "See here, Miss Cynthia, don't take on so!" and he stood looking helplessly at me.

"I'm ashamed," I gasped, making herculean efforts at self-control, "that you should see me looking so, and see me crying; but if you knew what a——"

"Ah!" he said, in a queer tone which recalled me to myself.

Was I a fool, to abuse Aunt Tabby before her lover!

The burning blush at my own awkwardness dried the tears on my cheeks, and I made a motion to seize the basket and run away; but Stephen said, in a comical voice:

"You will have to put on spectacles, Miss Cynthia, if you can't see better. Scarce one of these pippins but is badly specked;" and with that he proceeded to pick and choose, keeping his back turned to me, and I dried my eyes, tried to smooth my disordered locks, and then joined him, and between us we soon had a fine basketful.

Then the dozen barrels had to be inspected; but this was quick work—only too quick, for Stephen was so quiet and so funny, never seeming to notice my flushed, tear-stained face, but treating me with a deference and courtesy that soothed my feelings, so that I felt nothing but regret on leaving the shady cellar for the sunshine without, which I had at first so longed for.

Aunt Tabby's amazement as her lover, instead of me, brought up the apples, was only equaled by her wrath.

"As sure as I'm alive, Cynthia, you are the most presuming gal as ever I see!"

When wrathy, Aunt Tabby occasionally tripped in her vernacular.

"Miss Cynthia is not to blame," interposed Stephen, quickly, while he gallantly stepped forward to relieve Aunt Tabby from the pie-board and rolling-pin she had nearly dropped in her agitation. "The truth is, I wanted to steal one of your fine pippins; and as I expect some of your pies at my picnic next week, I thought it but fair I should help bring up the apples for them."

Aunt Tabby was appeased; and regardless of a patch of flour on the end of her nose, which imparted a most comical effect to her face, she jested and laughed and smiled at Stephen, never heeding me, who sat in one corner by the open kitchen-window, idly playing with some of the drooping sprays of the vine that had already begun to decay.

I was outwardly calm, for I was proud, and felt humiliated to the dust for my foolish outburst in the cellar; but inwardly I was groaning in spirit. To watch Aunt Tabby's manœuvres was bad enough, but to sit tamely by and see how Stephen encouraged her advances!

Encouraged was too strong a word, I felt in my heart; and yet, when I remembered the thousand little nothings by which he had won my foolish fancy—remembered, too, how all those little attentions had gradually been transferred to Aunt Tabby—I felt bitter anger against them both, but especially against Stephen.

He was going now, with only a short good-by to me, but as he passed the window he turned and looked full in my face. What he saw there I don't know, but a curious, eager light flashed into his blue eyes. He bent toward me, and almost whispered:

"Miss Cynthia, *you* will come to my picnic?"

He waited an instant for an answer, but as I gave none, being occupied in trying to keep the angry tears from my eyes, he bowed, and passed out of my sight. Not out of my mind, however. Perhaps I thought of him the more during the next few days, because Aunt Tabby was so more than ordinarily hateful.

There seemed no end to the work to be done, and I never did it to please her.

Moreover, she said nothing to me about going on the picnic, though I had been looking forward to it for weeks.

Grown desperate at last, I ventured to broach the subject, as I took up my bedroom candle, the night before the appointed day.

"I hope it won't be too cool for me to wear my pink lawn to-morrow; it is the only decent dress I have," I stammered out, with a choking feeling in my throat.

"Cynthia Warren, you're never such a fool as to think you're going on that picnic!" exclaimed Aunt Tabby, turning redder than ever at the thought.

"Why shouldn't I go?" I answered, defiantly. "Stephen invited me, and I want to dance and enjoy myself as other girls do!"

"Stuff!" retorted she, sharply. "If Stephen did invite you, it was out of compliment to me. You don't think he cares a straw whether you go or not, do you? Leastwise, you're to stay at home and do your churning—that's flat! Do you understand?"

I waited to hear no more, but rushed away, more miserable than I had ever been in my life.

The wrath that filled my soul at Aunt Tabby's unkindness almost alarmed me. After I grew calmer, I resolved that she should, at least, not be able to laugh at my disappointment; so I wiped away my tears, bathed my eyes, and went to bed, where, contrary to my expectations, I slept soundly until morning.

A neighbor was to call for Aunt Tabby. Stephen, as the chief promoter and organizer of the affair, could not be spared from the grounds to call for her himself; and I watched her drive off with as much composure as I could assume. Then I returned to the kitchen, and churned vigorously for an hour, wishing all the time that I had Aunt Tabby's head in the churn.

The vigorous exercise did me good; and after I had gone through my various duties, and eaten my solitary dinner, I was calm enough to notice the beauty of the day, and to think, without bursting into tears, what a pleasant time they must be having at the picnic.

A queer fancy took possession of me. I would not spend that lovely Fall afternoon indoors, moping after pleasures I could not have. I would dress myself in my pink lawn, after all, and go down by the brook under the old nut-trees, and have a picnic by myself.

The day was deliciously soft and warm for October, so I did not find my dress too cool; I even twisted a ribbon in my hair, and put on my solitary lace ruffle; then, with hat and shawl in my hand, I strolled leisurely down to the brook. It was a favorite spot of mine, shady with old chestnuts, bright with patches of sunlight, with moss-covered stones in abundance, and charming little cozy nooks.

Stephen and I had often walked there together—perhaps that was why I chose it, because I wanted, once for all, to put an end to my folly by thinking of him as Aunt Tabby's lover.

Somehow, try as hard as I would, I could not think of him in that light. When I came to a little ford of stepping-stones he and I had made one afternoon, I began to picture to myself him and Aunt Tabby in our positions.

"Let me see, I was standing there——" said I, thinking aloud, after an old habit of mine.

"And I am standing here!" echoed a voice at my elbow.

There stood Stephen in the flesh, looking flushed, excited and handsome, and once again there was no Aunt Tabby between us—only he and I.

I knew that must not be, however, so turned at once to run away; but Stephen intercepted me—nay, more, he tried to take my hand.

"Cynthia, tell me why you did not come to my picnic?"

"Aunt Tabby went. What did it matter about me?"

"What do you mean by that?" he retorted, quickly, trying to get a view of my face; but my broad hat, which I had put on, shielded it well.

As I did not answer, he went on with growing impetuosity:

"Why have you changed so to me? You know I love you!"

"I don't know anything of the sort!" I exclaimed, passionately, pulling away my hand, which he had taken. "I know you are Aunt Tabby's lover!"

"Aunt Tabby's fiddlestick!" he retorted, angrily. "I never could get a decent word or look from you, and my only chance of seeing you was to keep on the right side of the old lady."

"Then why did you act as if you hated and despised me?"

"I didn't. It was you behaved so."

"Now, Stephen——"

"Now, Cynthia, we understand each other at last. I thought you didn't care for me. You thought I hated you, and loved Aunt Tabby, and so we went on from bad to worse; but it was all a mistake, wasn't it? You do love me, don't you?"

He paused until I gave my answer; then, as we walked home together, he told me how, when he found I was not at the picnic, he had secretly left it, determined to settle matters one way or the other; he had ridden to the house, and finding it deserted, had followed on to the brook, with an instinctive feeling he should find me there.

"Who made the greatest mistake?" said I, as we reached home.

"Aunt Tabby," he answered, quietly.

AMONG THE TURTLERS.

By One of Them.

Spencer's Inlet, Pearl Cay Lagoon, *May*, 1877.

The midday sun filters through the feathery crests of a double row of cocoanut-trees before the door, and flecks the rank, long, bright green, lizard-haunted grass with gold. The sky is cloudless, and the hot air hangs before it in a shimmering vail; while such slight puffs of wind as come from time to time across the water, and set the palm fronds clashing, are surcharged with heat, like the breath of a furnace.

The Jamaican trading schooner, three miles out at sea, has lain with idly flapping sails for hours, slowly drifting off-shore with the receding tide, and the couple of fishermen who went out this morning to jump turtle are asleep in the bottom of their canoe, swinging softly on the sluggish swell. There is so little motion to the sea that it comes in on the white beach with a scarcely audible plunge. In the wash of the lazy surf half a dozen pelicans are dozing, and a sleepy cicada or two among the guava-trees behind the hut now and then breaks the torpid silence with a feeble chirp, vastly different from its usual ear-piercing note. The chatter of the parroquets among the mangroves is hushed, and no drowsy echo repeats the macaw's grating cry. Even the big iguana, on the bottom of the upturned canoe yonder, suns his emerald ugliness with closed eyes and a placid contempt for the fact that a gun will kill, and that "guana" meat is esteemed a delicacy on the Mosquito shore.

Spencer's Inlet is a turtling station on the seaward side of the long, low, sandy island which separates the 200 square miles of shallow, islet-dotted back water of Pearl Cay Lagoon from the Caribbean.

On its landward side the island is a mere dense forest of mangroves, impenetrable and miasma-breeding, but along the beach a few little clearings similar to the one at which I write mark the occasional visits of the turtle-hunters, who, in the off-season, vegetate in their houses on the mainland. A hut, framed of palm-boards, planted vertically in the sand, and strapped by a few horizontal strips of the same wood, with its front open to the sea, and a thatch of palm branches to breed scorpions in and let the rain through, constitutes this "settlement," and a princely one, compared to the miserable lean-to of thatch with which the turtler ordinarily contents himself in his brief working season. A hammock or two, some matting for a bed on the dirt floor, an iron pot for boiling soup, a tin one for coffee, and a miscellaneous collection of gourd-bowls and cocoanut-shell cups complete the sum of furniture and visible housekeeping utensils. His knife each man carries in his pocket, or at his side; the luxury of a fork can be procured by whittling a stick. A plantain-leaf serves for a plate. Any one too dainty to sup his soup as he does his coffee must make shift with a bit of cocoanut-shell.

Guns, turtle-lances, and fish-spears, bows, arrows, paddles, axes, machetes, and the like tools and weapons, lumber the corners of the hut and are swung in loops from the thatch-poles overhead in company with bunches of plantains and bananas, and nets of bread-fruit, sweet potatoes, and yucca.

The vegetables come from the mainland, nothing being grown on the island but wild guavas and limes, and the cocoanuts which line the beach wherever they find room. Water we get from that barrel sunk in the beach, a trifle brackish even after its percolation through the sand, but still passable when tempered with a dash of rum, without a liberal supply of which no Mosquito man ever ventures half a mile from his own door.

Such, in short, are the quarters and accommodations to which Abraham Spencer, of Blewfields, invited me three weeks ago, when I expressed a desire to witness the great annual turtle battue.

The Mosquito shore proper extends for nearly 200 miles from Blewfields, in lat. 12 deg. north, to Cape Gracias-a-Dios in lat. 15 deg., and covers nearly the entire Caribbean sea-line of the State of Nicaragua. The population of the coast, of the distinctive race called the Mosquitoes, is about 12,000, a large increase since 1757, when it was estimated at 1,124 souls. The people are of the mixed blood known as Samboes—stalwart fellows, ranging through all colors, from light coffee to almost black, and with kinky but by no means woolly hair. The race is historically said to have taken its start from the wreck of a slaver on the coast near Cape Gracias, whose ebony freight intermixed with the Indians who at that time populated the coast, and bred the present Mosquito. The ranks of the new tribe were from time to time augmented by fugitive slaves from Jamaica and Cuba, and *cimarones* or refugees from the plantations of the interior; and the Mosquitoes of to-day are so powerful a body that they keep the Indians, the first holders of the soil, confined to their villages inland, even compelling them to pay a toll of half their spoils when they venture on the coast to fish or hunt turtle. The consequence of this has been numerous and bloody broils between the parent and descended races, whose result, however, has only established the half-breed rule more permanently.

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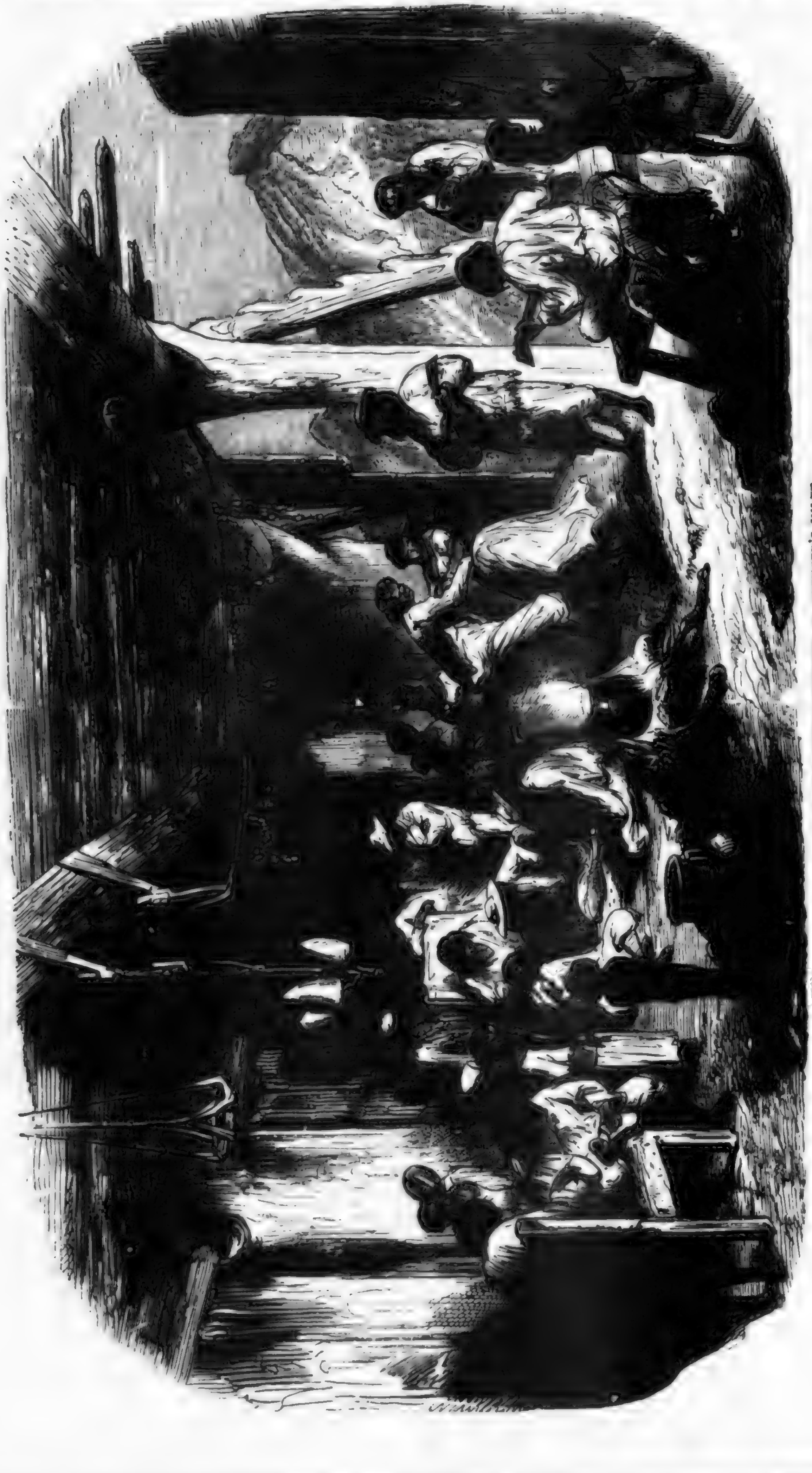
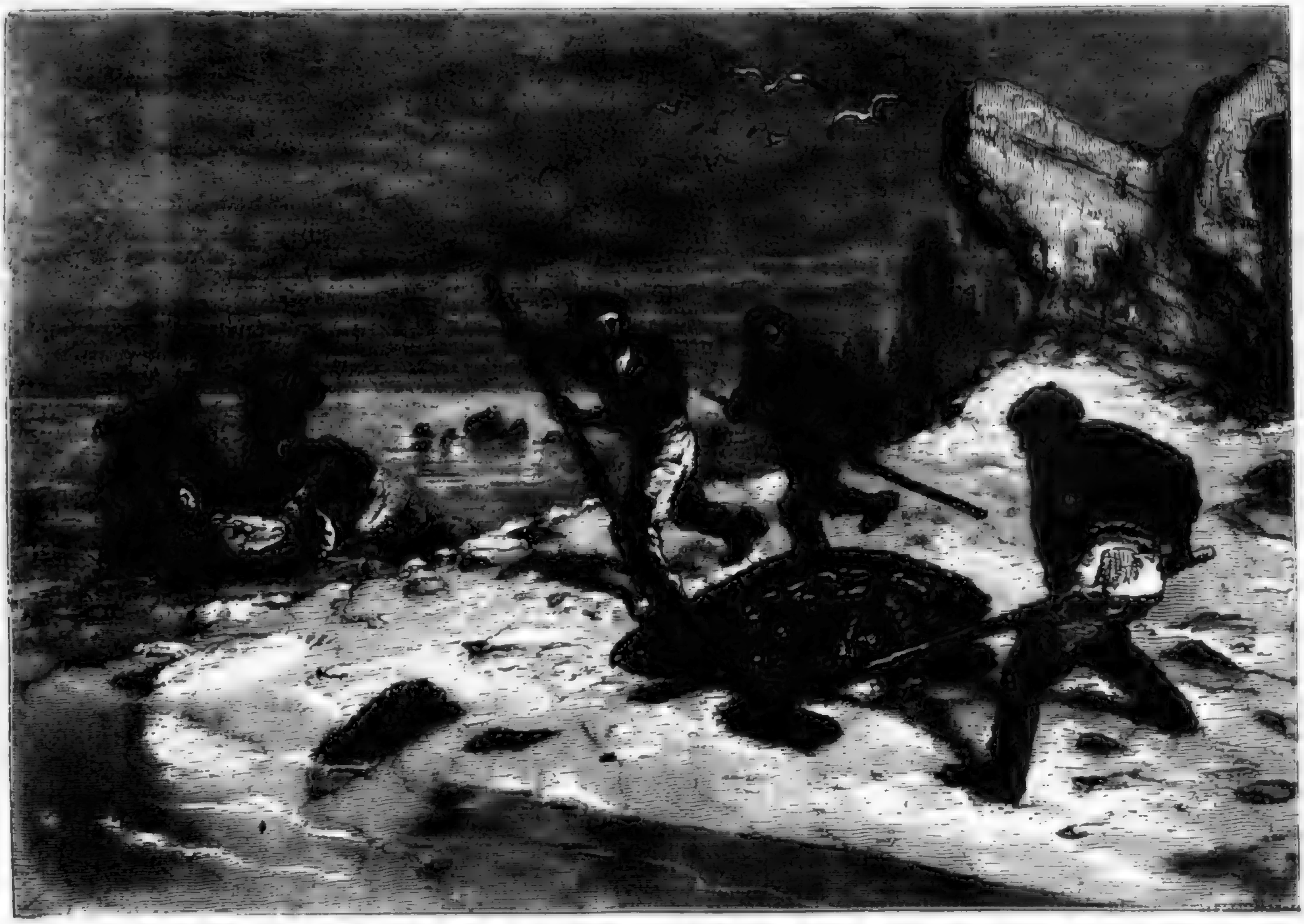
The language of the Mosquito is a bastard English, with a strong dash of Spanish, and a liberal lacing of Indian gutturals. In the coast settlements, however, a very fair Gumbo English is spoken.

The chief characteristics of the true Mosquito are an unconquerable aversion to work, a constitutional objection to sobriety, a plurality of wives, and a supreme contempt for the principle of *meum* and *tuum*. Of late years, the Moravian missionaries, who located on the coast a half-century or so ago, have spurred him to efforts in his own behalf to which he had before been a stranger, but the improvement is only one by comparison. Even in his present advanced condition, his only real ambition is the capture of sufficient turtle to insure him the "big drunk," which is about the same important feature of his life as a municipal election is to a ward-striker at home.



A FANDANGO AMONG THE TURTLE-HUNTERS AT SPENCER'S INLET.

The centre of the turtle trade on the Mosquito shore is Blewfields, a Moravian missionary settlement, thirty-five miles south of here, and ninety north of Georgetown. The village boasts at present a population of about 1,000, of whom some fifty are white missionaries and traders. Nine miles from the sea, at the back of the extensive lagoon whose still waters are protected from the Caribbean by a narrow belt of sand and mangroves, lies the town founded over two centuries ago by the old Dutch pirate Blauvelt. It was from Blewfields lagoon that he sallied forth to prey on the shipping of the Spanish viceroyalties, and in its shallow and obstructed waters that he found refuge when hard pressed. Long after the old freebooter and his followers had made their last voyage, and their settlement had fallen into decay, it was given a fresh start by a number of Jamaican

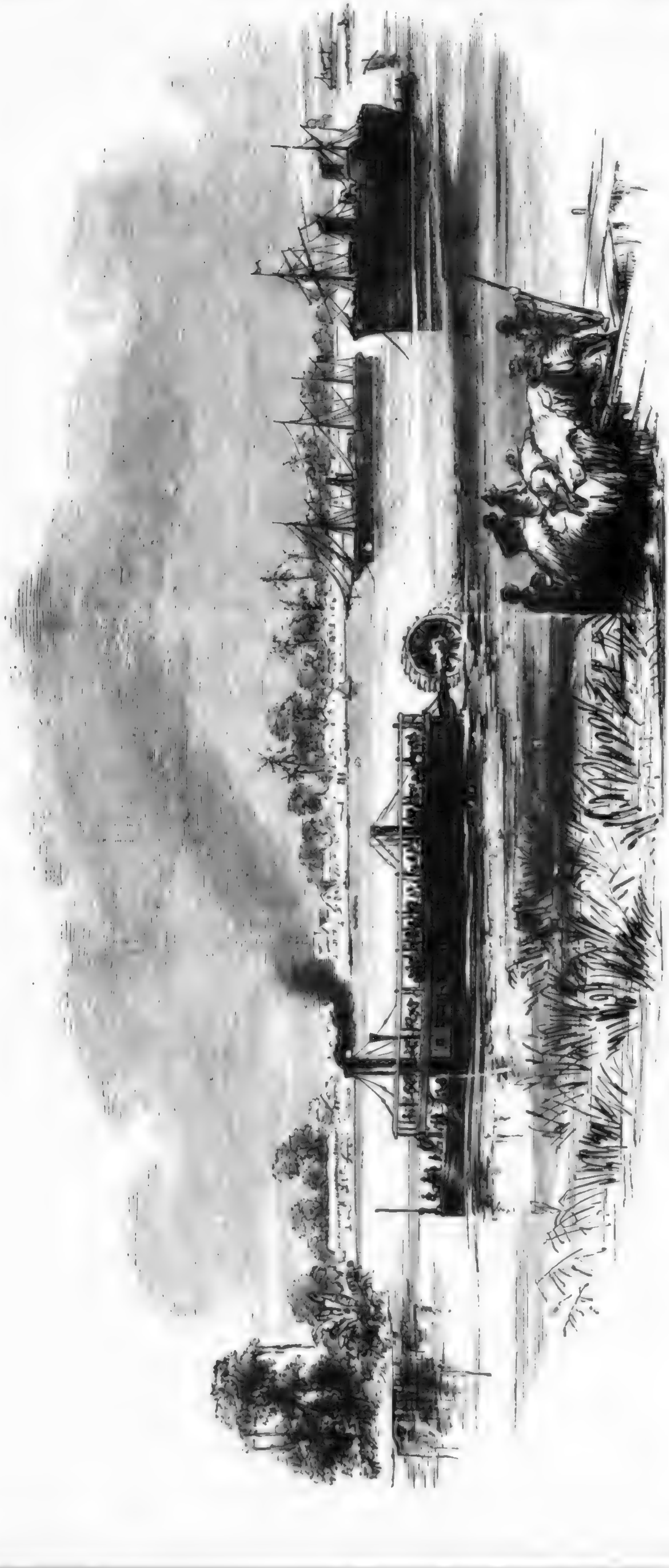


"BEFORE THE POOR TURTLE HEARS THE SOUND OF THEIR APPROACH, HER ENEMIES HAVE PUSHED THEIR WOODEN LEVERS UNDER HER, AND BY MAIN FORCE HAVE TUMBLED HER UPON HER BACK."

planters who made an attempt to establish a colony there in 1740. They held their own until 1786, when the unprofitable attempt was abandoned, after great loss. In 1823 the Nicaraguan domination, which had been established after the overthrow of the Spanish rule, was interfered with by the protectorate which the English Government established over the coast. King George I. was crowned at Belize, and sent to rule over his hybrid people, and the protectorate was kept up until the death of George William Clarence, the last King of the Mosquitoes, in 1864, when the race of the Mosquito sovereigns came to an end. Since then the Mosquito shore has been nominally under Nicaraguan rule, although it flies its distinctive blue checkerboard flag still. Insignificant as it geographically is, the shore has played a by no means unimportant part in the political history of the great nations. It was on the strength of her protectorate over it that England seized and held the important port of San Juan, or Greytown, in 1848, when it first became likely that an interoceanic canal would bring the harbor into prominence. It was upon that ground, too, that she subsequently assumed the right to judge, condemn and execute Walker, the filibuster. The one fact, however, is worth remark. If the great connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is ever created by way of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, the miserable, torpid race which now populates the Mosquito shore will disappear before a newer and a better class, and this at present politically valueless section will bloom into a garden of profit for the advanced race. Even as it is, the commercial connection of the coast is by far the most extensive of any on the Atlantic sea-line of Central America; and of all its tropical and natural riches, the one with which I propose to treat is the most extensive and prolific of profit—the trade in the turtle and turtle-shell.

The turtle sought, and found most abundantly, on the Mosquito shore are of three species. The appearance of the green turtle is too well known to need special description. It literally swarms the waters hereabouts, and in the season is caught by thousands. Turtle meat is the staple of food in every negro hut and Indian cabin, and tons of it are exported to Jamaica and other West Indian Islands. The value here, in money or goods, of a 300-pound green turtle is from $2 to $2.50, according to the number caught. In Truxillo they sell for $6, in Belize at from $10 to $13, and in Jamaica and St. Thomas for from $15 to $25—quite as dearly, in fact, as those caught on the Florida coast and in the Bahamas do in New York. The average weight of the green turtle caught in this section is from 250 to 300 pounds, although many giants which would tip the beam at 700 and 800 pounds come under the hunter's hands. These are too large for export, as they invariably die on the voyage. They are killed and converted into *tasajo* for the use of the fishermen themselves. The flesh of the turtle here is much superior to that of those found further north. They are fatter, juicier and more tender. Not all the wealth of the city of London could procure for its Lord Mayor's Day feast such callipash and callipee, or compass such luxuriance and flavor of green fat as the poorest drone along the Mosquito beaches enjoys. In the off season many turtle are caught in the lagoons and the shallow water about the outlying reefs and cays. Such of these as the fisherman does not require for his own use he sells to the traders at Blewfields, Sandy Bay and English Bluff, who turn them into their crawls—inclosures staked off with stout timbers on the shallow water in-shore, where they can slide about and gather bulk undisturbed until the arrival of a casual trader or a vessel short of fresh provisions offers an opportunity for their disposal.

In the season, however, from early in March until the



A VIEW OF GREYTOWN, HEADQUARTERS OF THE TURTLE TRADE.

middle of June, the condition of affairs is vastly changed. Then the denizen of the shore deserts his plantain patch and his idle hammock, swinging on the mainland, and seeks the beaches and the cays of the Mosquito Bank. He begins early, for his nine months of idleness have brought him deep into the trader's books, and it takes half a season of hard work before he can hope to handle the profits of the fishery himself. So the poor turtle suffers. The large crawls are crammed with paddling prisoners, and every hut along shore has its especial and well-filled temporary pen; while hundreds of the captive chelonians, turned on their backs in the shade ashore, await the coming of the traders, who sail up the coast, picking up their cargoes as they go until their lading is completed. The transactions between trader and fisherman are chiefly by barter. Firearms and ammunition, cotton and linen goods, shirts, knives, axes, machetes, and simple carpenters' tools are the staples. Canned provisions and fruits form an important item in the trader's cargo, which also never lacks an invoice of rum. Fresh turtle is eagerly exchanged for that luxury of luxuries to the Mosquito, salted codfish. The resident traders either have their own vessels or make arrangements with business houses in Jamaica, under which periodical cargoes of goods are sent to them, and the accumulations of their barters taken away. The turtles are simply laid on their backs on the decks and in the holds of the vessels, and transported alive to their destinations, with no other care than the dashing of fresh water on their heads twice a day. Once arrived, they are turned loose in crawls to swim in comparative liberty until their meat is required.

Extensive and lucrative as the trade in green turtle is, however, it fades into insignificance before that in the hawksbill or shell turtle, from which the valuable tortoiseshell of commerce is procured. This turtle, which derives its name from the peculiar bird-like shape of its head and beak, to whose vicious powers many a scarred arm and mangled leg among the fishermen bear witness, is much smaller than the green species, and comparatively valueless for food. It rarely exceeds 300 pounds in weight, and averages from 175 to 200. Even at the least size, it is a dozen times more valuable than its larger brother. The shell is obtained from the shield or back-plate, and consists of 13 scales, the largest of which is from 6 inches to a foot long, and from 3½ to 7 inches wide. Eight of the scales, the outer ones, are flat; five, those in the centre of the shield, slightly curved. They vary from a sixth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. None are taken from turtle weighing less than 170 pounds, as under that weight the scales are too thin and undeveloped.

A hawksbill turtle of 300 pound weight will yield 8 pounds of shell, worth here from $6 to $10 a pound. The shell, even in its natural unpolished state, exhibits almost the same beautiful color and marking as it does after undergoing preparation for the show-window and the toilet-table.

Although the hawksbill, like the green turtle, lands all along shore, the real harvest of the turtler in this respect is drawn from the outlying sand bores of the Mosquito Bank. The Pearl Cays, from which the lagoon of the same name derives its title, and which lie in a cluster some three leagues off shore, and the dangerous reef known as El Roncador, or "The Snorer," are famous turtling grounds. On the latter are still visible the rotting timbers of the Pacific Mail steamer *Golden Rule*, wrecked there with nearly $2,000,000 in money on board, over a decade ago, as it was alleged, for purposes of plunder.

The loggerhead is the third species of chelonian common to these waters. It is valueless for food, but is caught in the dull season for the oil which is obtained from its fat and eggs, and which is universally used here for lighting and other purposes. Considerable quantities of it, too, are exported for use by American and European manufacturers of fancy soaps and hair oils. The commerce in it and in the shell of the hawksbill is entirely distinct from that in green turtle. The greater part of it is in the hands of American traders, who pay annual visits to the coast for the purpose, and exchange money and goods for tortoise shell, turtle oil, rubber, sarsaparilla and the rest of the manifold productions of the section. Such shell and oil as the lesser traders buy is resold to heavier dealers at Greytown, Aspinwall, Port Limon, Belize and the other coast towns.

Of late years, one or two enterprising Americans have established trading-posts at various points on the Central American coast, from Aspinwall to Blewfields, and, as they pay a slight advance on the old prices, many fishermen make the long journeys to their stores to sell to them. The profitable nature of the trade may be imagined from the fact that last season one of these American traders, alone, bought over $10,000 worth of shell and rubber, on both of which staples the least profit made, above all expenses, is over 30 per cent.

Such, then, is the origin of the brief and spasmodic, but picturesque, life in which I now am taking part, and a description of some phases of which cannot, I think, fail to be interesting. The quiet sea before the hut is alive with tiny iridescent blubber-fish, whose shapes amply justify their Spanish name, *dedales*, or thimbles. Here and there float great patches and lesser tufts of brown weed—turtle grass—and wherever these are found turtle are certain to abound. The latter favorite of the chelonian palate roots itself to the bottom, and never sees the surface until its tender rootlets have been eaten away and the tougher portions of the plant allowed to rise. When the turtler sees it floating, he knows that his prey is close at hand.

It is the abundance or lack of these two edibles that determines the quality of the turtling ground. Turtle cannot feed in deep water, and a month before the opening of the season, members of the tribe will be seen prospecting the shallows for good feeding grounds.

"Turtle him come ashore to-night," predicted Abraham Spencer on the day following my arrival here, after an inspection of these signs; and, truly enough, I was that evening initiated into the sport, or business, of turtle-catching. The day was spent in drowsy idleness, but with nightfall the whole beach woke to life, not only human but animal. The moon was full, and marked a path of beaten silver on the dark water, while the edges of the sluggish breakers were defined by a line of gleaming frostwork. The campfires befor the huts had been extinguished, and in the shadows of trees and bushes the turtlers watched the broad white beach, and waited amid no other sounds than the plunge of the rollers and the faint whisper of the land-wind in the trees and grass. Their vigil was a short one. Almost simultaneously a dozen dark bodies appeared among the breakers, and in a moment more showed their black bulks plainly on the beach. They moved so slowly that one scarcely noted any advance at all until they had reached the nigh-water line. A little inside of this they stopped, and an instant later were almost hidden from view in a dense cloud of sand they began to throw out with their hinder flippers.

This was the hunters' opportunity. Once a turtle begins to deposit her eggs, only absolute force can cause her to leave the nest until her task is completed. With a shout the fishermen spring from their places of concealment. Each two single out their subject, and almost before the poor turtle really hears the sound of their approach, her enemies have pushed their wooden levers under her, and, by main force, have tumbled her upon her back beside her nest. If she is too heavy to be handled by two, they quietly sit down on her back and wait until assistance comes. If by chance the poor victim has finished laying her eggs, and covered the nest with a couple of deft sweeps of her flippers, the noise of approach will start her back toward the water again. Her progress is too slow, however, to offer much chance of escape, unless she has a good lead of her pursuers. If she has, however, and can reach the water, she is safe. The brute strength of a score of men could not overcome her there. Even in the event of her making good her retreat, though, she has by no means escaped all danger. The turtle lays her eggs in three relays, with intervals of from ten to fifteen days between each, and even if she escapes capture on her first landing, she is sure to return to the same spot at least twice again.

In some of the nests our men profaned that night were over 150 eggs. The average number, in 19 nests, was 130 each. The second and third deposits are less, decreasing with each relay. From 200 to 300 eggs are, in all, deposited in the two-foot deep holes which the curious creature scoops in the sand and fills with spawn for the sun to hatch.

The eggs of the green turtle are held in high esteem by the Mosquitoes, and no scruples *anent* the extinction of the race deter them from robbing the nests. Every morning they walk the beaches, probing the sand above high-water mark with ramrods or slender staves, and rarely missing a nest, although the turtle covers her deposits so cleverly that any evidence of their whereabouts would be invisible to an ordinary eye.

The eggs of the hawksbill turtle, however, are held sacred. The species is much too valuable to be abused, and it is an unwritten law, among even the besotted and greedy turtlers, never to disturb their nests. Their eggs are slightly smaller than those of the green turtle, and in number about the same. The period of incubation with both green and hawksbill turtle is about the same.

Our first night's work netted Spencer and his three fellows 19 green and 3 hawksbill turtle. The first were turned into the crawl, and the others stripped of their shells at once. It was a good night's work, for, apart from the value of the

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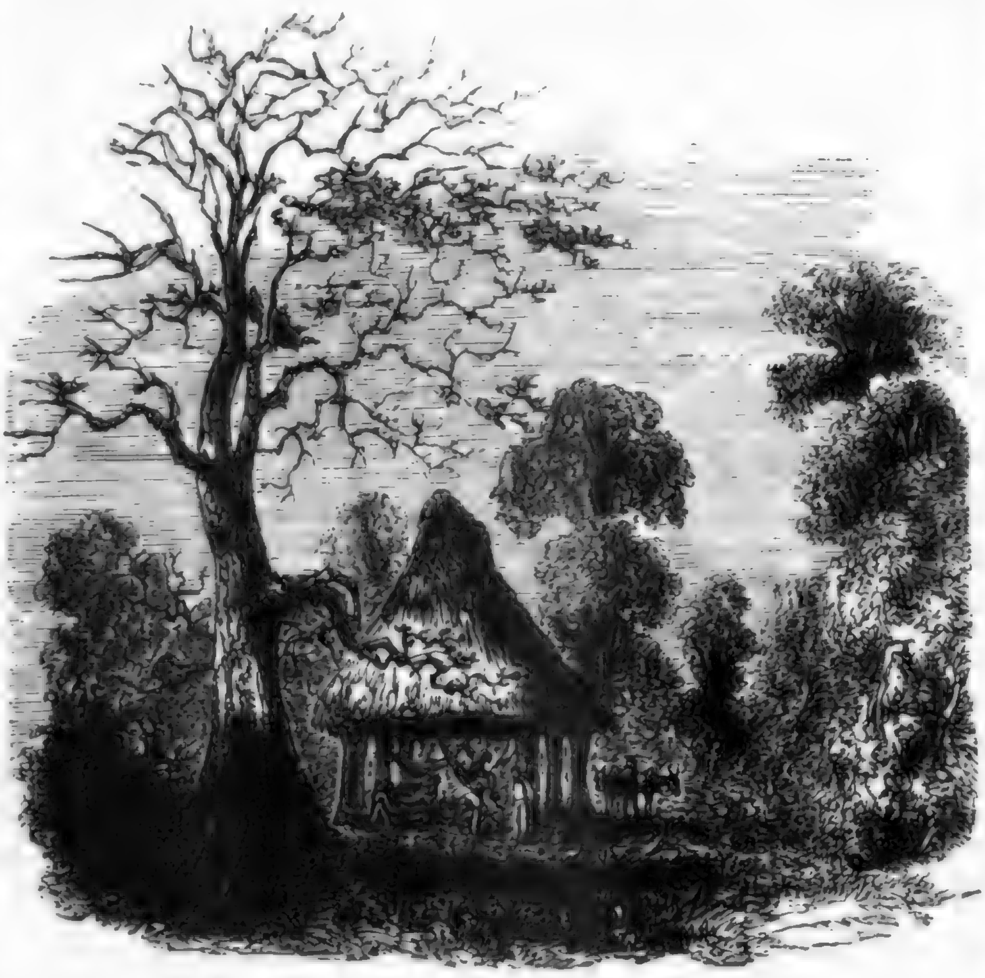
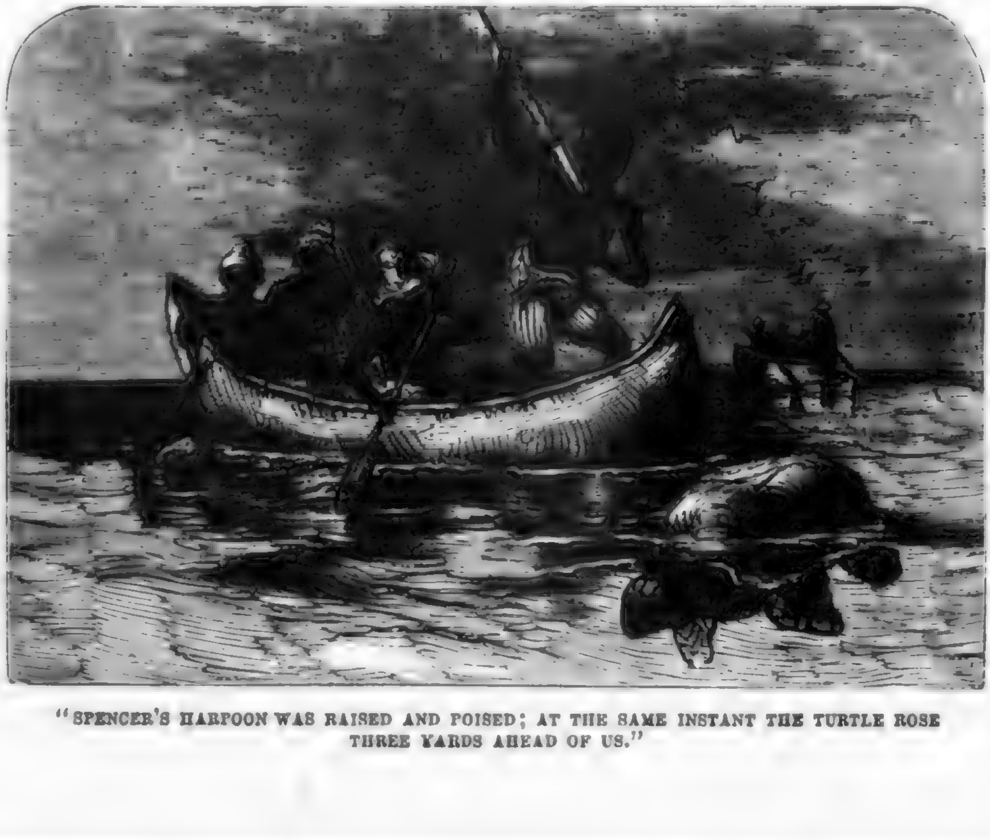


A TURTLER'S HUT ON THE COAST.

food turtle, the others were all large ones, and yielded nearly 20 pounds of first-class shell. This is considered a remarkably fine catch, and one of a sort which only occurs early in the season, before the turtles have been rendered shy by the constant attacks to which they are exposed.

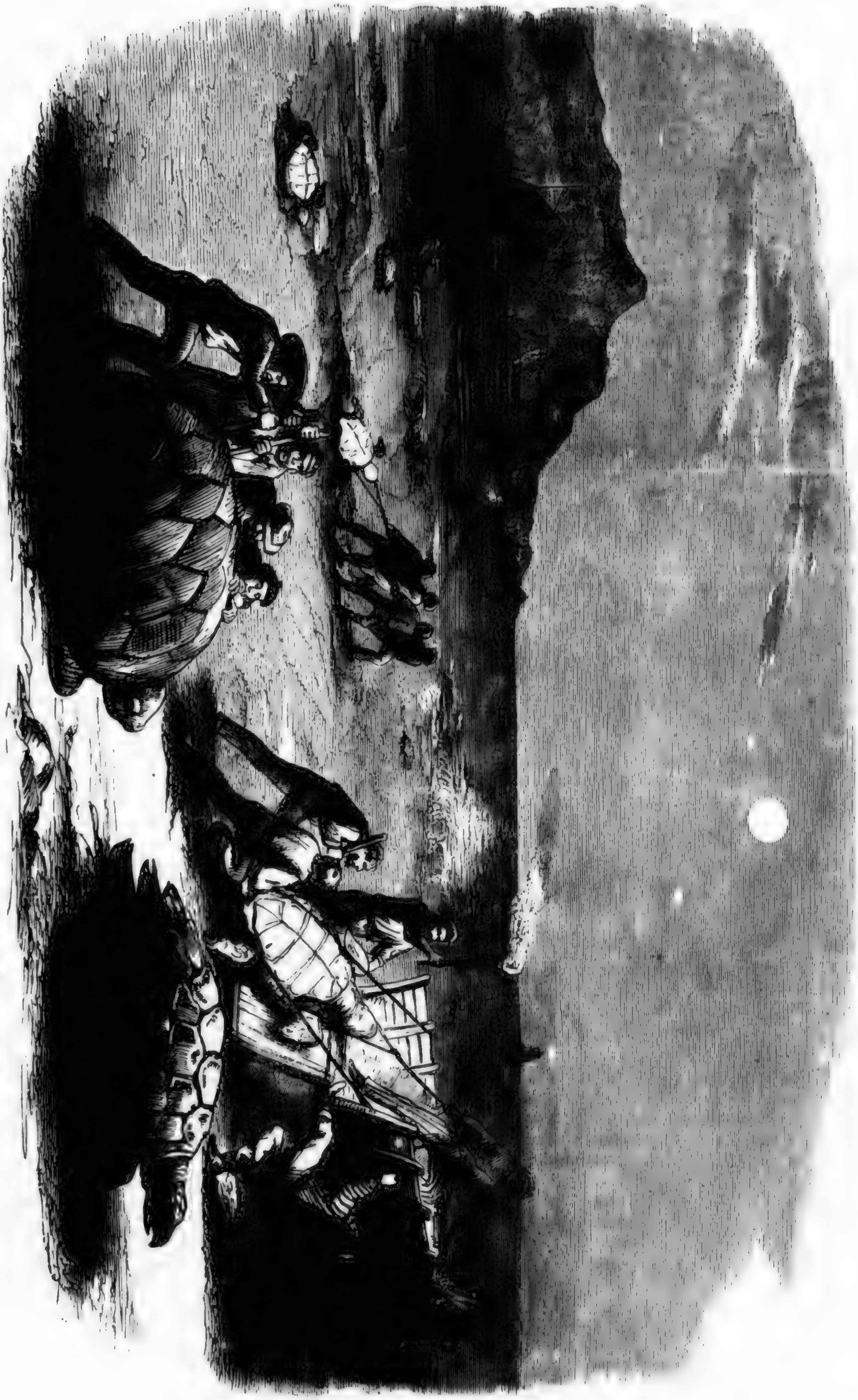
The day succeeding the first hunt was spent in shelling the hawksbill, and preparing the meat of two of the green turtle, who were too large for transportation. This first operation is certainly one of a sort to cause Mr. Bergh to weep bitter tears. The hawksbill turtle are never killed by the fishermen. They are laid on the beach on their bellies, and their flippers are pegged to the sand with sharp pegs. Then a few handfuls of dried grass and light twigs are strewn over their bucklers or backs, and fire is applied. This is kept burning, at a moderate heat, so as not to scorch the shell, until the plates warp and open at the overlapping joints, when a broad, flat knife is inserted underneath them, and they are carefully pryed off. This leaves the back of the miserable animal only with a thick, leathery shield, so sensitive that any touch upon it is answered by a convulsive movement of the victim. There are no scales on the plastron or belly plate. When those on the back have been removed, the tortured chelonian is turned loose again, and, if it escapes the sharks, will, by next season or so, have grown another shell.



"SPENCER'S HARPOON WAS RAISED AND POISED; AT THE SAME INSTANT THE TURTLE ROSE THREE YARDS AHEAD OF US."

One of those caught by Spencer had undergone this treatment, and was now submitted to the ordeal of fire for the second time. Unlike that of its fellows, who had not experienced the tender mercies of the turtler before, its shell, instead of being in three plates, was all one piece, and, from its large size, much more valuable.

The preparation of the green turtle meat for preservation, was another and less cruelly interesting operation. It was performed after the manner from which the old buccaneers obtained their names. A light framework of palm-boards, split into strips an inch in width, was erected at an elevation of about two feet from the ground. Under this a slow fire of very dry wood was built. The meat, cut into strips and well rubbed with salt, was spread on the frame, and the fire fed with the entrails of the animal and with fresh wood until, what between heat and smoke, the operation of curing was done. The process, for nearly four hundred pounds of meat, occupied the better part of twenty-four hours. The meat was infinitely better than if it had been cured in the sun, and in a condition to last untainted for months. The entire operation is nothing more or less than the *boucan* of old piratical days, a legacy, no doubt, of the followers of old Blauvelt to their descendants. From 400 to 800 embryo eggs, shelless and strung together in long strips like rosaries of yellow beads,



ENGLISH BLUFF TRADERS CARRYING OFF THE CONTENTS OF THE CRAWLS, AND THE RESULTS OF THE FISHERY.

were also obtained from each of the turtles. These were simply suspended from the poles to dry in the sun ; when they are to be eaten they are thrown into a pot and boiled. The nest eggs, which are rounded and covered with a pliable, thin, white shell, are roasted in the embers. Eaten with a sufficiency of pepper and salt, they are a greasy but by no means unpalatable morsel.

The second night's hunt was not equal to the first, only netting fourteen green turtles and two hawksbills, both of which latter were too small to be of value. Next day, a man was dispatched to the Pearl Cays to prospect, and returned with a report of numerous turtle signs on Water and Hobbes's Cays, the two largest of the islets.

An expedition to these new hunting-grounds was therefore determined on. Our party of five was joined by two others from the nearest stations, and so augmented to thirteen ; and after a dinner of turtle stew, turtle liver, and steaks broiled on hot stones, and a barracuda wrapped in plantain leaf and baked in a fire-hole in the sand, we got under way in four canoes. With two men each at the paddles, we slipped swiftly over the clear water, rose-tinted from the reflection of the tropical sunset that smeared the western sky with bands of blood, and in a little over an hour landed on Water Cay, so called from a natural lagoon which occupies its centre.

The Pearl Cays are all of coral formation. Fourteen in number, six of them bear a sparse growth of tangled grass, low, dense brush, and storm-warped cocoanut palms. The others are mere barren bores of glistening white coral, ground on the surface by attrition into a sharp sand, which cuts the skin of any one but a case-hardened Mosquito or Indian like splintered glass. On Hobbes's and Water Cay are a couple of rude huts, erected by the turtlers who visit the islets annually, and in the one of these on Water Cay five of our party established themselves and prepared for the night's work. I went with the others to Hobbes's Cay, which is only separated from the other by a narrow channel through which the sea courses with the velocity of a mill-race. There, after disputing possession of the hut with half a dozen lean, savage pigs, descendants of a sow and farrow sent to the island five years ago, we drove the pugnacious porkers into the brush and proceeded to business. The preparations required were few and simple.

Two turtlers were to take each canoe, one to paddle and the other to use the lance. The rest of the party were assigned to the work of capturing such turtle as should come ashore.

At about eight o'clock the two canoes were softly launched, and I embarked in one of them with the hunters. The oarsman, wielding the broad, double-bladed paddle, sat in the stern. Poising himself on the bow, stood the hunter, bearing in one hand a lighted torch of copal wood, which burned with a strong aromatic scent and flared up in the breathless night in a broad flame, and lightly grasping in the other the lance. He held the torch high above his head.

As we pushed off, I noticed in the darkness, toward Water Cay, another dancing flame, and knew that the other party was already on the alert.

"Turn him dat a'way," said Spencer, with a motion of his hand to the right, and with a deft sweep of the paddle the direction of the canoe was changed.

"Steady, now. Tangle grass no grow on de sea."

With a slow, steady movement, we forged ahead. Dark as the night was, for the moon had not yet risen, the light of our single torch pierced the black water fathoms deep, and revealed on the dusky bottom the dim shapes of the moss-covered stones. Was it possible ? I was certain one of them had moved. It had, or rather the turtle which I had taken for it had, and was sliding through the water quicker than our canoe, whose swift wake was now marked behind us in a swath of phosphorescent foam.

"Paddle, you black debble ! Paddle !"

As he spoke, Spencer's harpoon was raised and poised. At the same instant, the turtle rose three yards ahead of us, breathing with a loud hissing sound, which was still in my ears when it was overborne by the whir-r-r of the lance, propelled by the strong arm of Spencer, who in the movement actually shot himself overboard with a fierce plash. He was over the side in a moment again, and relighted a fresh torch in place of the one which was slowly sputtering out in the water.

Black Dick had stopped paddling, but the canoe was still moving swiftly, dragged by the line which connected the harpoon's head in the turtle's shell with a rude cleat in the bow of the boat. Our progress under our involuntary tow was a short one, however. In a few minutes the turtle dived, but the barbed iron and the strong line held him, and he rose again. After a little more play he floated quietly, and was easily dragged aboard, protesting piteously by a feeble flap of his broad flippers. He was a 250-pound male hawksbill, whose single shell told us that he had already passed through the ordeal of fire. In his vicious jaws was still gripped a fragment of a huge conk on which he had been feeding, grinding the stout shell to splinters, when the reflection of our torch overhead had startled him from his feast.

A drink of rum from a mud-corked calabash, and then the barb was extracted and the harpoon re-arranged. The turtle-lance is a long reed, to one end of which is affixed a common triangle file, ground to a fine point and nicked into a barb. Through the hollow of the staff runs a strong cord of silk grass, fastened at one end to the lance-head, and kept from running more than a fathom from it by a wooden toggle. When the turtle is struck, the file barb is separated from its staff by the shock, and the line allows the reed to run up as far as the toggle. There it stops, and floats lightly, buoying the whereabouts of the stricken animal. Turtle rarely break the line. Powerful as they are, they cannot remain long under water, and if they have line enough, simply sink and rise again until, utterly exhausted, they are easily dragged into the boats and laid helplessly on their backs.

Nine times our first capture was repeated, and thrice it became necessary for us to land our spoils. Then the turtle became less common. We joined the other boats and paddled to the next island, Billbird Cay, but only captured two small green turtle. As we turned our faces to the large cays again, the blackness of the night faded swiftly, like the change of a diorama, to an ashen gray ; far, far away through the dim shapes of the warped palms gleamed the first streak of dawn, and down the quiet, almost pulseless sea, swept a great flock of boobies and gulls, rending the morning silence with their shrill, harsh cries, as they dipped the sluggish rollers in search of early prey. A whole, long night had passed without a suggestion of time, and we drank the sweet, cool air, so little tired that we almost regretted that the night was past at all.

"Cuss !—yah !" said old Spencer, whose elation at the profitable hunt was, in a measure, dashed by his inability to continue it, "why for dey no make turtle time *all* night-time ?"

He had small cause for complaint, though. Eight large hawksbill and eleven green turtle repaid the night's work. In all, the three parties had captured seven of both species. For six days this run of luck continued, and a bongo, a canoe of fifteen tons burden, made daily visits to the cays to remove the shell and live turtle. Other turtlers joined us, and at last every cay, even to the little barren sandspit called Skeleton Reef, from the circumstance of a skeleton having once been found there, was colonized. Before this constant and deadly pursuit, the turtle soon thinned down, and the news, brought by the bongo, of the arrival of a trader at the lagoon, was scarcely needed to call the hunters to the mainland.

On our way back, old Spencer's greed cost him dearly. As we paddled over the shallows of the reef, he saw a hawksbill under water, and, motioning to the men at the paddles, proceeded to "jump" the unsuspecting chelonian. Diving from the bow of the canoe, he reappeared on the surface gripping a 200-pound turtle by the flippers. The animal was too strong for him, but he refused to let it go, and trod water, still retaining his hold, and yelling to the canoe men to come to his assistance. Before this could be done, he somehow slipped within reach of the turtle's jaws, and the beast fastened on his left arm and literally tore a strip of flesh and tendon an inch broad, from the shoulder to the elbow. In his agony the old man loosed his assailant and was dragged into the canoe, fainting from pain and loss of blood, while the turtle made off. It will be months, in this climate, before the wound heals. Frightful as it is, however, the hurt is no worse than those which nearly every hunter here bears from the same cause. I fancy, even, that Spencer does not regard it as a special affliction at all, since it extends to him the right to get drunk every day and have his share of the turtling done by some one else—a right which he has religiously asserted and maintained ever since.

The arrival of the traders at the inlet was the signal for instant and steady debauchery of the most reckless and indecent sort. Being the first man on the coast this season, the little spider-legged, pot-bellied speculator got the cream of the catch, and was consequently liberal. He anchored his 70-ton schooner in the inlet, brought his stock of goods ashore to a brush hut erected for the purpose, and opened store. Previous to proceeding to business a cask of rum was rolled out on the beach, the head knocked in, and the turtlers regaled, at his expense, with genuine Jamaica tangle-leg. From a draught of it I was deluded into taking, I can well understand the scenes which followed. In the intervals between trading and fighting, the hunt on the turtle was nightly kept up, and, drunk as the hunters were, with tolerable success.

A week sufficed to load the *Alcedo*—such was the name of the first trader—and having disposed of her stock, she sailed for Jamaica. The women who had come to the island went to their huts ashore again, carrying with them the proceeds of the barter, and their liege lords, now that the rum-cask was empty, went steadily to work.

Now and then the sloops, schooners and bongoes of the Blewfields, and English Bluff traders appeared, carrying off the contents of the crawls and shell-nets in payment of their year's credit account against the turtlers. Then another trader, from Cape Gracias, sailed down the coast, and the turtlers got drunk on Spanish rum, by way of a change, and riot ruled supreme for a week more. Varied by occasional and successful excursions to the Roncador and the Pearl Cays, this has been the programme for the present, as for every past season, from time immemorial, and as it is likely to be for many a one to come.

To this brief review of a personal experience among these semi-savage harvesters by sea and shore, may be added some few points of interest bearing on the subject in hand. The green turtle, as is well-known, derives its name from the peculiar livid tint of its rich fat. This fat is frequently melted down here, and used as a substitute, and a very good one, too, for butter.

The green turtle is the most harmless of all the sea-turtle. The formation of its head is unfavorable for the infliction of a wound, and its broad and powerful flippers are only endowed with a single, blunt nail to each. Its buckler is so flat that, once turned on its back, it is incapable of regaining its natural position, So, once in the hands of its enemies, it is absolutely helpless. With the hawksbill, on the contrary, the carapace is so much more rounded that the animal can, with a little exertion, almost invariably regain its equipoise. It is, therefore, usually pegged down to the beach as soon as caught. A similar proceeding, or the putting of a heavy stone on its belly, is for the same reason necessary with the loggerhead.

The unfitness for food of the flesh of the two latter species is probably due to the fact that they subsist off mollusks and blubber-fish almost exclusively, while the favorite food of the green turtle is the luxuriant turtle grass. During the breeding season, the males of the green species are little esteemed for food, being thin and tough in flesh. A few weeks in the turtle crawls, however, puts them in good condition again.

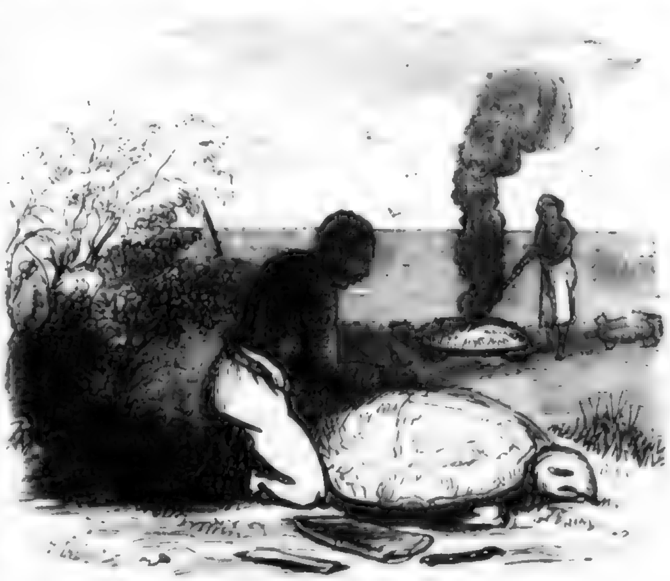
The end of the turtling season is heralded by the descent upon the beach of great flocks of gannets, boobies, gulls, pelicans, and other voracious sea-fowl, who come to prey upon the young of the turtle. So, such of the offspring of the much-persecuted chelonian as escape being destroyed in embryo by the nest-robbers, stand the fairest of all chances of being devoured as they crawl to the sea, which they instinctively do as soon as they are warmed into life by the sun, an operation usually accomplished in about three weeks. In fact, what between man and bird, and the animal kingdom as represented by the jaguar, black tiger, and cougar, the race would become extinct but for the remarkable fecundity of the species, and from the fact that the fastnesses of the reefs and cays far off shore are rarely disturbed by the indolent turtlers, and are out of the reach of beasts of prey.

ALF. T——.

ADDENDA.

The first green turtle was taken to England by Admiral Anson in 1752. The shell of the hawksbill, however, was an old adjunct of the ancient toilet-table. According to Pliny, Carvilius Pollio was the first to apply it to practical use. In the times of Augustus, the patrician Romans ornamented the doorways, columns, and cornices of their dwellings with tortoiseshell, a practice imitated from another nation ; for Julius Cæsar is said to have found such a vast store of it in Alexandria that he had it carried as an opulent trophy in his triumphal procession. A favorite use for the carapace, when it could be obtained entire, was to cradle the children of the wealthy class.

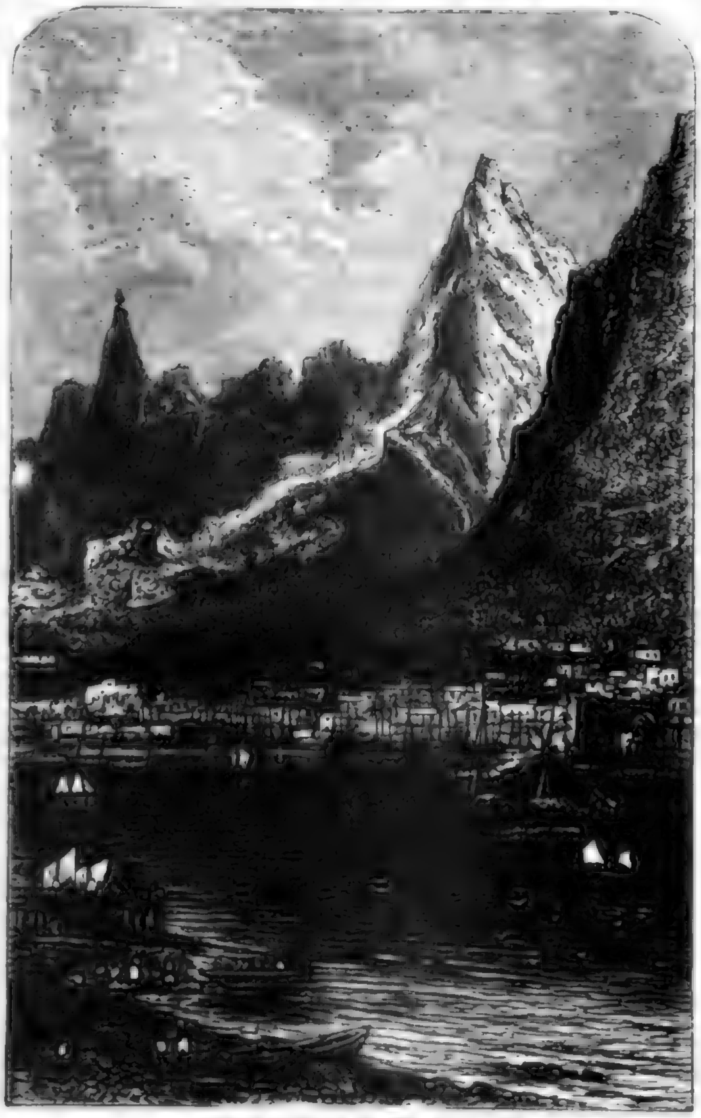
The best tortoiseshell is claimed to come from China and



SHELLING A HAWKSBILL TURTLE.

the Philippine Islands. Whatever its superior qualities may be, it commands little if any advance on the general price of that obtained from other sections of the tropics.

Some astonishing stories are told of the size of turtle. Dampier tells of a fisherman who made a boat of a single shell for his ten-year-old son, and Pliny delivers himself of descriptions of turtle found in the Indies, whose carapace completely roofed a house, and were, indeed, so large that the fishermen of the Red Sea made boats of them. Oviedo, not to be outdone, wrote, in the sixteenth century, of a green turtle seen in the Antilles, on whose back fourteen men could stand at once. It is certain, however, that in 1752, a turtle was stranded near Dieppe, over eight feet long. There is a record, also, of one cast up at the Isle de Ré, in 1754, quite as large. This monster is claimed to have bled twelve pints of blood when its head was cut off; to have rendered up one hundred pounds of green fat, and have provided a feast off its liver amply sufficient for a hundred people. In 1756, the coast of Cornwall witnessed the capture of one weighing eight hundred pounds; and in 1778, a seven-foot specimen visited the coast of Languedoc, at the cost of its life.



PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

In interesting contrast to the reckless and unsparing pursuit of the West Indian turtle, is the careful supervision their capture is subjected to in the Island of Ascension. There the turtling season is limited, and the eggs protected, while every care is taken to secure the young from the enemies by sea and shore. Any transgression of the rules, or any encroachment on the breeding season, is punished with heavy fines and even imprisonment.

The preparation of the tortoiseshell for use in manufacture is briefly interesting. The shell, as soon as it arrives in the workman's hands, is immersed in hot water and flattened, between heavy weights, until it is quite cool, when it presents a smooth, even surface. The polishing follows, after which it goes into the hands of the carver and turner, whose skillful art sends it to market in the many graceful articles of ornament and use we know. No atom of the shell is ever lost. The very filings and powder are heated and molded into masses from which the cheaper species of tortoiseshell-work is made.

PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

The Island of Mauritius has many curious items of history. Lying off the African coast, and comparatively sterile, it has had many changes of rulers, and been rendered extremely rich by the cultivation of sugar. Discovered in 1507 by the Portuguese, it was taken possession of in the last years of the same century by the Dutch, who gave it its present name, in honor of their great hero, Prince Maurice of Nassau, whose name, too, they tried to impose on our Hudson. After the Dutch abandoned it in 1710, the French took possession, and held it till 1809, when the English reduced it. The island is still essentially French, who retain their own language, religion, customs, and laws.

Port Louis, the capital, shown in our illustration, was founded in 1735 by Labourdonnaie, a governor who introduced the cultivation of sugar, indigo and manioc. It contains a convent with an academy for young ladies, very well attended, a royal college, and many schools. It is the see of two bishops—a Catholic bishop, and one of the English Church. This island is associated with romance as the scene of the celebrated novel of St. Pierre, "Paul and Virginia." Like Defoe's famous story, this charming tale had a basis of fact, being founded on the wreck of the ship St. Geran, in which a young lady perished whose story gave St. Pierre the idea of his novel.

A NEW SORT OF HEADWORK.

The following amusing story is told of a little negro boy in the West Indies: His master, finding him a child of good parts, often conversed familiarly with him; but whenever he committed a fault, gave him a note to carry to the overseer of the plantation, in which he directed that he should be whipped.

The boy perceiving the constant and unpleasant consequence of carrying a bit of paper to the overseer, took a favorable occasion to question his master about it, asking him why at such times, and such only, the overseer should beat him with so much severity? The master informed him that the paper *talked so and so* to the overseer, because he was idle, and neglected to work.

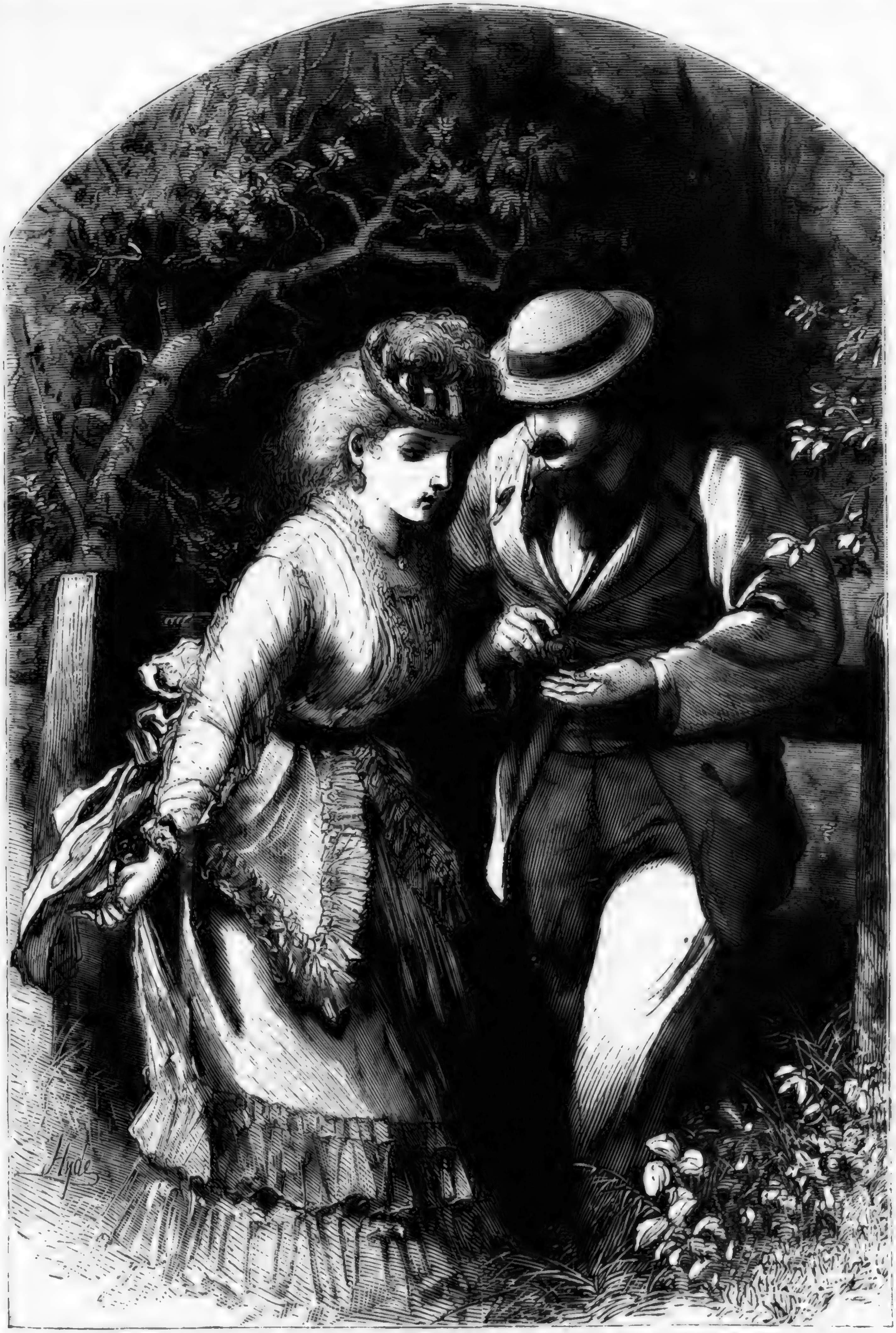
"Why, massa," said the boy, "I never see you work."

"Not with my hands, 'tis true," replied the master; "but I work with my head, which is much greater labor than yours."

The next time the boy was sent with a note to the overseer, he threw it away; and on his master inquiring of him what the other had said:

"Nothing at all," rejoined the boy; "I did not go to him, having this time worked with my head, too."

No MAN should be a judge in his own cause.



WON IN A DAY.—"'LOOK HERE, MISS ALICE,' SAID HE, DRAWING OUT A SUNNY CURL, 'THIS IS A TREASURE I FOUND TO-DAY. MAY I KEEP IT? FOR WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT IT COULD GIVE YOU NO PLEASURE.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE BROOK.

By Jennie K. Griffith.

A waif of the dews and the showers,
At the mountain's sweet breast nursed,
Looked over the ledges shyly,
A scared, wild thing at first.

Below the enamored valley
Beckoned and waiting stood,
Till the brook's feet, silver-sandaled,
Stole down to the maple wood.

Ah! little one of the mountain,
The beeches and sassafras,
And even the sad pines, nodded
As you merrily tinkled past.

Lilies and slender grasses
Hand in hand trooped with you,
While the slow-footed ferns and mosses
Rested, but followed you, too.

Cooled by the upland breezes,
Yet holding the slumberous glow
Of the South sun slopes in your bosom,
Child of the fire and the snow!

It was well, since the valley entreated,
An Eden, to crown you its Eve,
That, accepting its sweet adulation,
You love and Love's guerdon receive.

WON IN A DAY.

"NOW, girls," cried Colonel Roscoe, entering a cabin at the Rock Alum; "just clear up a place for me to sit down a few minutes, and I will make you a proposition."

"Good gracious, papa!" shrieked Bertha, "you will crush my panier. There is an overskirt already acting temporary footmat," said the young lady, proceeding to extricate the said garment from the feet of her papa.

"Better call it stumbling-block!" grumbled the parent. "But here! I'll just sit on a corner of that bed," and he strode over open trunks, piles of boxes and heaps of finery to the place in question. "Now, if you both will give *parole d'honneur* not to take any baggage except—let me see—that large satchel there, I will express the baggage to Richmond, and carry you two home the long way—through the mountains, by the Natural Bridge, Peaks of Otter, and, in short, give you a week longer in the country."

"Oh, you darling!" cries Alice, ecstatically kissing him; "I will pack my things in a nutshell, if you wish it."

"What!" cries Bertha; "not carry any clothes? How on earth could we manage?"

"Oh, papa, don't listen to her!" pleads Alice. "Or, if she won't part from her trunks, express her along with them."

"Well, I've made my offer, girls; now you can decide between you. But remember—no luggage. And now, let me get out of this mixture of rainbows and ribbons."

"Oh, Bertha, please," began Alice, "just say you'll go—that's a dear, darling sister!"

"Why, what pleasure in the world would it be to go anywhere with nothing fit to wear—a real wild-goose chase! Why, we couldn't get three dresses apiece into that satchel!"

"Oh, Bertha, dear, *I'll* be a victim—*I'll* make a martyr of myself if you'll just begin to get ready, and say you'll go. I won't carry a solitary thing except my gown and toothbrush. You may have all the room in the satchel."

Bertha smiled serenely.

"Very well. That last inducement is so very irresistible, I will try to make out; but I don't know what Captain Oswald will think of it."

"Oh, gracious! Captain Oswald! How glad I am not to be engaged! You don't quite belong to Captain Oswald yet."

"Remember, Alice, if you are impudent, I can back out of this country scrape yet."

"Oh, my dear sister, that you do belong to him, I take back," laughed Alice, seizing the satchel and emptying it of its contents, preparatory for the "smashing jam," as that young person rather loosely remarked.

"I say, Bertha," she resumed, after a while, "can't you let this pink foulard go in? I've folded it up till it's next to nothing, and here's oceans of room."

"I thought so," was Bertha's comment. "Do you call the pink foulard a gown or a tooth-brush? Stop! you are putting in exactly the things I will not want, Alice!"

"Oh, well, Miss Wisdom, suppose we change places?" said Alice, gayly. "I know I can fold for the big trunks, and get through with the 'big box, little box, bandbox and bundle' in a twinkling."

Well, with their one satchel, they rode over the Natural Bridge, and then they walked over it, and then they went down and looked up at it, and Alice cut her initials, and they "did" the Peaks of Otter to perfection. They traveled the sixteen miles between the two places in an open buggy, with a hired "small boy" to drive when the colonel was tired, and take charge of the buggy horses.

Resting at the Peaks Hotel all night, with some assistance from the horses, they climbed the South Peak, scaled the Egg on the very crown—at least, Alice and the colonel did—and they considered themselves richly repaid for their trouble by the magnificent view spread before them. After the colonel had given a great shout, and Alice waved her handkerchief, and otherwise amused themselves thereon, why, they just came down again, joined Bertha where she had stopped to rest, and all went back to the hotel—not without pockets filled with curious rocks, pebbles, leaves and herbs, which Alice called her "mementoes."

Now behold them *en route* for —— Court House on the macadamized road, winding through magnificent mountain scenery, and the cars, just in sight, whizzing away as fast as steam can carry them.

"Whew! Hurrah for our side! How glad I am we are *us*, instead of those people in there!" cries the volatile Alice. "Only it makes me shiver to think of it's being our last day."

"Papa, do speak to Alice about using so much slang," says Bertha, looking annoyed.

"Young folks will be young, Bertha," says the colonel, much amused. "This child will get proper enough when she is back at Madame Fenelle's, singing in Italian and eating in French."

"Papa," you are a darling, and I am just supremely happy," says Alice, giving the colonel a little hug.

"Alice! Alice!" whispers Bertha, somewhat troubled, "do consider appearances. There is a gentleman riding up now, and the driver——"

"Oh, Miss Propriety, we are out on a lark, and we'll be free and easy still!" sang the perverse Alice. "And as for the little solemn old driver, I know he's discreet," was her laughing rejoinder.

Here they are, right at the Court-house (court day, too), with its long rows of whitewashed houses and running roses, and great pink oleanders in tubs and boxes; horses are tied to every post and available railing, carts of watermelons and peaches, and wagons fill the narrow streets, and the place is as "thick as three in a bed," as Alice whispered to Bertha, who frowned horribly:

"Never mind, miss; if I had known how you were going to behave, we would be in Richmond now."

"Oh, sisty, dear, how glad I am you didn't know; but here is the end of our pleasant buggy rides, Three Golden Pippins—that is, one apiece for you, papa and me." Cool, clean and airy was their room in the rambling old hotel.

"Not much furniture to intercept the wind," remarked Alice, glancing from the bed, which looked as if it were trying to "keep itself to itself," and thence to the dimity-covered table on stilts and two Windsor chairs.

The satchel was the only crowded-looking thing to be seen; that was swollen and stuffed out of all proportion with Alice's mementoes, in addition to the week's wardrobe of two young ladies.

"Well," said Bertha, preparing for a nap, "to-morrow will see us fairly out of all this. Think what I have endured for your sake, Alice, and be grateful."

"I will, sis," said Alice; "but do it gracefully, as you do everything else."

Bertha smiled at the neat little compliment.

"Now, sisty, I am going out on an exploring expedition while you take your nap. I will be back about dinner-time."

"Half-past eight," said Bertha, as she settled herself back on the pillows, and opened "Lothair." "What good time we made, to get here before the heat of the day."

"Well, I'm a kind of salamander, I believe," said Alice. "I don't mind the heat in these delicious mountains. *Au revoir, ma belle!*" and she tripped gayly down-stairs.

Very charming she looked, too, with her fresh, rosy cheeks and wavy golden hair, turned back with a ribbon, *flottant* over her shoulders, as she stood there in the dingy old porch, talking to the landlady's daughter. She wore a jaunty buff linen traveling-suit, with black trimmings, a black Tyrolean hat, and the little kid boots—don't mention them!

Hugh Massie, *en route* for his law office, with a bundle of red-taped papers, stopped to admire.

"That's the kind to knock a fellow into the middle of next week!" he ejaculated, and hurried on; then turned to look again.

The result of her "scraped acquaintance" and conference was, to find that the town was on the eve of a big fair for the benefit of the new church.

"This very night, mum, and the ladies and gent'men are fixing it up powerful, and they certainly have got heaps o' good things, mum, to eat, and everything's going to turn out to it, mum, and—and——"

Here the eloquent speaker paused for lack of words to describe the grandeur of the "coming event," and Alice put in a word.

"Tell me where the church is, and I'll go by and take a peep at all the fine things," she said.

"Oh, mum, you can't miss it," said the girl, pointing a very thick, red forefinger in a curvilinear direction, and looking, at the same time, up the long lane of horses and vehicles.

"I see," said Alice. "Thank you;" and off she started.

She passed up the cool, shady street, looking like a strange foreign bird among sparrows; with her bright hair glancing and gleaming among the sober-hued, dingy-looking people who infest villages on court-day.

As she drew nearer the church, and out of the noise and bustle of marketing, she stopped to admire a pretty girl, through an open window, bending over a sewing-machine.

It was a pretty little ornamented cottage, with roses climbing over the porch, roses and lilies in great beds, and showing beautifully through the window large hanging-baskets of crimson-starred cypress, ivy and geraniums.

With the flowers in front, and all this greenery at the back, sat the girl, too busy to look up.

A little colored girl opened the gate and called out:

"Miss Nannie, Mrs. Davis says will you have dem things ready, and what does you charge?"

"Tell her they are nearly ready, Kitty, and that I ask five dollars. Can you remember, now?" said Miss Nannie.

"Oh, yes, um," said the small darkey, and immediately began muttering, "Ax five dollars—five dollars—ax five dollars."

She passed by Alice, still repeating the words for fear of forgetting the message.

"You, there—that she called Kitty!" cried Alice.

She stopped as if hit by a cannon-ball, still repeating, "Ax five dollars—ax——"

"Does that lady take in work?"

"Yes, um," replied she of the rolling eyes. "Five dollars —ax——"

"Does she make dresses?"

"Yes, um—ax five——"

"You are sure?"

"Yes, um—ax five dollars."

"Ah!" said Alice to herself, "I know exactly what I'll do. I can get three yards of Swiss, and she will make me an overskirt, ruffled, and I will make papa take me to this fair. The pink will look beautiful with the muslin. What a head I have, to be sure, for managing and contriving!"

Passing through the little green gate, she knocked lightly at the door.

Such a stylish, elegant-looking girl opened it, that she drew back in some alarm.

"Ah—I was told—I believe you are a dressmaker?" she said, hesitatingly.

"A dressmaker?" repeated the lady; then, with a smile, "Oh, yes, I make dresses. Come in."

Alice drew a long breath, much relieved.

"I saw you working over your machine, and a little girl told me——"

"Ah, Kitty told you, did she?" said the lady, laughing merrily.

"And I thought I would see if you could make me a muslin overskirt to go to the fair."

They were seated by this time, and the young lady began sewing buttons on a gentleman's dressing-gown, with an amused smile.

"Certainly. I will make it for you with pleasure," she said; and Alice was so pleased with her sweet face and manners, that she soon became extremely sociable and confidential.

She introduced herself, and explained how they came to travel with one satchel, and how, as Bertha was engaged, and did not care for rambling about, she was in the habit of going alone; and then she praised the lovely flowers, and looked at some beautiful engravings, entirely forgetful that the morning was passing rapidly away.

"There, I have finished at last!" said Miss Massie (Nannie Massie, as she gave her name to Alice), "and you shall give me a tune;" and she threw open a splendid piano.

Alice, with inward misgiving as to what Bertha would think of such proceedings, could not help touching off "Champagne Charlie," "Brightest Eyes," and other reminiscences of "the band."

"Now, it is your turn, Miss Massie," said Alice, rising at

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THE BROOK.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 178.

last. "I know I have tortured you with those rambling snatches, but I could not help it; this is the first *real* piano I've touched since I left Richmond. Of course I could not play before all those people at the Springs, you know."

"Yes; I know," said Miss Massie; and then she played, first, a few sparkling waltzes, then she began to sing; and such a voice—tender and soft—it was like moonlight on the water.

Tears sprang into Alice's blue eyes as she listened to a wild Lorelei from the "Niebelungen Lied." Song followed song before Alice would allow her to rise; but when she did so at last, she saw a face covered with blushes of shame.

"Oh, Miss Massie," cried Alice, "I am afraid I have been very impertinent indeed. Oh, I don't know what you must think of me!"

"What is the matter?" said Miss Massie, smiling.

"Oh, I took you for—that is, the little girl told me——" said Alice, stuttering horribly.

"That I made dresses? Yes, certainly I do; and it is time you were getting the muslin."

"You have been so kind to me!" Alice said; "and can it be two o'clock? I never spent a more delightful morning in my life."

The blushes were still upon Alice's face as she passed through the rose-covered porch.

"I don't know what to believe," she said to herself. "She is a real lady, anyhow, and I hope I will see her again to-night. How shocked Bertha would be if she knew!" Just then a sudden thought seemed to strike the fair Alice, and she stood perfectly still. "Sewing things for the fair, of course," she uttered. "How stupid in me not to see in a moment how it was!"

A cry of terror startled her, and she turned to see a little child, pale with fright, standing in the middle of the street, and a runaway team, without a driver, tearing down upon it, with a broken vehicle dragging and whirling after.

In an instant she had the child in her arms, and had sprung upon the pavement, falling heavily as she did so, while a few drops of blood trickled over her temple.

"Gracious Heaven!" said a man's voice at her ear, "but that was nobly done! Poor darling! she has fainted!"

Some one seized the child and bore it off; but when Alice opened her eyes, she was back in the little parlor, clasped in a strong pair of arms, while the owner called loudly for "Nannie!"

"How handsome he is!" she thought, and shut her eyes in a moment.

He laid her on a sofa, and bent over, feeling her pulse, and seeming so agitated that Alice nearly laughed out. Feeling positively certain that she would giggle, unless she could put a stop to all this, she at last languidly opened her eyes and sat up.

Nannie was as busy as a bee, doctoring and petting her. A leather strap had struck her head, and cut a little gash with a screw or buckle connected with it, and Nannie had plastered that up.

"Wasn't it too bad to have to cut out a curl?" she said. "I had to do it to stick on the plaster—but where is it? I laid it on that chair?"

The young man she called "Hugh" looked eagerly for the missing curl, but it was not to be found.

Alice's keen eyes had recognized a bit of her own hair sticking out of a pearl-colored vest-pocket long before.

"Oh, it makes no difference!" she cried. "And I am a thousand times obliged to you both for your kindness—and I now must hurry home, or papa will not know what has become of me."

She had, indeed, only been badly frightened and a little hurt, and the color was now back in the fair face again.

"This is my brother, Hugh Massie, Miss Roscoe. Allow me to introduce him."

"Allow me to escort you to the hotel," said Hugh, "for you are weaker than you suppose."

They had a delightful long walk back to the hotel, and Alice was not weak at all, but very much entertained with her companion.

"So romantic!" she thought; "only Bertha would be ready to eat me for carrying on so."

Hugh praised her courage in saving the child, and made much of her; and then they began talking of the fair and the Springs and masquerades, like old acquaintances, and Hugh was in the midst of a long account of the Carnival at Rome when they reached the hotel.

"Thank you," said Alice, very shy now, all at once; "I can find my way perfectly. Will you ask your sister from me, please, to forgive my mistake this morning, and please not to forget me—for I liked her so?"

This she added with her sweet, innocent blue eyes looking straight through Hugh's heart.

"If you will promise not quite to forget the brother, too, Miss Roscoe, and allow me to call this evening."

Alice blushed and then smiled, finished the demolition of Hugh's peace of mind, and ran up the creaky old stairs, secretly delighted with her morning's work.

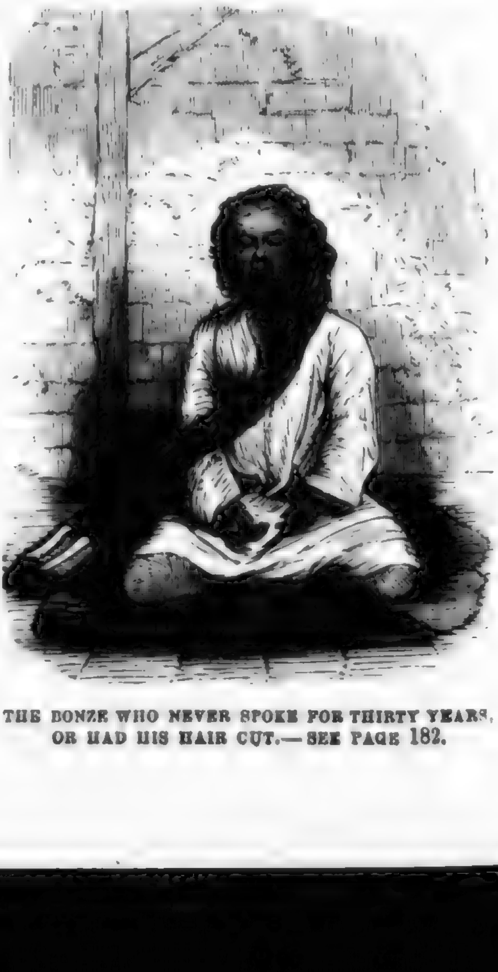
"I will not say one word about it, though, to Bertha," she concluded, as she opened the door.

Bertha was up and dressed for dinner, in the utmost glory that the satchel could afford, and looking a good deal pleased and interested.

"Well, Alice," she said, "you have been gone an age! What on earth have you been doing?"

Before Alice could reply, she continued:

"Who do you think has called? An old friend of papa's—Judge Massie — and oh! he is so nice—a widower, too—and he is to take me around to a fair that will come off to-night."



THE BONZE WHO NEVER SPOKE FOR THIRTY YEARS, OR HAD HIS HAIR CUT.—SEE PAGE 182.

"And papa can take me!" cried Alice. "But, oh, Bertha, what am I to wear?"

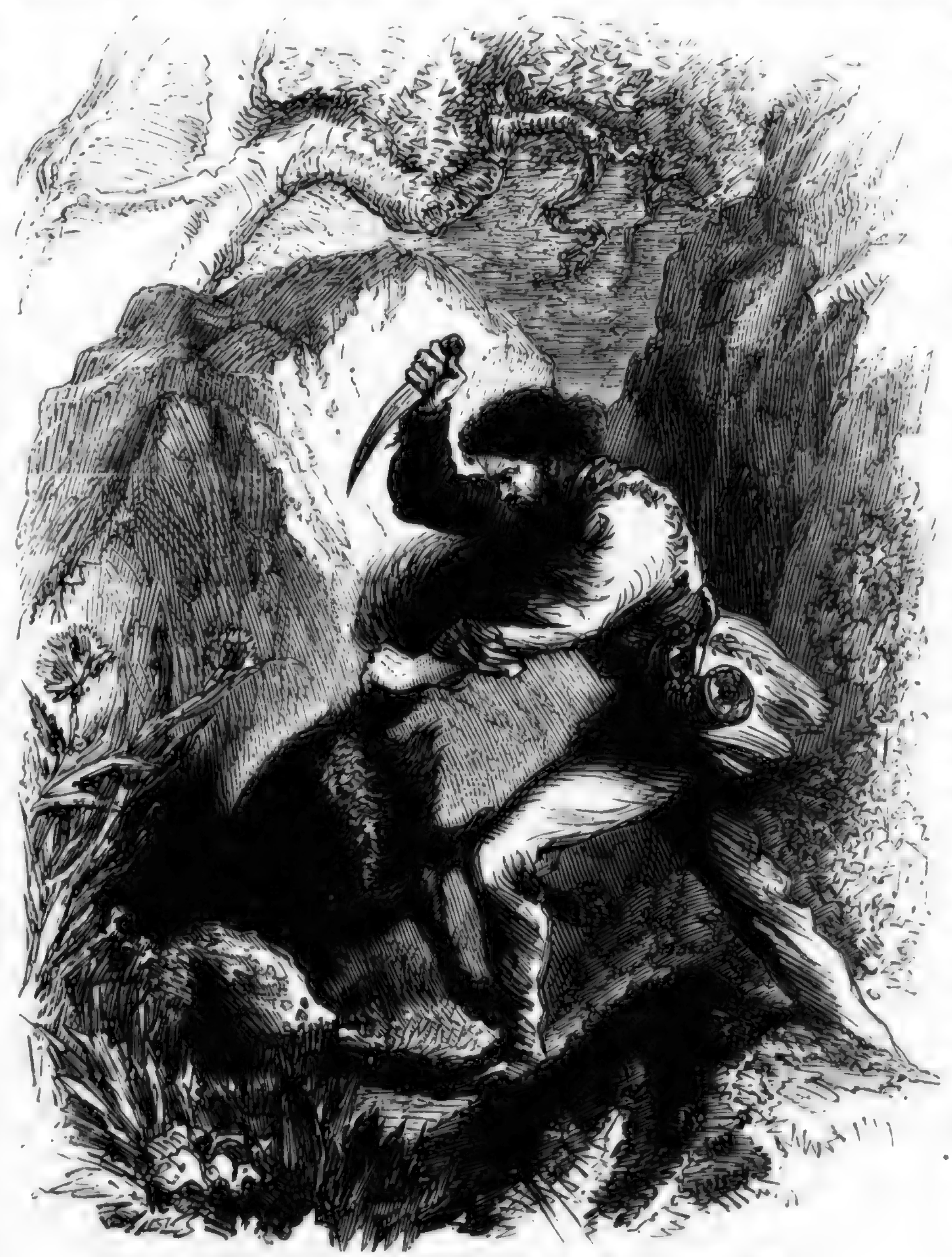
"Oh, you are a schoolgirl! It does not much matter what. Judge Massie is really one of the most elegant gentlemen I have met since I left Richmond."

"What would Captain Oswald say, sisty, to hear you talk so?"

"Pooh! Captain Oswald! I don't belong to him quite yet."

"Ah!" said Alice. "I didn't know."

As rouses the spirit of an ancient war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, so swells the heart of a modern belle at the prospect of a fresh "eligible"—a possible conquest.



KILLING OF THE LAST OF THE BRITISH WOLVES.—SEE PAGE 182.

"Not only possible, but a very probable conquest," was Miss Bertha Roscoe's reflection, as she pinned on the last bow and arranged the little curls a little more to the back, before the mahogany-framed looking-glass of the Three Golden Pippins.

Alice had shaken out the pink foulard, and with what was left of Bertha's finery, looked lovely as she entered the dining-room.

"And so this is our last day, Alice," said her father. "I am sure you and I have enjoyed our excursion."

"Yes, our last day, and then hateful old Richmond—to be stewed up until Christmas in French and Italian!"

As they rose from the table, cards were handed Bertha, announcing "Miss Massie and brother."

"That is '*le fils*,'" whispered Bertha, but she did not notice Alice's deep blush and pleased smile.

"How shockingly free-and-easy Alice has become!" she thought, as her sister shook hands with Miss Massie with great cordiality, and gave Hugh a beaming smile "on sight."

The judge soon dropped in, and added a great deal, Bertha thought, to the pleasure of the visit.

As for Hugh, he scarcely saw the queenly Bertha, in her flowing green dress, with all her style and wonderfully fascinating ways. The little pink vision of loveliness had completely captivated heart and eye, and, when they took their leave, Alice had promised to go, with him as her escort, to the fair.

"How about the Swiss overskirt, Miss Alice?" whispered Nannie Massie, mischievously. "But, seriously, will you not, as a favor to me, wear one of mine?"

"As willingly as you have offered it, Miss Nannie."

Well, this is a fast age, and we must be in a hurry to keep well up with it. You know that the Roscoes were to leave for Richmond in the morning, so who shall blame Hugh Massie for "making hay" that moonlight night?

Colonel Roscoe escorted Miss Massie to the fair, the judge took Bertha, and, lagging far behind, came Alice and Hugh.

"Our fathers were such great friends, will you not allow me to say 'Miss Alice' now?" Hugh was saying. "I am sure you can call me Hugh, if you will—it would make me a very happy fellow," he added, with a little laugh.

"In consideration of our very remote introduction," said Alice, "yes."

"As I was saying, then, Miss Alice, my mind was so filled with your image this morning, that my partner stopped me in arguing the other side of the case. How the fellows all chaffed me, and vowed that the woman was at the bottom of it! So I hurried home to dinner, and found you again."

Alice laughed a silvery peal, which was caught up and echoed by the aspen leaves above, as a little breeze came rustling and whispering by. The stars winked merrily at each other, as much as to say, "Now for it! We'll see a nice game!" But the old moon, who views flirtations and love-making more seriously, frowned behind a little cloud at them for indulging in such frivolous conduct.

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"So you do not believe in love which can spring into life at a moment's notice?" continued Hugh.

"How can I believe in it, Mr. Massie," replied blue-eyed Alice, "when Miss Fenelle positively forbids us schoolgirls even to think of such a thing as love."

"Oh, yes; of course, 'we schoolgirls' obey that rule to the letter," grumbled Hugh. "But, seriously, Miss Alice—don't smile, I beseech you—there has been before my mind's eye for many years such a vision of roses and lilies and bewitching blue eyes as blessed my path this morning. Can you wonder, then, that my heart should surrender at once?"

"Oh! you mean the lovely flower-beds in the cottage-yard that so entranced me; but the morning-glories, which I suppose you call blue-eyes, were shut up tight," said Alice, in the most innocent way imaginable.

"Ah, Miss Alice, how can you? You are going away to-morrow, and if I do not speak to-night, and relieve my—my——"

"Does your head ache, Mr. Massie?" asked blue eyes.

"No, not a particle; but my heart does, you little aggravator, and if you won't let me speak a serious word to you, I shall commit suicide in a week! To think of your going a hundred miles away from me—back to lovers who, I dare say, will swarm around you like—like——"

"Bees round a sugar-barrel, Mr. Massie? No, you are mistaken. Though I am sixteen, I have never had a lover yet—except schoolboys," with a little toss of her head; "and they don't count, you know. And, oh! I should so like to! Bertha has, and it's so nice!"

"You won't have to wait long, then, that's all," said Hugh, feeling terribly annoyed with "those fellows" who were only waiting to declare themselves *en masse.*

"Look here, Miss Alice," he said, as they reached a particularly bright patch of moonlight, and drawing out a sunny little curl. "This is a treasure I found to-day. May I keep it? For without your consent it could give me no pleasure."

"Well, I declare," cried the innocent, "if it isn't that little wisp of hair your sister was looking for! Certainly you may have it. I have plenty more. But, as you don't wear curls or frizzes, I don't see what you want with it."

"Nevertheless, I do want it; and I entreat you to wear this badge, just to make you think of me when you see it," said Hugh, taking from his vest the beautiful shield of the Epsilon Alpha Society.

"Why don't you say,

'Remember me when this you see,
Though many miles apart we be'?"

laughed Alice, as she fastened it in a rose-colored bow.

"Miss Alice, Miss Alice, you are determined to laugh at me, I see; but——"

"Hugh! Hugh!" called his father. "Where are you going?"

He had indeed passed the churchyard-gate, and was marching on straight ahead.

"Miss Alice," he said, "you have bewitched me. I don't know what I am doing."

But why follow them? They said a great deal more nonsense of that kind, but, as it would not be fair to give the words without the glances which made them eloquent, I will only tell you what was said very late that night, or, rather, early in the morning, as Hugh conducted her home.

"You have promised to think of me sometimes, dearest; but, oh! darling, won't you try to love me a little, too?"

And Alice didn't laugh a particle this time—at least, so that Hugh could see her; but, covering her face in a nice hem-stitched pocket-handkerchief for a moment, pressed her lips into solemnity, and murmured out something so low that not even Hugh could hear. The sound, however, must have been satisfactory, for he passed up the rickety stairs with the little beauty, in a most ecstatic frame of mind, and as he bade her "*Au revoir,*" there was a loving clasp of the little white hand, and the brown mustache was pressed fervently upon it. But just then Bertha opened the door to light the way for Alice, saying that "she had been back fully half an hour."

"Bertha couldn't have done it better!" said Alice to herself, as she tried to go to sleep—but had two or three irrepressible little giggles over it all before she fairly succeeded.

Well, you know the rest. Of course Hugh followed her home, and finally persuaded the colonel that Alice knew French and Italian enough for half a dozen, not to speak of persecuting the little thing with overtures and exercises; and as Bertha was to marry Captain Oswald at Christmas, they concluded to make a double wedding of it. And the next Summer's roses at the little cottage had a pink and white mistress, who was as happy as the days are long.

N. B.—Bertha never could succeed in bringing the "widower" to the point—he only went "so far, and no further"; but the reports are very lively indeed as regards Colonel Roscoe and Miss Nannie Massie.

THE BONZE WHO NEVER SPOKE FOR THIRTY YEARS, OR HAD HIS HAIR CUT.

At a Buddhist temple, called the Chick-tai-zu-mee-ou, on the Western mountains, not far from Pekin, a recent English traveler found so strange a specimen of fanaticism that he sketched it, and we here engrave it. It was a Buddhist priest, who had neither spoken nor had his hair cut for thirty years, having made a vow against both. He eats, also, only once a day—namely, at noon. He was dirty in his person, and his hair hung down beyond his heels in a tangled mass that looked like a quantity of matted black tow. When he walked he rolled it round his neck in two large coils. He appeared to be in full possession of his faculties, and alive to all that was being said, which was proved by his every now and then writing replies to queries. He put no written questions himself, but examined the clothing, spurs, riding-whips, etc., of visitors. He was asked if he would allow his portrait to be taken. He immediately went and got a mat, on which he sat down cross-legged. He kept his eyes closed while the sketch was being made, but his ears were sharply open, because, on the question being asked if there were any musquitoes there, he jumped up and wrote the character for musquito (*one-za*) on the table with his finger, implying that there were. These singular vows he had taken when he was quite a youth. He was attentive to the wants of others, and did the honors of the temple admirably, bringing the visitors chairs and tea.

KILLING OF THE LAST OF THE BRITISH WOLVES.

The last British wolf, with her cubs, was not killed until about the year 1700. This event took place on the east coast of Sutherland, and was attended with some remarkable circumstances. In consequence of some ravages among the flocks, the inhabitants turned out in a body for the purpose of discovering the depredator. Having failed in the attempt, a man, of the name of Polson, accompanied by his son and an active herdboy, resolved to search the wild recesses in the neighborhood of Glen Loth.

Polson was an old hunter, and had much experience in tracing and destroying wolves and other predatory animals. Forming his own conjectures, he proceeded to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain gully which forms the channel of the Burn of Sledale.

Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of fragmentary rocks, which, upon examination, he found reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure, that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside.

The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern, which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers and egg-shells; and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf-cubs.

Somewhat alarmed at such a discovery, the poor boys informed Polson of what they found. He at once told them to destroy the cubs the best way they could. Soon after he heard the feeble howling of the whelps, as they were attacked below, and saw, almost at the same instant, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the mother, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved among the rocky irregularities of the place.

She attempted to leap down at one bound from the spot where she was first seen. In this emergency Polson threw himself forward on the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of her long and bushy tail, just as the fore part of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had unluckily placed his gun against a rock when assisting the boys to descend, and he could not now reach it, nor make use of it if he could.

Without apprising the lads of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept a firm grip of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm; and although the maddened brute scrambled and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of all his strength, to keep her from going down.

In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in perfect silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, both from the engrossing nature of his exertions and from an unwillingness to alarm the boys, spoke not a word at the commencement of his conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone:

"Father, what is darkening the hole?"

To which the perplexed Polson replied, in a tone quite as abrupt:

"If the root of the tail break, thy head will soon know what is darkening the hole."

After a desperate struggle, Polson contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital part he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe; but the hole was too narrow to allow of this; and when Polson saw his danger he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in, whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished.

THE GREAT CITY.

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. Babylon, Thebes, Rome were never so populous; while the largest city in India at the present time contains less than a million inhabitants. Within the borders of the metropolitan and police districts, a circle of fifteen miles, it is computed that there are at the present time upward of four million persons. London is three times more populous than New York, four times more populous than St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople, with two-thirds more people in it than Paris, and one-fourth more than even the hiving multitudes of Pekin. All Scotland but equals it in the number of its people, and half as many Yorkshiremen again as are numbered in their own county could find accommodation within its circle.

Every eight minutes of every day of every year a soul goes out of London, and in every five minutes of every day of every year a new immortal enters upon this scene of its probation. It is at once the court, the seat of government, the centre of fashion, the home of all the charities, and the general rendezvous of all the criminal and desperate characters of the Kingdom. One hundred thousand Winter tramps, forty thousand "costers," an almost equal number of paupers in "unions," or workhouses, more Jews than are to be found in all Palestine, as many Roman Catholics as are to be found in Rome itself, with a criminal class that would people several Parliamentary boroughs, form the sum total of the computed four million inhabitants of London.

AN AFRICAN BELLE.

In one tribe through which he passed after leaving Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron found the women much more regarded than is usual among Africans, and consequently they were far more fashionable than the rest of their sex in that happy section. One of the belles of the country is thus described in Cameron's journal:

"She is a merry sort of person, this Mrs. Pakwanywa, and really ladylike in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass. She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and ashamed to show she was afraid. She is a very dressy body; double rows of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear a tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells was around her neck, and round her waist a string of red-colored singomazzi, and a robe made of strings of red-colored beads. Her front apron was of leopard-skin, and the rear one of colored grass cloth, with its fringe strung with beads and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings were round her ankles, and copper and ivory bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines, each about a quarter of an inch wide, were painted below. The one nearest to the hair was red, the next black, and the next white; and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with oil, and looked sleek and shiny. Her upper lip was perforated, and a piece of stone inserted, until the lip protruded a couple of inches, giving a hideous expression to the face, and making her attraction quite indistinct."

"Poltroon" is derived from two Latin words meaning "to cut" and "thumb." It means "a coward, a dastard." Not that he who cuts his thumb is rendered thereby a coward or a dastard. The word calls up before the student of history the mean-spirited Norman of long ago, who, to avoid going on the battlefield in defense of his country, disabled himself by cutting off his thumb. He could no longer draw his bow. His companions in contempt called him "poltroon" (cut-thumb). The infamy of the ignoble Norman lives through the ages, in a single word.

XUM

LUCY AND HER FRIENDS.

Little Lucy lived in a pleasant country-house with her grandmamma. There was a garden with a smooth, green lawn and a great many pretty flowers. There was also a field, with a summer-house in one corner.

Lucy had no papa and mamma, nor brothers and sisters, but still she was very happy, because her grandmamma was so very kind. She had nice playthings, and her nurse had taught her to read, and she had a number of story-books with pictures in them; but neither grandmamma nor nurse liked noise, so Lucy was a very quiet, gentle little girl.

She had learned to play all alone and very quietly. Of all her playthings, the one she was most fond of was her doll, whose name was Sophy. Indeed, Sophy was seldom out of her arms, and went out walking with her, and slept in a little bed close to her own.

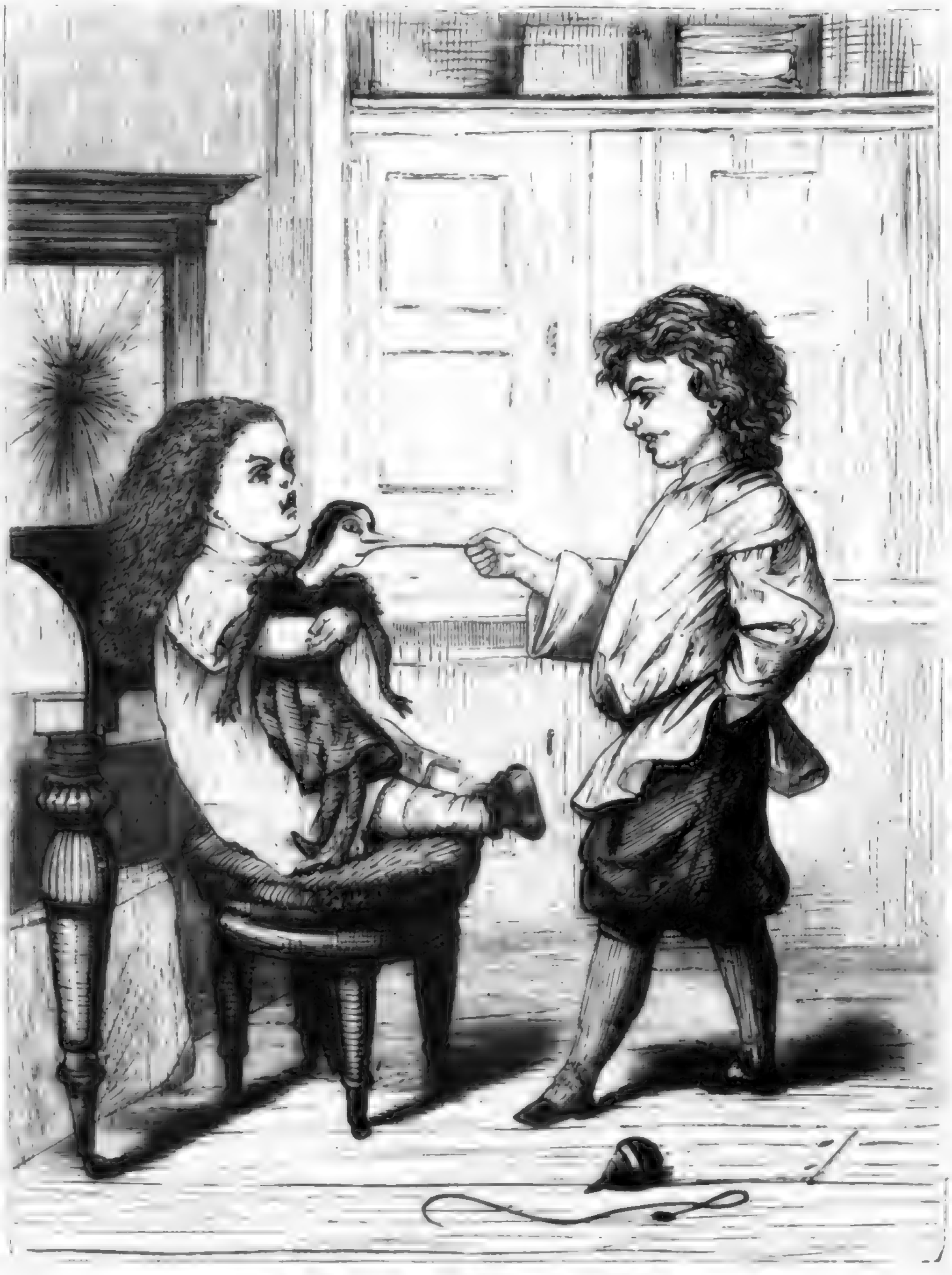
The evenings were very nice, because then grandmamma was seated in her arm-chair in the drawing-room, and took Lucy on her knee and told her stories till bed-time.

One time her three cousins came to see her, Harry and Ned and Polly. She found them rather rough and boisterous. They made sad work with her toys. Still she clung to her india-rubber doll Sophy, and a beautiful doll it was, worth a shopful of toys.

After dinner the three visitors were taken to see grandmamma, but Lucy staid in the drawing-room talking to Sophy. Presently the door opened, and Ned came in. He flung down a top he had in his hand, and walked up to Lucy.

"What an ugly doll!" he said. "Her nose is far too short."

"She is very pretty," said Lucy; "and her nose is not too short."



LUCY AND HER FRIENDS.—NED MAKING SOPHY'S NOSE LONGER.

"It is. I will make it longer;" and he pinched Sophy's nose between his finger and thumb.

"I don't want you to make it longer!" cried Lucy. "Please do not. Do let go."

Now, Sophy was made of india-rubber. It is a very good thing to make dolls of, because it does not break, but then, when it is made warm, it grows soft; and it was a very warm day, and Ned's finger and thumb were very warm, so now Sophy's nose was quite soft, and Ned went on pulling it longer and longer.

"Let go! Go away, naughty boy!" cried Lucy.

Lucy tried to pull Sophy away from him, but this only made the nose grow longer, and at last it was longer than the whole face; then Lucy began to scream as loud as she could.

"What are you doing to her, Ned, you naughty boy?" cried Polly, bursting in. "Go out to Harry, and let me comfort her."

Ned went away. Lucy had sunk down on the floor with Sophy in her arms, and was crying bitterly.

"I am sure I can make the nose right again," Polly said, "and then we will put her away. The boys always do that, so I never have india-rubber dolls. If we can take her to a fire anywhere, I can make her prettier than ever; so don't cry."

Lucy got up and dried her eyes, and then took hold of Polly's hand, and went with her. They went first to the laundry, and the stove was hot.

"This is lucky!" said Polly; and she laid Sophy upon the stove, on her face. But when she tried to take her up again her face stuck to the iron.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Lucy, "now she is quite spoilt."

"Well, it is bad!" said Polly, pulling Sophy up. "Oh, it was only the long point of the nose that has stuck, and that has come off."

They sat down side by side on the laundry-floor, working away at Sophy's nose.

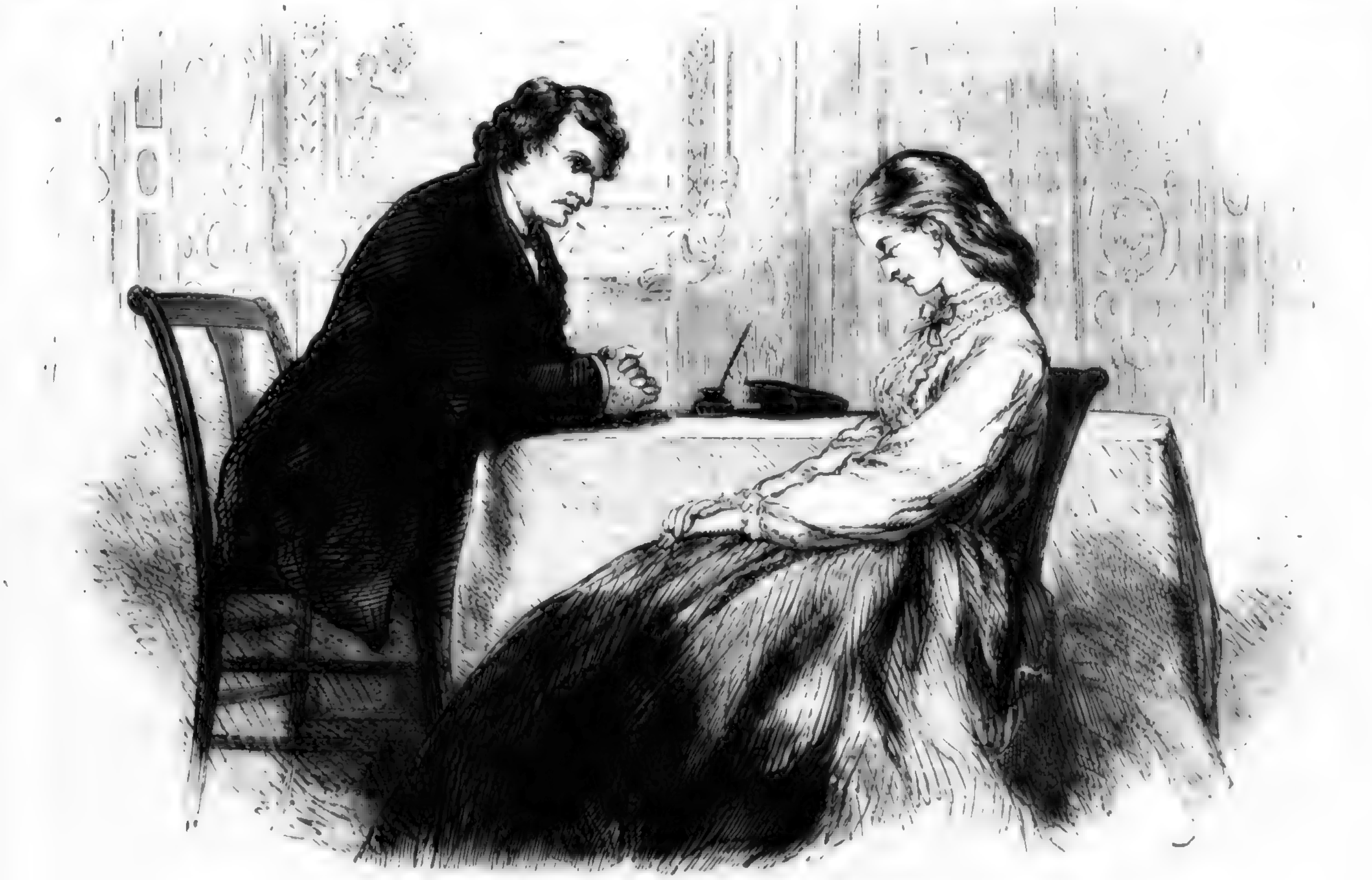
"I think it is still too long," said Lucy, after Polly had gone on some time. "Oh! but how it turns up!"

"So it does; but now it is better. No, here is still a bump at the end."

"I like it now," said Lucy, when the bump was gone. "Please let it be as it is now."

"It must be painted next," said Polly. "She must be sent to a shop to have it done."

"I think I shall not mind the color soon," said Lucy, who saw well enough that her doll was spoiled, but was too well bred to cry or storm about it. Her little cousins at last got so troublesome that her grandmother sent them home, and when her birthday came a few days after, Lucy had a doll finer than she ever dreamed of.



BLIND BARBARA.—" 'YOU FORGET, SIR, I AM BLIND.' "

BLIND BARBARA.

MY OWN PART OF THE STORY.

I HAVE heard thousands of stories. Even my own life, when I review it in solitude, appears a grand, thrilling romance. Anecdotes I have heard which realize to the utmost the truth of the assertion that fortune is the most fickle goddess in the world; love-stories have been poured into my ears by the dozen, and only go far to prove the falsehood of sentiment; I have lived among the spirits, and actually trembled at the recital of some terrible legend of haunted mansions and dark midnight deeds; then I have laughed at my folly when the sun burst into the room which had appeared so lonely as the candles were just expiring and the fire burnt uncertainly. But when I think of a certain story which I heard partly from the lips of a young girl who interested me singularly years and years ago, I feel that levity would be entirely out of place, and am foolish enough to appear very sad—well, perhaps not exactly that, for the moral of the anecdote ought certainly to have quite a contrary effect. Still, I do not mind confessing that I reflect seriously when my thoughts wander away to those very pleasant evenings I passed in the society of Blind Barbara.

When I was a very young man I was articled to a solicitor in the pleasant little town of W——, in Whitshire. I lived by myself, and in lodgings. Need I say that I was terribly dull? It is misery enough to pass your existence in a quiet country town, but to be shut up alone every evening is absolute torture.

I had frequently heard of the beauty of Barbara Hunt, who lived in a very quiet manner, with her parents, about a mile out of the town of W——. Eventually I was introduced to Mr. Hunt, and he took a great fancy to me. He was a well-educated man, and a most delightful companion, but, unfortunately, a great invalid, and unable to go about and indulge in the harmless gossip which is so essential to people circumstanced as he was. His daughter, Barbara, was perfectly blind.

Here, then, was a chance for me to kill two birds with one stone. I could free myself from the thralldom of solitary evenings, and make myself agreeable into the bargain. Accordingly, I took worthy Mr. Hunt at his word, and continually dropped in to have a chat with him in the long Winter evenings. I used to read aloud to this delightful family the most interesting scraps, judiciously selected from the daily papers; pretty little magazine stories; humorous tales, which I routed out of the lending library; and in a very short time became so useful that I really do not know what they could have done without me.

Barbara Hunt proved no exception to the general rule that people grievously afflicted are terribly sensitive. At first I was almost afraid to talk to her, for fear of being careless enough to let fall some expressions which might accidentally hurt her feelings; but, as time wore on, we began to understand one another better, and she used to insist upon my coming to her side to talk to her, when the reading was over, and the old people had settled down to cribbage.

XUM

"You want to cheer us up a bit," she said to me one evening, "and that is the reason that you kindly waste your evenings here. I often wonder that the sight of my poor melancholy face does not frighten you away."

I assured her that the fireside readings afforded me as much amusement as they did to any of them, but did not attempt to deny that most of my humble efforts to be entertaining originated in the idea of throwing some ray of light over the darkness of her life.

After this she became quite confidential, and poured into my ears all her thoughts, in which I never failed to trace the workings of a very noble mind.

"Ah, you may well talk of happiness," she used to say to me; "you, who can see, and are able to revel in the brilliancy of nature, which glitters with color and life. I have just an indistinct remembrance of all the glories which meet your eyes every day of your life; but, you know, I was only eight years old when my sight vanished. Now I am twenty-five. Think of those seventeen years, during which everything around me has been as dark as night. You will consider me very foolish, perhaps, but every now and then some little trivial circumstance occurs which sends a thrill of excitement even through my veins. It was only the other day that, on feeling my way out of my mother's room, I placed my hand accidentally on a looking-glass. I actually sat down before it, and pulling down my hair, I braided it up in fancy before the glass. How I longed to see myself then, and tried to satisfy myself as to the color of my hair, and even dreamily speculated whether my face is really the same kind of face that I imagine it to be. But it was no use wishing; the glass was inexorable, and, though it is hard to believe it, would not flatter me."

Soon after this conversation, I had occasion to leave W—— on business, and did not return for some months.

The next time I saw Barbara she called me as usual to her side, and intimated that she had something of the utmost importance to tell me.

"I scarcely know how to begin," she said, "and I feel quite sure that you will laugh heartily at my folly. Perhaps you will think that when I lost my sight, some little amount of reason fled with it. With that, however, I have nothing to do. Be charitable and listen.

"I am in love!

"Yes, it is perfectly true. I, the poor, blind, wretched girl, am as deeply and as madly in love as the most susceptible young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I feel that you are laughing, and guess that you imagine that any affection that I can feel must be tame and sisterly. But it is nothing of the kind. It is a very sudden attack, but none the less real, for all that."

"But how did it all happen?" said I.

"Upon my word, I scarcely know," replied Barbara. "All I can tell you is that a certain person—who at present shall be nameless—sat next me at dinner the other day, and as far as I could guess, paid me the most particular attention.

"'You will excuse me for asking,' I said to him, 'but I fancy this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you?'

"'You are quite right, Miss Hunt,' he replied; and then I fancied his voice trembled as he added, 'but I implore it may not be the last. Why should we not meet very frequently? Your parents are evidently disposed to treat me with the greatest civility. Still, I must ask permission of some one else before I can venture to accept any further invitation.'

"'Is it possible that there is any third person who can have such great influence over your actions?'

"'Most assuredly; and some one in whose hands I am absolutely powerless.'

"'Oh, I can guess—you are in love. Well, never mind; you may confide in me. I will help you to the best of my ability.'

"'Do not torture me, Miss Hunt,' he answered; you can surely guess who I mean. It is your permission that I ask. May I come again?'

"At these words," Barbara continued, "I could feel I blushed very deeply; but I answered as gently as I could: 'You forget, sir, I am blind.'"

"'What matters your blindness,' he answered, 'who carry light with you wherever you go? For years and years past my sole happiness has been the thought of one day being in a position to live for you and you alone. This has been my day dream. I have been abroad to test the worth of my affection. I returned unchanged, my fate is in your hands.'

"Long after he finished speaking, I heard his sweet voice echoing in my ears.

"'Will you be my wife?' he implored, after a long silence.

"'Are you not dreaming?' I answered, smiling. 'Would you make a union between day and night? You cannot have seriously reflected on the consequences of all this; and, at any rate, I have not. In a week you shall have an answer.'

"He did not say another word, but quietly left me.

"And now that you have heard this romantic anecdote, what is your advice, my dear old friend?" said Barbara, turning to me.

"I can have but one opinion," I answered. "He is a noble fellow. You told me, some time ago, you longed to see your face. He has already shown you its beauty. Take my word for it, he will be a truthful mirror."

Barbara was wonderfully struck with the force of my lucky simile, and having made the promise that I would come and learn the fate of the unknown one, after her interview with him on the expiration of the week, I left her to make her decision.

"Wonders will never cease!" were the first words with which I was greeted by Barbara on my calling again.

"You will be more surprised than ever," she went on, "when I tell you that I have only just discovered that my dear parents are all but ruined. Out of sheer kindness they have hidden from me all their misery. They have been stinting themselves hideously for some time past, in order that they might deny me none of the luxuries to which I have been accustomed. Here have I been going on in the most selfish and contented manner possible, while absolute misery has been staring us in the face. By the merest chance in the world I have found all this out, and now I'll have my revenge. I have not told a soul in the world but yourself that I have discovered the true state of the case. It would break my mother's heart to think that all her little manœuvres to hide the truth from me have proved of no avail. I shall still pretend to believe that all is going on the same as ever, and I am resolved that I will be the one to stem the tide. Mr. O'Neill—I don't mind telling you his name now—kept his promise, and came back to hear my answer. I confess that at first my levity must have contrasted strangely with his seriousness.

"'Is it true that you have ever entertained this sincere admiration for me that you talk of?' I said to him.

"'Most certainly,' he answered. 'I have loved you for your beauty as much as for your worth.'

"'Why, you are like a flattering glass,' I said, smiling. 'When you speak, I almost begin to see myself in your words.'

"'I would, indeed, it could be always so.'

"'You would like, then——'

"'To be your faithful mirror, to reflect all your good qualities, all your virtues. Consent to be my wife. I have some little fortune. You shall want nothing; and I will do my very best to make you happy.'

"At these words I thought of my parents and their poverty. My marriage would save them!

"'And if I were to consent to marry you,' I answered, 'perhaps you would very soon regret the step you have taken. Perhaps you would be throwing yourself away. You may be generally admired. There is no danger of my flattering you. I cannot see your face.'

"He sighed very deeply.

"'Ah! that reminds me,' he added, 'I have no right to withhold anything from you. There is one thing I must tell you.'

"'And what is that?'

"'I am not handsome, Barbara. Nature has not dealt kindly with me. You will think me selfish, perhaps; but, ugly as I am, I love you with all my heart.'

"We have arranged the marriage," Barbara continued, "for the beginning of next month; so you see I have taken your advice. I may have done well, and I may have done badly. One thing is quite certain—my father and mother will always have a home!"

* * * * *

TWO EXTRACTS FROM BARBARA'S DIARY.

Extract the First, dated October 6, 18—.

I have been married to my very dearest Edmund a year to-day. It has certainly been a year of unalloyed happiness, for which I ought to be indeed grateful. My greatest joy of all is to think that I am a mother. They say she is a little angel child; but her poor mother cannot see her. I can hear her darling voice and kiss her soft little lips as she whispers "Mother" in my ears; but I may not see her face. Oh! how painfully strong is a mother's love. I am perfectly resigned now when I think that I shall never see the blue sky, never look at my darling husband, never behold my dear parents, or any one that loves me; but the thought of never seeing my pretty babe's face almost breaks my heart! Day and night I offer up my prayers to the ever merciful God, who has given me so many blessings, that He will for one minute—just one tiny instant—give me my sight. Oh, that I could see my child! One lightning flash of sight is all I ask. This granted, I could die in peace!

Extract the Second, dated November 18, 18—.

Every day I live I am more thankful for having been blessed with such a noble husband! The day-dream in which he ever indulges is connected with a wild fancy that he will some day be the means of restoring to me my sight. Poor dear boy! He says that he can never thank me sufficiently for having taken compassion on such a plain fellow as he is. What care I? My blindness matters little now, as I tell him every day, All seems bright with him. Still I notice that he is extraordinarily engrossed with this magnificent doctoring theory of his. It was only yesterday that he said to me:

"Barbara dearest, my wildest hopes are centred in the next few days."

"What a silly boy you are," I answered.

"Listen, Barbara," he continued. "I was deceiving you when I persuaded you to use the various lotions you now employ to soften your fair skin. They were essential before attempting a well-known operation for cataract. I think you can trust me. This has been the study of a lifetime—a study for one great object."

"You can ask me nothing, Edmund," I said firmly, "that I would refuse."

"My darling wife," he murmured, sighing, "I knew you would consent. Meanwhile, let us hope for the best."

"Can there possibly be a chance of the operation succeeding?" I asked.

"Every chance," he answered; "but then ——"

"Well!"

"Then you will see me! I wonder what you'll think of me?"

"Edmund," I answered, without a moment's hesitation, "this operation shall take place. You cannot understand my love. You imagine the affection that you fairly won is vain and empty. You do not know me yet. I must see or die!"

* * * *

BARBARA'S LETTER.

In the corner of a very old desk of mine lies a letter which I shall keep for ever. I read it over the other day, and thought of old times. It is impossible to give you the whole of it, for it is very long, but the following extract will speak for itself:

There is no one, I am quite certain, my very dearest friend, who will be more rejoiced than yourself to hear of Edmund's triumph. The operation has really taken place. Thank God, it was successful. I must not excite myself, or I would worry you with all the details of that dreadful day. Meanwhile, let me be contented with acquainting you of a terrible piece of willfulness on my part, the consequences of which, Edmund says, in his gravest manner, might have been awful. Directly after the operation—at least, when I had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the chloroform which Edmund make me take, notwithstanding all the heroic plans I had formed—I discovered that my poor eyes were tightly bandaged. Strict orders were given me not to move the handkerchief for fifteen days. It is impossible to describe the agonizing sensation of not knowing whether you are blind or not. For more than ten days I was as good as gold; but then, you know, woman's curiosity is proverbial. But there really was some excuse, for the hard-hearted creatures were cruel enough to torture me so far as to put my pet child Ethel in my lap. This I could not stand. I was all alone. I just lifted one corner of the bandage, and then the nurse came into the room. Oh! what a scolding I got, and I pretended to be very penitent. But when old nurse's back was turned, I burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

I had seen my child!

Still I kept it all to myself, for I did not wish to spoil Edmund's excitement. At last the fifteen days came to an end. They decked me out in my best attire, and, as I was told afterward, made me a perfect blaze of color. This was, of course, for scientific purposes, for I sincerely trust that, for the last twenty years, I have not been condemned to appear as I afterward found myself—the veriest harlequina in the world. When the time for the great *dénouement* arrived, I was conducted gravely to a seat before a cheval glass. How I trembled! My mother was by my side.

"Now, then, the bandages may come off," said she.

They were removed. A bright, dazzling haze, and then I saw distinctly. There was my mother and the nurse; my darling child was kicking in its cradle; the glorious sunlight and a vase of flowers made me quite a child again, and there, strange to say, was my own face, which I had never seen, crying with laughter at itself in the glass!

"But why, mother dearest," said I, "does the glass seem to tremble so?"

"Can't you guess?" she replied.

"My husband!" said I, starting to my feet. "Let him come—let him come!"

"He dares not," continued my mother, sadly.

"Dares not!" I repeated, indignantly tearing myself from my mother's arms; "as if I would not adore him if he were as ugly as Quasimodo! Come to me, my love!"

A young man about eight-and-twenty, with great, dark, lustrous eyes, and the figure of a Hercules, came from his hiding-place and stood before me.

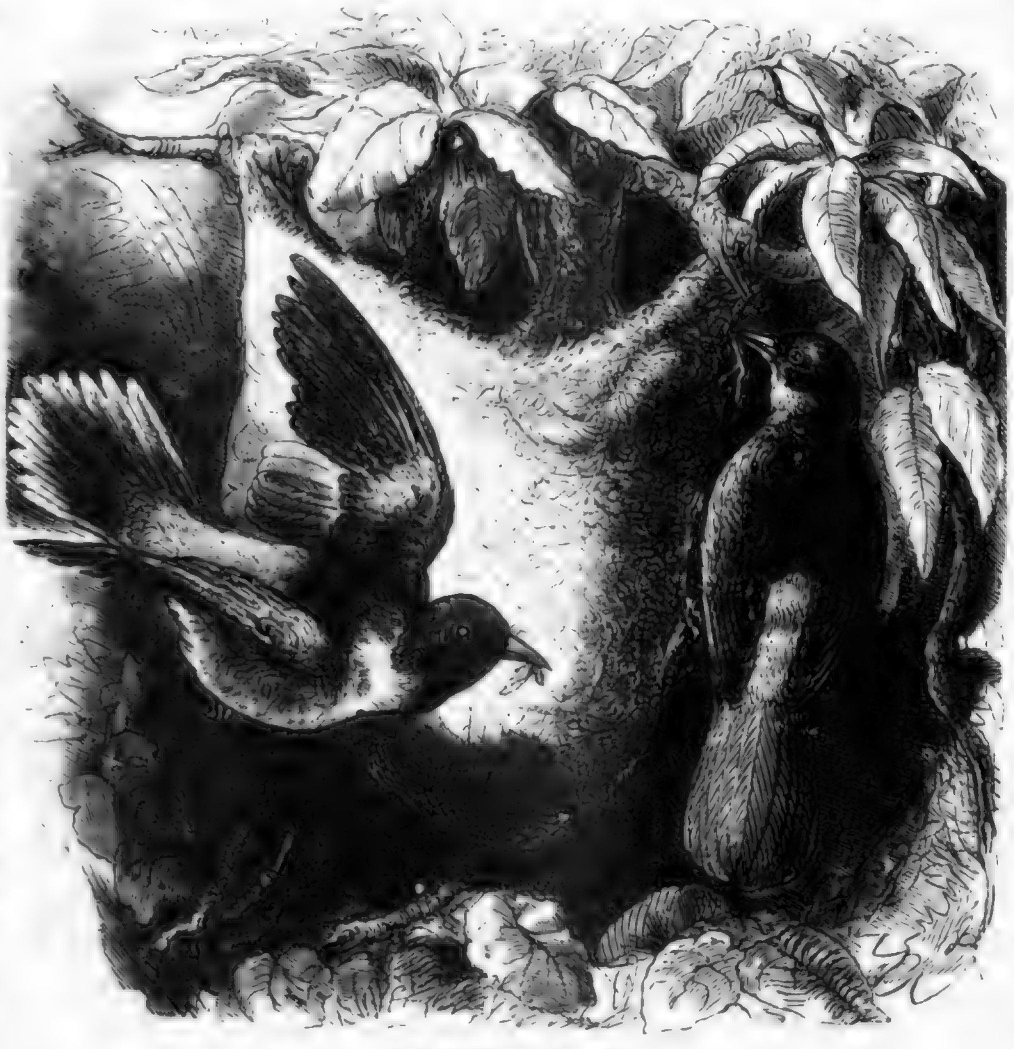
"Darling one!" he murmured.

"My heart's delight!"

"God bless you both!" whispered my mother; and then she fairly burst out crying for very joy, as we rushed into one another's arms.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

It is a pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that to many the charming feathered denizens of our woods and meadows are less familiar than those of Europe. These have been pictured and described without end—our own are sadly neglected. We here introduce a bird that has many claims to favor, and begin with an anecdote.



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

A lady once lost a very valuable piece of lace. She had cleaned it with great care, and hung it on the honeysuckle just outside her window; but when she came to look for it again, it had disappeared. At first she thought a chance breeze might have carried it into the garden below, though it was a remarkably still day in the middle of May, and but little breeze was stirring. The garden, in consequence, was thoroughly searched, but without success. Very reluctantly the lady began to suspect a new maid whom she had recently engaged, and who had been the only occupant of the chamber during the lady's absence. The maid was young, giddy, and very fond of dress; but she indignantly protested her innocence with many tears. Although unable to fasten the crime upon her by any direct proof, there were too many suspicious circumstances connected with the affair to allow it to be passed over unnoticed, and the lady determined to discharge her maid.

On the very day, however, on which she was to leave the house in disgrace, while the poor girl was in her room packing her clothes into her chest to take them with her, she heard a cry of distress from the roof of the house, just beneath which was the attic she occupied, and glancing out of the little dormer-window which looked from the apartment upon the roof, she saw the little son of her mistress in a very dangerous predicament.

Attracted by a curiously shaped bird's nest hanging from the extremity of a limb of an old button-ball tree overhanging the house, he had climbed out upon the roof, which was very steep, and slid from the ridge-pole to the eaves-trough, where, clutching at a branch providentially within reach, he arrested his progress on the very verge of destruction. In one hand he held the branch, and in the other the nest, which, terrified as he was, he had no idea of parting with.

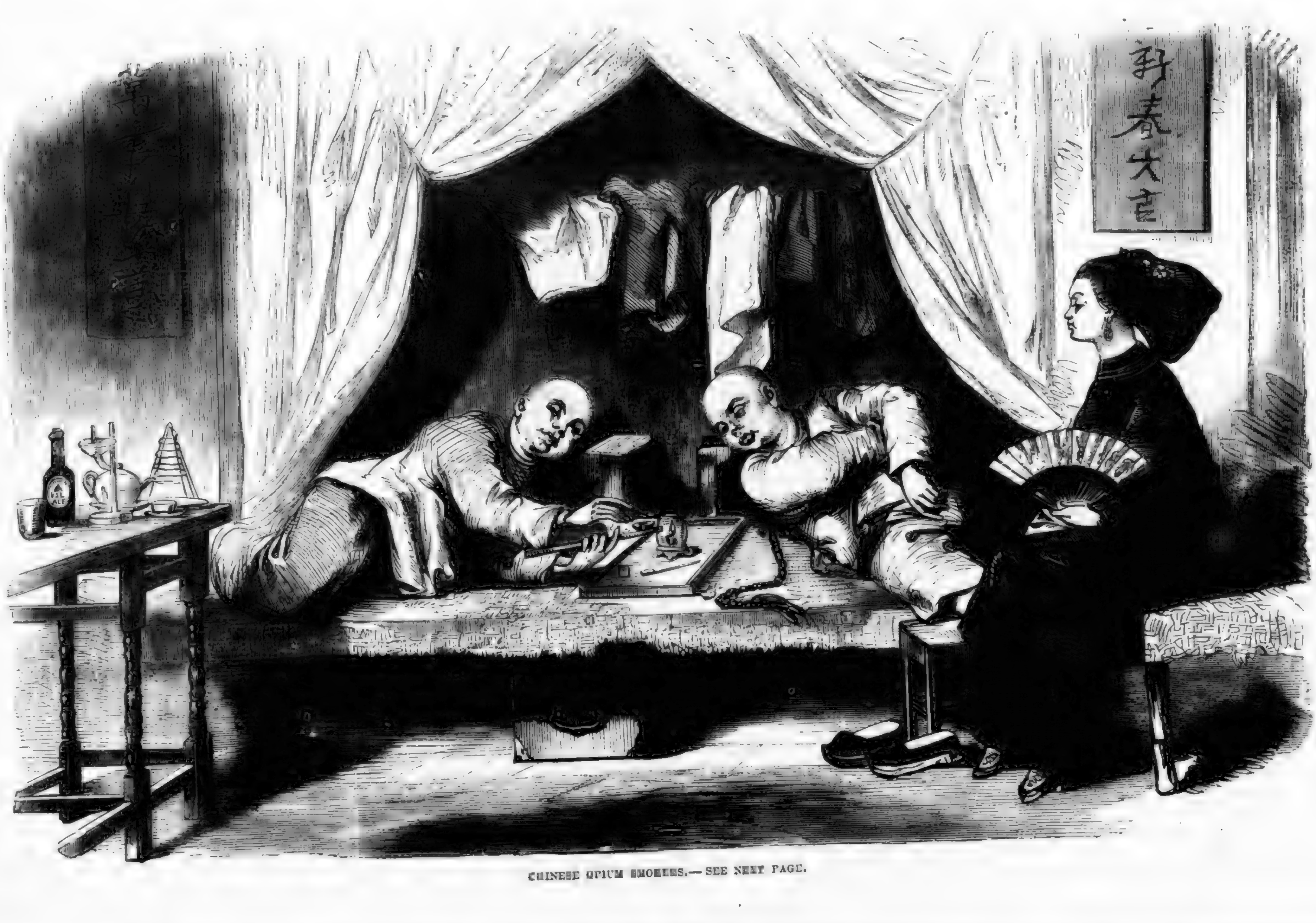
No one except the girl was within sound of his cries, and his situation, momentarily becoming more precarious, demanded immediate aid. Without a thought of her own safety, the brave girl, calling upon the child to stand steady and hold fast, clambered out at the window. Steadying herself as best she might, where the slightest misstep or slip was instant death, she at last reached the child, and led him back, bird's nest and all, safely to his mother's arms, whose feelings, when the occurrence was related to her, may better be imagined than described.

The strangest part of the story remains, however, to be related. When the nest that so nearly caused all concerned such terrible affliction came to be examined, it was found to be a hanging nest of the Baltimore oriole, and woven in its meshes, amid fibrous plants and dried grasses, was to be seen the identical piece of lace which had so mysteriously disappeared a few days before.

This nest is a pouch suspended from five small twigs, and the ingenuity displayed in its construction is very remarkable. It is seven inches in depth, and lined with cow's hair, and when first obtained contained four flesh-covered eggs, marked with obscure purplish lines, over which were irregular scribblings of blackish brown. It is strengthened with tough wiry grass, which is carried all the way from the supporting twigs underneath the pouch, and around to another twig, upon which it is fastened.

The oriole rivals the scarlet tanager for beauty, and shares with it, though, perhaps, somewhat less appropriately, the name of "fire-bird."

Our hero wears orange, however, instead of scarlet, a



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

uniform calculated to give great offense to all citizens of Hibernian descent, but the proper livery of Lord Baltimore, to which it owes its name.

It makes its appearance amongst us about the 1st of May, and begins building its nest about the 20th. The food of the oriole is exclusively of an insectivorous kind, and the bird is a very valuable friend to farmers, worthy of much more consideration and protection than they generally get from them. Its song is pleasing. It is a very sociable and genial little bird, and altogether I know of few more interesting individuals among our Summer visitors.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Opium is the inspissated juice of the poppy, obtained by wounding the unripe seed-capsules of the *Papaver somniferum*, collecting the milky juice which exudes and dries in the sun, and kneading it into cakes. The best variety comes from Smyrna; it should be of a rich brown color, tough consistency, and smooth, uniform texture; its peculiar narcotic smell should be strong and fresh; its taste bitter, warm, and somewhat acrid.

It is an extremely complicated substance, and quite variable in composition. Eight important alkalies have been found in it, and in addition to these, five other inert substances, and one acid.

The chief countries in which opium is prepared are India, Egypt, Turkey, and other parts of Asia; it is even cultivated in Italy, France, England, and the United States, but the climate of this country has not always proved particularly favorable to its growth. The antiquity of its production is shown from the fact that Homer mentions it. The Greeks saw in it the symbol of fruitfulness, and consecrated it therefore to Hera. The god of sleep, according to their mythology, dwelt in a cave before which grew the poppy, and is always represented as a youth who holds in his hand heads of poppy, or as a figure holding an inverted torch by his side and a horn filled with poppy.

Pliny mentions several kinds of opium, and says that a small quantity in wine will produce sleep, while an excess causes death.

In Asia Minor, the plant is raised from small blue seeds, which are sown in the Fall and repeated in the Spring, if the frost has injured the Spring crop. In early Spring, the plant grows rapidly, and in June, a few days after the fall of the flower-leaf, horizontal incisions are made in the head with a knife pointed with four parallel blades, care being taken not to make the wound too deep. Leaves are spread on the ground under the poppy, to catch any juice that may happen to drop down. In rainy weather, the cutting is made in the morning, but in fair weather, in the evening. There is a prevalent belief that the night air promotes a more copious flowing of the juice. The tapping of the poppy has no ill effect on the seed, and this is either used to raise a new crop or for the manufacture of oil.

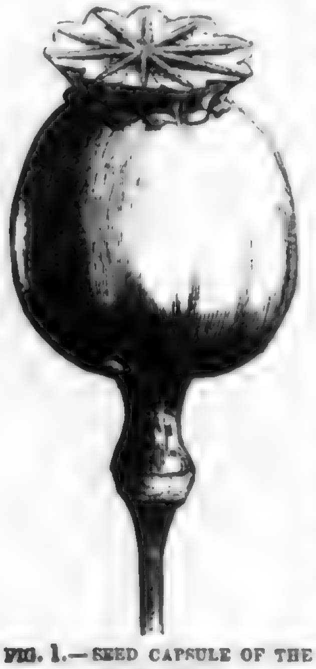


FIG. 1.—SEED CAPSULE OF THE OPIUM POPPY.

The dried milky juice is scraped off with flat knives and rubbed on flat tablets. The mass is then transferred to metallic or earthen vessels, when it is warmed and then kneaded into cakes, which are usually inclosed in poppy leaves and covered with seeds to prevent their adhering together.

Opium is a brown mass, soft at the beginning, and which subsequently becomes hard, and in thin leaves assumes a clear color. It has a waxy fracture, a disagreeable, stupefying smell, and a disagreeable, bitter, sharp taste. It becomes soft when warmed; burns with a bright flame, and leaves 6 per cent. ash—more ash than this would be suspicious of adulteration. In water it is half soluble, and in alcohol four-fifths soluble.

Pure opium is employed in medicine, in a weak alcoholic tincture, and in a tincture mixed with saffron under the name of laudanum. The well-known Dover's powder is opium combined with ipecacuanha. The name laudanum was introduced by Paracelsus to avoid the use of the word opium, against which there was some prejudice in his day—as, for that matter, there is at the present time.

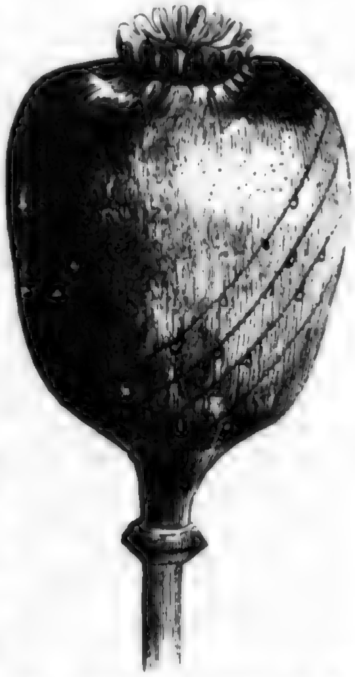


FIG. 2.—MODE OF SCARIFYING THE CAPSULE TO OBTAIN OPIUM.

The chief consumption of opium is in Asiatic countries, Turkey, Persia, India, China, chiefly by Mohammedans, to whom the use of wine is prohibited. For the purpose of smoking, a small piece of opium, mixed with a little tobacco, is put into the pipe and the smoke drawn into the lungs, retained for a few moments, and blown out through the nose. A spirit-lamp serves for lighting the pipe, and it requires only a few respirations to produce a sleepy unconsciousness. The victim of the habit feels himself floating in a sea of beautiful dreams, and soon forgets all earthly sorrows, and fancies himself in paradise. The Turks eat the opium directly; and when once the habit is fixed, it cannot be abandoned without a collapse of all the vital functions. The nausea attending the use of opium can only be stilled by a repetition of the dose, and the opium-eaters are compelled to new indulgence, until the body wastes away like a mummy and the nervous system is hopelessly ruined.

The Chinese consume enormous quantities, which was formerly smuggled into the country, as the Government punished with death any one caught engaging in the traffic. But the people, once having acquired the dangerous habit, offered tempting prices to English merchants, who sought in every way to carry on a trade in the contraband article, until the opium war of 1842 broke out, and English cannon forced the obnoxious trade upon the country. In the same way the English endeavored to secure a monopoly of the tea trade, so that, while one served as an export article, the other answered for import, and large gains were to be expected.

It is a curiously suggestive fact that very few of the weekly journals, especially of a literary nature, which go directly into families, can now-a-days be examined but that, some where in their advertising columns, are found announcements offering radical cures for the opium habit. We have found these advertisements abundant in fashion magazines, and so widely spread are they, and so persistently are they kept before the public, that a stranger might seriously ask himself whether the mania for the drug be not as strong in this civilized country as in China.

Many cases of those who have become addicted to the use of opium through its employment as a medicine during acute illness have lately been brought to the attention of the medical faculty. It appears that, while alcoholic intoxication is decreasing throughout the United States, opium drunkenness is increasing, and the dealers in crude opium and the manufacturers of its alkaloids assert that the importation of the one and the production of the other are rising rapidly year by year.

Legislative enactment prohibiting the refilling of an opiate prescription, or the dispensing of opium in any form, unless in pursuance of a prescription from the attending physician, it is thought, would accomplish much good. It is not probable that it would wholly check the vice, but it would greatly mitigate it.

We subjoin a few particulars of the opium-smoking dens in China, one of which our artist has so faithfully rendered —having with admirable skill depicted the "idiot smile" on the countenances of the two debauchees, who are evidently fast merging into a state of insensibility.

The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke opium are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of incense, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs, as from the hookah in India. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours.

At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be applied to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipes, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot-skeleton. In the hours devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen, at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking under the effect of the pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, while an idiot smile upon their countenances proves them too completely under the influence of the drug to regard passing events, and fast merging into the wished-for consummation.

The last scene of this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of morgue, or dead-house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

PINE-CONE GATHERERS.

It is so long since we were a wood-burning people, that we can no longer form to ourselves a picture of an old-fashioned Winter, when the great business of the household was the collection of fuel in the wood-yard, and great fagots, chumps and billets were brought in daily, to insure the family against being frozen during the time that the snow lay on the ground.

In various places in Europe, however, this is still the principal care of the prudent housekeeper, and the woodcutter and fagot-seller is a person of importance, especially in those remote districts of the German Alps where wild forest land and rugged mountain and glade alternate with populous towns and villages. In the Thuringer Wald, for instance, the occupation of the woodman is constant, and his aid and that of his followers is required to keep the domestic soup-kettle boiling.

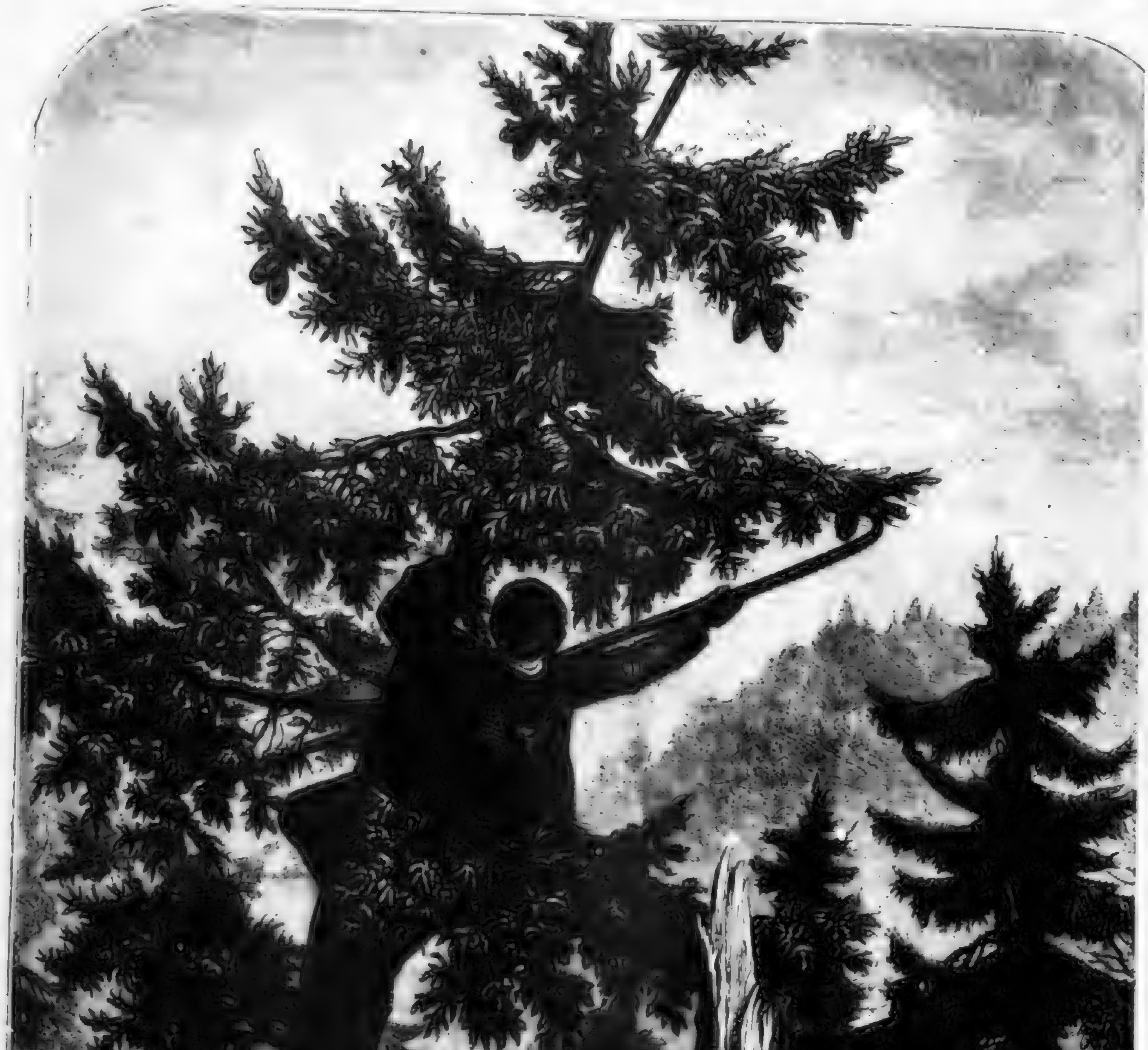
There is one dangerous part of the craft which is practiced by amateurs—namely, the gathering of these beautiful pine-cones, which blaze so brightly that they may be used for those torchlight processions of which the Germans are so fond, or equally serve to give a vivid impetus to a dull fire and set the porcelain stove in a glow of ruddy heat. A stout arm, a steady head, muscular legs, and a light alpenstock are required for the business of pine-cone gathering in those Thuringian forests. But it is dangerous work in that great upper world of dark, pinnated leaves and hoary branches, with a dim sea of waving thickets below, where one may imagine a man might hang till the ravens picked him to a white skeleton; or fall, stunned and breathless, to crawl amidst the tangled paths, and vainly seek the well-known outlet. On the whole, we would rather put up with a sea-coal fire at Christmas-tide than have to secure our fuel at such a risk as that of the gatherers of pine-cones, though they may regard it less as an occupation than a sport.

TRACES OF THE GIANTS.

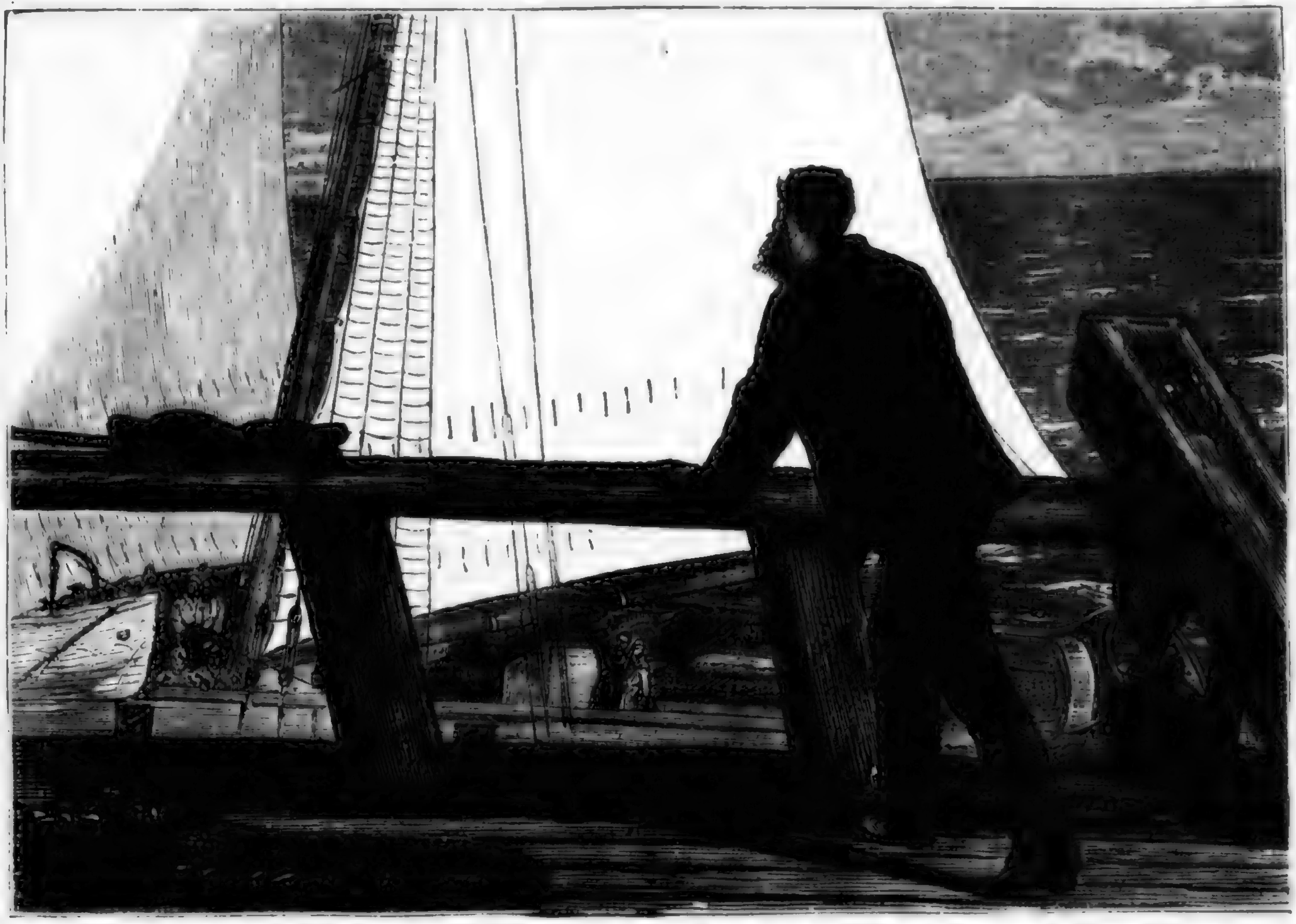
In a memoir before the Academy of Science at Rouen, M. Le Cat gives the following account of giants:

"Profane historians have given seven feet in height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1834, measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximinus was of that size. Shenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorepius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet high; and the bones of Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain the head of a gaunche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high. In Rouen, in 1500, they found a tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, engraved, 'In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones.'"

XUM



PINE-CONE GATHERERS.—SEE PAGE 191.



THE JILT.—"HIS EYES WERE BLASTED, AND HIS SOUL SICKENED, WITH THE ACTUAL PICTURE OF HIS OLD SWEETHEART EMBRACED BY HER LORD AND MASTER BEFORE ALL THE WORLD."

THE JILT.

By Charles Reade.

PART III.

The boat proceeded on her way. Ellen pointed to windward, and said, "See, Edward, the dark line is ever so much nearer us."

Laxton turned his head to windward directly, and some remarks passed between him and Castor.

Ellen had counted on this; she availed herself of it to whip a letter out of her pocket and write in pencil an address upon the envelope. This she did under a shawl upon her lap. Then she kept quiet, and waited an opportunity to do something more dangerous.

But none came. Laxton sat square with her; and could see every open movement of her hand.

They were within ten yards of the schooner, and the side manned to receive them.

Just then Laxton stood up and cried out, "Forward, there; stand by to loose the jib!"

The moment he stood up, Mrs. Laxton whipped the letter out from under her shawl, and held it by her left side, but a little behind her, where nobody could see it, except Castor. She shook it in her fingers very eloquently, to make that officer observe it. Then she leaned a little back, and held it toward him, but, with female adroitness, turned it outward in her hand so that not one of the many eyes in the boat could see it.

A moment of agony, and then she felt fingers much larger and harder than hers take it quietly, and convey it stealthily away. Her panting bosom relieved itself of a sigh.

"What is the matter?" said the watchful Laxton.

"The matter? Nothing," said she.

"I hope," said he, "you are not sorry to return to our humble craft?"

"I have seen none to compare with her," said she, fencing boldly, but trembling to herself.

The next moment she was on board the schooner, and waited to see the boat off, and also to learn, if possible, whether Castor had her letter all safe, and would take it to its address.

To her consternation she heard Laxton invite Castor to come on board a moment.

She tried to catch Castor's eye, and warn him to do nothing of the kind. But the light-hearted officer assented at once, and was on the quarter-deck next moment.

Laxton waved the others to fall back; but Ellen would not leave them together; she was too apprehensive, knowing what she had just done.

"I have not the honor of knowing your name, sir; mine is Edward Laxton."

"Mine is Dick Castor, sir, at your service, and yours, ma'am?" And he took this fair opportunity, and gave Ellen a look that made her cheeks burn, for it said plainly, "Your letter is in safe hands."

"Well, Mr. Castor," said Laxton, "you are the sort I want on board this schooner; you are a man of nerve. Now, I have never had a sailing-master yet, because I don't need one—I am an enthusiast in navigation, have studied it for years, theoretically and practically—but I want a first lieutenant, a man with nerve. What do you say, now? Five hundred a year, and a swell uniform."

"Well, sir, the duds don't tempt me; but the pay is very handsome, and the craft is a beauty."

XUM

Laxton bowed ceremoniously. "Let me add," said he, gravely, "that she is the forerunner of many such vessels. At present, I believe she is the only armed yacht afloat; but, looking at the aspect of Europe, we may reasonably hope some nice little war or other will spring up; then the *Rover* can play an honorable and, indeed, a lucrative part. My first lieutenant's prize money will not be less, I should imagine, than twenty thousand a year; an agreeable addition to his pay, sir."

"Delightful!" said Castor. "But they sometimes hang a privateer at the yard-arm; so I should be quite contented with my quiet little five hundred, and peaceful times."

"Well, then, tell 'em to sheer off, and fetch your traps."

"Yes, do, Mr. Castor," said Ellen. "You can send a line to explain." That was to get her own letter delivered, the sly thing.

Castor shook his head. "Sorry to disoblige you, ma'am, and to refuse you, sir; but things can't be done that way. A seaman must not desert his ship on her voyage. Catch me in port, and make the same offer, I'll jump mast-high at it."

"Well," said Laxton, "what port are you to be caught in?"

"Why, it must be London, or Hong-Kong. I shall be three months at Hong-Kong."

Laxton said he had not intended to cruise so far west as that; but he would take a note of it. "You are worth going a little out of the way for," said he.

Whilst he was making his note, "Bang!" went a gun from the *Phœbe*, and she was seen hoisting sail with great rapidity, her rigging swarming with men.

"There, that's for us,' said Castor.

"No hurry, sir," said Laxton; "he is going to tack instead of veering; she'll hang in the wind for half an hour. Forward, there! hoist the flying-jib and the fore-topsel. Helm a-weather! Veer the ship. Mr. Castor, bid your men hold on. We must not part without a friendly glass."

"Oh, no!" said Ellen. "I will order it."

Some of the prime Madeira was immediately brought on deck, and, whilst they were all three drinking to each other, the impatient *Phœbe* fired another gun. But Castor took it coolly; he knew Laxton was right, and that the ship could not come round on the port tack in a hurry. He drank his second glass, shook hands with Laxton, and then with Mrs. Laxton, received once more an eloquent pressure of her soft hand, and, this time, returned it, to give her confidence, and looked courage into her eyes, that met his anxiously. Then he put off; and, though the *Phœbe* was now nearly a mile off, he easily ran alongside her before she paid off and got her head before the wind.

His mind was in a troubled state. He was dying to know what this lovely woman, who had fallen in love with him so suddenly, had written to him. But he would not open it right in sight of the schooner, and so many eyes. He was a very loyal fellow.

At a good distance, he took it carefully out, and his countenance fell; for the letter was sealed, and addressed:

"*Lieut. Greaves, R.N.*"

Here was a disappointment, and a blow to the little amorous romance which Mr. Castor, who, amongst his other good qualities, was inflammable as tinder, had been constructing ever since the Corsair's bride first drank to him and pressed his hand.

He made a terribly wry face, looking at the letter; but he said to himself, with a little grunt, "Well, there's nothing lost that a friend gets."

As soon as he had boarded the *Phœbe*, and seen the boat replaced on the davits, the good-natured fellow ran down to Greaves's cabin, and found him sitting dejected, with his head down.

"Cheer up, Mr. Greaves," cries Castor; "luck is changed. Here is a fair wind, and every rag set, and the loveliest woman I ever clapped eyes on has been and written you a letter; and there it is."

"It is from *her!*" cried Greaves, and began to open it, all in a tremble. "She is in trouble, Castor. I saw it in her face."

"Trouble! not she! Schooner A 1, and money in both pockets."

"Trouble, I tell you! and great trouble, or she would never have written to me."

By this time he had opened the letter, and was busied in the contents. "It wasn't to me she wrote," he sighed. "How could it be?" He read it through; and then handed it to Castor.

The letter ran thus:

"I have written this, in hopes I may be able to give it to some lady on board the *Phœbe*, or to one of the officers, that something may be done to rescue me, and prevent some terrible misfortune.

"My husband is a madman. It is his mania to pass for a pirate, and frighten unarmed vessels. Only last week we fell in with a Dutch brig; and he hoisted a black flag with a white death's-head and cross-bones, and fired a shot across the Dutchman's bows. The Dutchman hove to directly, but took to his boats. Then Mr. Laxton thought he had done enough, so he fired a gun to leeward, in token of amity; but the poor Dutchman did not understand; and the crew pulled their boats toward Java-head, full ten miles off, and abandoned their ship. I told him it was too cruel; but he spoke quite harshly to me, and said that lubbers who didn't know the meaning of a gun to leeward had no business afloat. All I could persuade him to was to sail quite away, and let the poor Dutchmen see they could come back to their ship. She could not fly from them, because she was hove to.

"He tried this experiment on the *Phœbe*, and got the men to join him in it. He told me every word I was to say to the officer. The three who were put in irons had a guinea apiece for it, and double grog. He only left off because the officer who came on board was such a brave man, and won his respect directly; for he is as brave as a lion himself. And that is the worst of it; if a frigate caught him playing the pirate, and fired at him, he would be sure to fire back, and court destruction.

"His very crew are so attached to him, and so highly paid—for he is extremely rich—and sailors are so reckless, that I am afraid they would fight almost anybody, at a distance. But I think if they saw an officer on board in his uniform, and he spoke to them, they would come to their senses; because they are, many of them, men-of-war's-men. But, indeed, I fear he bribed some of them out of the Queen's ships; and I don't know what those men might not do, because they are deserters.

"It is my hope and prayer that the captain and officers of the *Phœbe* will, all of them, tell a great many other captains, especially of armed vessels, not to take the *Rover* for a real pirate, and fire on him; but to come on board, and put him under reasonable restraint, for his own sake, and that of others at sea.

"As for myself, I believe my own life is scarcely safe. He has fits of violence which he cannot help, poor fellow, and is very sorry for afterward; but they are becoming more frequent, and he is getting worse in every way.

"But it is not for myself I write these lines, so much as to prevent wholesale mischief. I behaved ill in marrying him, and must take my chance, and, perhaps, pay my penalty.

"ELLEN LAXTON."

"Well, Castor," said Greaves, eagerly, "what shall we do? Will the captain let you take volunteers and board her?"

"Certainly not! Why, here's a fair wind, and stunsels set to catch every puff."

"For heaven's sake, take him her letter, and try him."

"I'll do that; but it is no use."

He took the letter, and soon came back with a reply that Captain Curtis sympathized with the lady, and would make the case known to every master in his service.

"And that is all he is game for!" said Greaves, contemptuously. "Castor, lend me your arm. I can hobble on deck well enough."

He got on deck; and the schooner was three miles to leeward, and full a mile astern, with nothing set but her topsails and flying-jib.

Greaves groaned aloud. "He means to part company. We shall never see her again." He groaned, and went down to his cabin again.

He was mistaken. Laxton was only giving the ship a start, in order to try rates of sailing. He set his magnificent mainsail, and foresail, and main-jib, and came up with the ship hand over head, the moderate breeze giving him an advantage.

Castor did not tell Greaves; for he thought it would only put him in a passion, and do no good.

So the first intimation Greaves got was at about 4 P.M. He was seated, in deep sorrow, copying his lost sweetheart's letter, in order to carry out her wishes, when the shadow of an enormous jib-sail fell on his paper. He looked up, and saw the schooner gliding majestically alongside, within pistol-shot.

He flew on deck, in spite of his lame foot, and made the wildest propositions. He wanted a broadside fired at the schooner's masts, to disable her—wanted Captain Curtis to take the wind out of her sails, and run on to her, grapple her, and board her.

To all this, as might be supposed, Captain Curtis turned a deaf ear.

"Interfere, with violence, between man and wife, sir! Do you think I am as mad as he is? Attack a commander, who has just breakfasted with me, merely because he has got a tile loose? Pray compose yourself, Mr. Greaves, and don't talk nonsense. I shall keep my course, and take no notice of his capers. And, Mr. Greaves, I am sorry for you. You are out of luck. But every dog has his day. Be patient, man, for God's sake, and remember you serve Her Majesty, and should be the last to defy the law. You should set an example, sir."

This brought that excellent officer to his bearings, and he sat down all of a heap and was silent, but tears of agony came out of his eyes; and presently something occurred that made him start up in fury again.

For Laxton's quick eye had noticed him and his wild appeals, and he sent down for Mrs. Laxton. When she came up, he said, "My dear, there's a gentleman on deck who did not breakfast with us. There he sits, abaft the mainmast, looking daggers at us; do you know him?"

Ellen started.

"Ah, you do know him! Tell me his name."

"His name is Arthur Greaves."

"What, the same that was spoony on you when I sailed into Tenby Harbor?"

"Yes, yes. Pray, spare me the sight of the man I wronged so wickedly."

"Spare you the sight, you lying devil! Why, you raised your vail to see him the better." With these words he caught her hastily round the waist with his powerful arm, and held her in that affectionate position whilst he made his ironical adieu to the ship he was out-sailing.

During the above dialogue, the schooner being directly under the ship's lee, the wind was taken out of the swifter craft's sails, and the two vessels hung together a minute; but soon the schooner forged ahead, and glided gradually away, steering a more southerly course; and still those two figures were seen interlaced upon her deck, in spite of the lady's letter in Greaves's possession.

"The hell of impotence," says an old writer. Poor Greaves suffered that hell, all the time that the schooner ran alongside the ship, and nobody would help him board her, or grapple her, or sink her. Then was added the hell of jealousy; his eyes were blasted, and his soul sickened, with the actual picture of his old sweetheart embraced by her lord and master before all the world. He had her letter, addressed, though not written, to him; but Laxton had *her*, and the picture of possession was public. Greaves shook his fist at him with impotent fury, howled impotent curses at him, that everybody heard, even the ladies, who had come on deck well pleased, seeing only the surface of things, and were all aghast when Greaves came up all of a sudden, and stormed, and raged, at what to them was that pretty ship, and justly affectionate commander; still more aghast when all this torrent came to a climax, and the strong man fell down in a fit, and was carried, gnashing, and foaming, and insensible, to his cabin.

On board the schooner all was not so rosy as it looked. Mrs. Laxton, quietly imprisoned by an iron hand, and forced into a pictorial attitude of affection, quite out of character with her real sentiments—which, at that moment, were fear, repugnance, remorse, and shame—quivered and writhed in that velvet-iron embrace; her cheeks were red, at first, with burning blushes; but by degrees they became very pale; her lips quivered, and lost all color; and, soon after Greaves was carried below, her body began to collapse, and, at last, she was evidently about to faint; but her changeable husband looked in her face, uttered a cry of dismay, and supported her, with a world of tenderness, into the cabin, and, laying her on a sofa, recovered her with all the usual expedients, and then soothed her with the tenderest expressions of solicitude and devotion.

It was not the first time his tyranny had ended in adoration and tenderness. The couple had shed many tears of reconciliation; but the finest fabric wears out in time; and the blest shade of Lord Byron must forgive me if I declare that even "Pique her and soothe by turns" may lose its charm by what Shakspeare calls "damnable iteration." The reader, indeed, might gather as much from Mrs. Laxton's reply to her husband's gushing tenderness. "There—there—I know you love me, in your way; and, if you do, please leave me in peace, for I am quite worn out."

"Queen of my soul! your lightest word is a command," said the now chivalrous spouse, who impressed a delicate kiss upon her brow, and retired backward, with a gaze of veneration, as from the presence of his sovereign.

This sentiment of excessive veneration did not, however, last twenty-four hours. He thought the matter over, and, early next morning, he brought a paint-pot into the cabin, and, having stirred some of his wife's millefleur into it, proceeded to draw, and then paint, a certain word over a small cupboard, or locker, in the state cabin.

Mrs. Laxton came in, and found him so employed. "What a horrid smell!" said she, pettishly. "Paint!"

"What, do you smell it?" said he, in an humble, apologetic tone. "I thought I had succeeded in disguising it with something more agreeable to the nostrils of beauty—the essence of a thousand flowers."

"You have not, then; and what *are* you doing?"

"Painting a word on this locker. A salutary word. Behold, queen of the ship and your husband's heart!" And he showed her the word "Discipline," beautifully written in large letters, and in an arch.

She began to quake a little; but, being high-spirited, she said:

"Yes, it is a salutary word, and, if it had been applied to you when a boy, it would be all the better for you now—and for me, too."

"It would," said he, gravely. "But *I* had no true friend to correct the little faults of youth. You have. You have a husband, who knows how to sail a woman; '*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*'; that's the rule, when one is blessed, and honored, and tormented with the charge of capricious beauty."

Then Mrs. Laxton took fright, and said, cajolingly, she really believed he was the wisest man upon the seas.

As he was, at all events, one of the vainest, this so gratified him that no further allusion to her faults was made that day.

The next morning, two sailors had a fight for the affections of Susan Tucker, Mrs. Laxton's Welsh maid, whom he had made her color and rig out as Zulema, in that little comedy with Castor.

Thereupon Laxton complained to her, and said, "I cannot have the peace of the vessel disturbed by that hussy. I shall discharge her."

"What, into the sea, dear?" said Mrs. Laxton, rather pertly.

"No, love. Though I don't see why I shouldn't launch her in an open boat, with a compass, and a loaf, and a barrel of water, and a bottle of hair oil—she uses that, the nasty little pig. That sort of thing has been done, on less provocation, to Captain Blyth, and many others. No, I shall fire across the bows of the first homeward bound——"

Mrs. Laxton uttered a loud sigh of dismay.

"And send that little apple of discord back to its own orchard in South Wales; he, he, he!"

This was no laughing matter to poor Mrs. Laxton. She clasped her hands. "Oh, Edward, show me some mercy! I have never been without a woman about me. Oh, pray, don't let me be alone in a ship, surrounded by men, and not one woman!"

"For shame, Ellen!" said he, severely. "You are a pirate's bride, and must rise above your sex. I devote myself to your service as lady's maid. It would be odd, indeed, if a man who can pass a weather earing, couldn't humble-cum-stumble a woman's stays."

"That is not it. If she goes, my life will no longer be safe."

"Not safe! with me to look after it!"

"No, you villain!—you hypocrite!—If she goes, my life will not be safe from *you!*"

She was wild with anger and fear.

"These are hard words," said he, sorrowfully. Then, firmly, "I see the time has come for discipline;" and, though his words were wondrous calm, he seized her suddenly by the nape of the neck. She uttered one scream; the next he stopped with his other hand, and she bit it to the bone; but he never winced. "Come," said he, "I'll use no unnecessary violence. '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*' is the sailing order;" and in a few moments she was bundled, struggling violently, into the locker, and the key turned on her.

Though his hand bled freely, he kept his word, and used no unnecessary violence, provided you grant him, by way of postulate, that it was *necessary* to put her into that locker at all. Only as she fought, and bit, and scratched, and kicked, and wriggled her very best, the necessary violence was considerable.

That was her fault, not his, he conceived. He used no unnecessary violence. He now got a napkin, and tied up his hand. Then he took a centre-bit, and bored holes in the paneled door.

This, he informed his prisoner, was necessary. "Without a constant supply of fresh air, you would be uncomfortable; and your comfort is very dear to me."

He then remarked that she ought to have a sentinel. Respect, as well as safety, demanded that; and, as he was his own factotum, he would discharge that function. Accordingly, he marched past the locker, to and fro, without ceasing; till there was a knock at his cabin-door, and a sail reported to leeward.

"Homeward bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then close up with her. And get my gig ready to board her."

When he came near her, it proved to be one of Mr. Green's tea-ships; so he fired a gun to leeward, instead of sending a shot across her bows; and then he launched his gig, with Susan blubbering in the stern sheets, and her clothes in a hammock.

The ship, for a wonder, condescended to slack her mainsheet, and the boat, being very swift, ran up to her astern, and the officer in command of the boat offered forty pounds for a passage.

They happened to want a female servant, and so they took her, with a little grumbling; and she got her fare, or the greater portion of it, paid her for wages at Southampton. So I am told, however.

The pursuit and capture of the ship, and the hoisting on board of Susan, were all reported, during their actual progress, with great bonhommie, to Mrs. Laxton, through her air-holes, by her spouse and sentinel, and received with sobbing, and sullen tears.

When the boat came back, Laxton put on a bright and cheerful air.

"There," said he, to his prisoner, "the bone of contention is gone, and peace is restored—nautical peace, and domestic peace. Aren't you glad?"

No answer.

"Don't be sulky, dear. That shows a bad disposition, and calls for discipline. Open your mind to me. This is the cellular system, universally approved. How do you find it work? How do you feel, love? A little—subjugated—eh? Tell the truth, now."

"Yes; quite subjugated," said a faint voice. "Pray, let me out."

"With pleasure, dear. Why did you not ask me before?"

He opened the door, and there was the poor woman, crouched in a cupboard that only just held her, seated on the ground, with her knees half way to her chin.

She came out, with her eyes as wild as any beast of the forest, that had been caught in a trap, and tottered to a seat. She ran her white hands recklessly into her hair, and rocked herself.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Susan gone; and I am alone with a madman! I'm a lost woman!"

Laxton pitied her distress, and set himself to cool her fears.

"Don't talk like that, dearest," said he; "a little discipline is wholesome. What have you to fear from a man, whose sportive ensign, no doubt, is a Death's-head and cross-bones, but whose motto is '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*'? Look here; here is an ensanguined cloth. Mine is the only blood that has been shed in our little loving encounter; the only blood that ever shall be shed between us, sweet tigress of my soul."

"Forgive me," she said, trembling all over. "I was so frightened."

"Forgive you, dearest? Why, you know a bite from you is sweeter than a kiss from any other woman. It was rapturous. Bite me again, love; scratch me; beat me. Sweet, darling Nelly, teach a brute and a ruffian to dare to discipline his lovely queen."

"No, no. I won't touch you. You don't love me."

"Not love you? Ah, cruel Nelly! What man ever loved a woman as I love you?"

"Give me a proof; some better proof than locking me up in that horrid hole."

"Any proof you like."

"Take me on shore. I'm not a sailor; and I begin to pine for land."

"Of course you do," said Laxton, who was now all indulgence. "Choose your land at once. There's Australia to leeward."

"Yes; six thousand miles. Let us go to China, and drink tea together, dear, fresh gathered."

"The desire is natural," said Laxton, like a nurse making life sweet to a refractory child. "I'll go on deck, and alter her course directly. By-the-by, where did Castor say I should find him?"

Thus, even in her deplorable condition, and just let out of prison, did a terrified, but masterly woman manipulate her maniac.

But what she endured in the course of a very few days was enough to unhinge a lady for life. Laxton took to brooding, and often passed his hand over his brow, with a weird, terrified look. Then she watched him with terror. On deck, he went into furies about the most trifling things, and threatened his best seamen with the cat.

Ellen could hear his voice raging above, and sat trembling, as his step came down the ladder, after these explosions. But at the cabin-door he deposited violence, and his mania took another turn. He disciplined her every day, and it seemed to cool him. She made no resistance; and they

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

conversed amicably, on different sides of the prison, she admitting that discipline was good for her mind.

After a time, she would say:

"Edward, I'm sorry to say this contracted position pains my limbs."

"We must provide for that. I'll build another yacht, with more room in it—*for everything.*

"Do, dear; and, meantime, I am afraid I must ask you to let me out."

"Oh, by all means! Everything must give way to your comfort."

Unfortunately, Mr. Laxton, as his reason became weaker, set up a spy; and this fellow wormed out that one of the crew had seen Castor take a letter, on the sly, from Mrs. Laxton. This upset his mind altogether. He burst in upon her, looking fearful.

"So you write love-letters to strangers, do you?" he roared.

"No, no. Who dares say so?"

"Who dares deny it? You were seen to give one to that Castor, a man you had only spoken to once, you false-hearted, adulterous hussy!"

"It was only a letter to my father."

"Liar! it was a love-letter. And that Greaves couldn't show his face, but you must unvail to him. Damnation! There—you are driving me mad. But you shall not escape, nor your paramours-elect. I know where to find *them*; and *you* I've got."

The poor creature began to shiver. "I am full of faults," she whimpered. "Discipline me, dear. You will mend me, in time."

"No, Judas!" roared the madman. "I have disciplined you in vain. Discipline! it is wasted on such a character. I must try EXTINCTION."

"What, would you kill me, Arthur?"

"Dead as a herring."

"God have mercy on me!"

"That's *His* affair; *mine* is to see that you deceive and delude no more able navigators, and drive them mad. But don't you think I'm going to shed your blood. I'm too fond of you, traitress—viper—hussy—demon of deceit. And don't you think you shall die alone. No. You shall perish with your Castor, and your Greaves—cursed triumvirate! I know where to find them both. This very day I'll catch them, and lash them to the furniture, scuttle my beloved schooner, and set the water bubbling slowly up, till it sucks you all three down to the bottom. Sit down on that ottoman, if you please, loveliest, and wickedest of all God's creatures."

"I will not. I will scream, if you lay a hand on me."

"In that case," said he, "you will drive me to a thing I detest, and that is violence." And he drew out a revolver.

Then she put up her quivering hands, and, pale and quaking in every limb, submitted; she sat down on the ottoman, and he produced some gold cord and fine silk cord; with the silk he tied her hair most artistically to the table, and with the gold cord he bound her hands behind her back, and reduced her to utter helplessness. This done with great care and dexterity, he bade her observe, with a sneer, that his revolver was not loaded. He loaded it, and another, before her eyes; put them in his pocket; locked the cabin, and went on deck, leaving her more dead than alive.

PART IV.

ALL this time the schooner had been running thirteen knots an hour, before a S.W. breeze, and Laxton soon saw a port under his lee, with many ships at anchor; the sight fired his poor brain; he unfurled two black pennants with a white head and crossbones, one at each of his mastheads, and flew a similar ensign at his main-peak, and so stood in for the anchorage, like a black kite sweeping into a poultry-yard.

* * * * * *

Greaves soon came to from his fit: but he had a racking pain across the brow, and the doctor dreaded brain-fever; however, a violent bleeding relieved the sufferer, and Nature, relenting, sent this much-enduring man a long, heavy sleep, whence he awoke with an even pulse, but fell into a sullen, dogged state of mind, sustained only by some vague, and not very reasonable, hope of vengeance.

But now the ladies interfered; from one to another they had picked up some of his story. He was the one hero of romance in the ship, and his ill-luck, bodily and mental, before their eyes; their hearts melted with pity, and they came to the rescue. However timid a single lady may be, four can find courage, when acting in concert. They visited him in his cabin, in pairs; they made him, in one day, by division of labor, a fine cloth shoe for his bad foot; they petted him, and poured consolation on him; and one of them, Mrs. General Meredith, who had a mellow, sympathetic voice, after beating coyly about the bush a bit, wormed his whole story out of him, and instantly told it to the others, and they were quite happy the rest of the voyage, having a real, live love-story to talk over. Mrs. Meredith gave him her address at Hong-Kong, and made him promise to call on her.

At last they reached that port, and the passengers dispersed. Greaves went on board the *Centaur*, and was heartily welcomed.

He reported his arrival to the admiral, and fell at once into the routine of duty. He intended to confide in his good-natured friend the second mate, but was deterred by hearing that a new steam corvette was about to be dispatched to the island to look after pirates. She was to be ready in less than a month.

Nothing was more likely than that the admiral would give the command to his flag-lieutenant. Indeed, the chances were five to one. So Greaves said to himself: "I'll hold my tongue about that madman, and then if I have the good luck to fall in with him I can pretend to take him for a pirate, and board him, and rescue her."

So he held his tongue, and in due course it was notified to him that he was to command the corvette, as soon as her armament should be complete.

It did not escape Lieutenant Greaves that the mad cruiser might be cruising in Polynesia, while he was groping the Chinese islands with his corvette; still there was a chance; and, as it seemed the only one, his sad heart clung to it. In England, time, and a serious malady, had closed his wound; but the sight of Ellen's face, pale and unhappy, and the possession of her letter, which proved that she feared her husband more than she loved him, had opened his wound again, and renewed all his love, and all his pain.

But, whilst he was waiting, and sickening with impatience at the delays in fitting out his corvette for service, an incident occurred that struck all his plans aside in a moment, and taught him how impossible it is for man to foresee what a single day may bring forth.

Admiral Hervey was on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, and a group of his officers conversing to leeward of him, at a respectful distance, when suddenly a schooner, making for the port, hoisted a black flag, with Death's-head and cross-bones at her mastheads and her main-peak, and came bowling in; she steered right for the *Centaur*, just shaved her stern, ran on about a cable's length, hove up in the wind, and anchored between the flag-ship and the port she was watching.

It really looked as if this comic pirate meant to pour his little broadside into the mighty *Centaur*, and get blown out of the water in a moment.

Then Greaves began to ask himself whether he was right not to tell the admiral all about this vessel. But while he hesitated, that worthy did not. He grinned at the absurdity of the thing, but he frowned at the impudence. "This won't do," he said. Then, turning toward his officers: "Lieutenant Greaves!"

"Sir!"

"Take an armed party, and bring the master of that schooner to me."

"Ay, sir."

In a very few minutes, Lieutenant Greaves, with two boats containing armed sailors and marines, and the union-jack flying, put off from the *Centaur*, and boarded the schooner.

At sight of his cocked hat, the schooner's men sluuk forward, and abandoned their commander. He sat aft, on a barrel of gunpowder, a revolver in each hand, and vociferated.

Greaves stepped up, and fixed his eye on him. He was raving mad, and dangerous. Greaves ordered two stout fellows to go round him, whilst he advanced. Then, still fixing his eye on the maniac, he so mesmerised him that he did not notice the other assailants. At one moment they pinned him behind, and Greaves bounded on him like a cat. Bang! bang! went two shots, plowing the deck; and Laxton was secured and tied, and bundled, shrieking, cursing and foaming, on board one of the boats, and taken to the flag-ship.

Meantime, Greaves stepped forward, and said a few words to the men.

"Now then, Jack, do you want to get into trouble?"

The men's caps went off in a moment.

"No, your honor; it ain't our fault."

"Then strike those ridiculous colors, and fly your union-jack at the main-peak; this schooner is under royal command for the present."

"Ay, ay, sir."

This was done in a moment, and meantime Greaves ran down the companion-ladder, and knocked at the cabin-door.

No answer.

Knocked again, and listened.

He heard a faint moan.

He drew back as far as he could, ran furiously at the door, and gave it such a tremendous kick with his sound foot that the lock gave way, and the door burst open.

Then the scared Ellen saw a cocked hat in the doorway, and the next moment her old lover was by her side, untying her hair, and cutting the ligatures carefully, with tender ejaculations of pity.

"Oh, Arthur!" she sobbed. "Ah!—go away, he will kill us both."

"No, no; don't you be frightened, He is under arrest; and I command the schooner, by the admiral's orders; don't tremble so, darling. It is all over. Why, you are under the guns of the flag-ship, and you have got me. Oh, my poor Ellen, did ever I think to see you used like this?"

So then they had a cry together; and he said everything in the world to comfort her.

But it was not to be done in a moment. The bonds were gone; but the outrage remained.

"I want a woman!" she cried, and hid her face. "Arthur, bring me a woman!"

"That I will," said he; and, seeing paper and envelopes on a table, he dashed off a line to the Admiral:

"Lady on board the schooner in great distress. May I send her ashore to female friends?"

He sent the remaining boat off with this, and the answer came back directly—

"Act according to your discretion. You can go ashore."

As soon as he got this, he told Mrs. Laxton he would take her to Mrs. General Meredith, or invite that lady on board.

Mrs. Laxton said she felt unable to move; so then Greaves dispatched a midshipman in the boat, with a hasty line, and assisted Mrs. Laxton to the sofa, and, holding her hand, begged her to dismiss all her fears.

She was too shaken, however, to do that, and sat crying and quivering; she seemed ashamed, too, and humiliated. So this honest fellow, thinking she would perhaps be glad if he left her, placed two marines at her cabin-door, to give her confidence, and went on deck, and gave some orders, which were promptly obeyed.

But very soon he was sent for to the cabin. "Pray, don't desert me!" said Mrs. Laxton. "The sight of you gives me courage." After a while, she said, "Ah, you return good for evil."

"Don't talk like that," said he. "Why, I am the happiest fellow afloat, now. I got your letter. But I never thought I should be so happy as to rescue you."

"Happy!" said she. "I shall never be happy again. And I don't believe you will. Pray, don't forget that I am a married woman."

"I don't forget that."

"Married to a madman! I hope no harm will come to him."

"I will take care no harm comes to *you*."

Then Greaves, who had read no French novels, and respected the marriage tie, became more distant and respectful, and, to encourage her, said:

"Mrs. Laxton, the lady I have sent to, admired you on board the ship, and I am sure, if she gets my letter, she will do more for you than a poor fellow like me can, now you are out of danger. She is a general's wife, and was very kind to me."

"You are very good and thoughtful," said Mrs. Laxton.

Then there was an awkward silence; and it was broken by the arrival of the boat, with General Meredith and his wife.

Greaves put them on board the schooner, shook hands with the lady, and proposed to her to see Mrs. Laxton alone.

"You are right," said she.

Greaves showed her to the cabin; and I don't know all that passed, but in a very short time these ladies, who had never met but once, were kissing each other, with wet eyes.

Mrs. Meredith insisted on taking her new friend home with her. Mrs. Laxton acquiesced, joyfully; and, for once, a basket of lady's clothes was packed in five minutes.

The boat put off again, and Greaves looked sad. So Mrs. Meredith smiled at him, and said:

"You know where to find us. Don't be long."

Greaves watched the boat, till it was lost among the small shipping; then placed the midshipman in charge, and went at once on board the flag-ship.

Here he heard that the master of the schooner had been taken on the quarter-deck, and requested, civilly enough, to explain his extraordinary conduct; but had sworn at the admiral, and called him an old woman; whereupon, the admiral had not shown any anger, but had said, "Clap him in irons," concluding that he was what he expected and desired.

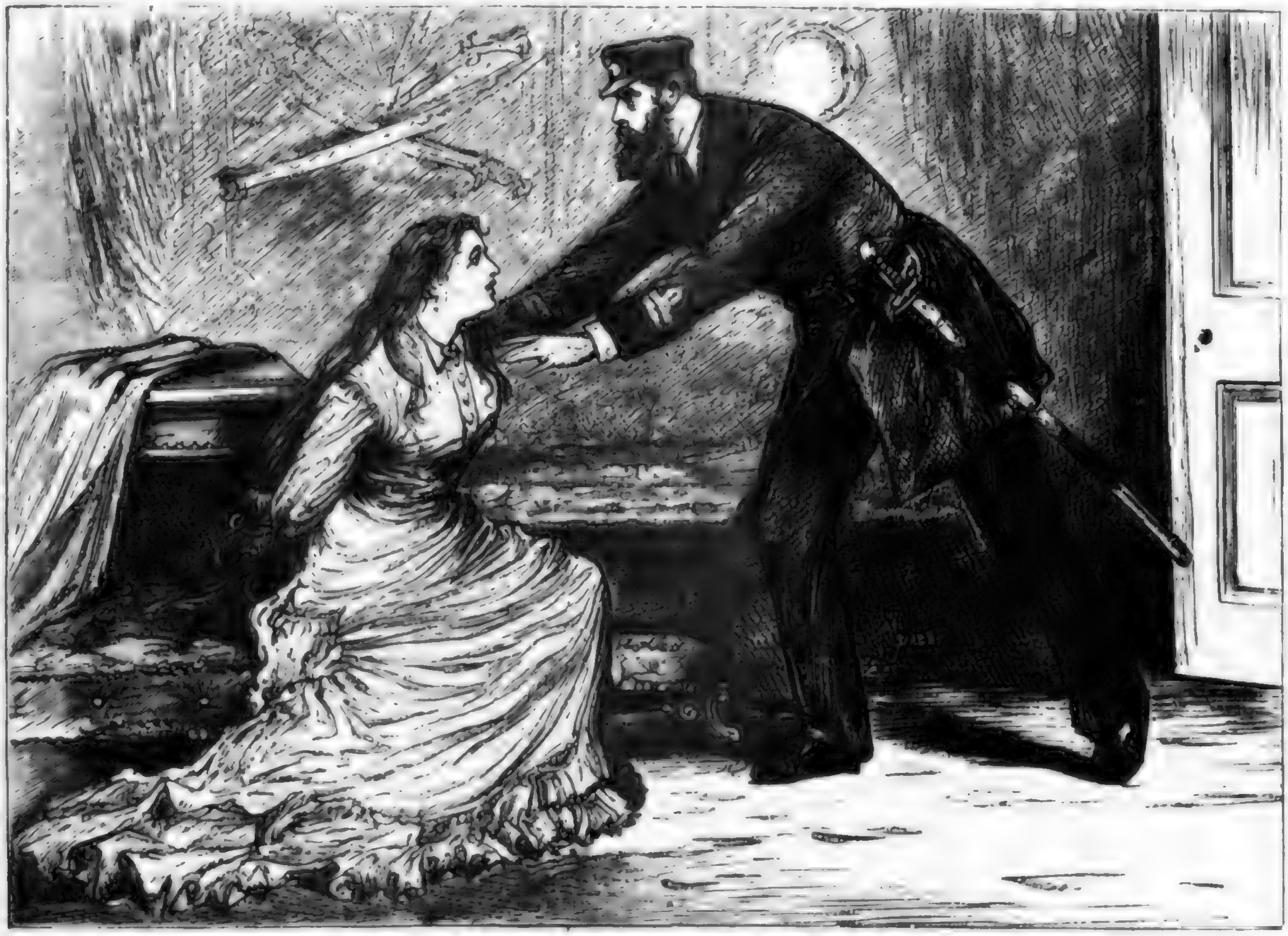
"Then this doughty sailor, Greaves, who had been going to kill his rival at sight, etc., was seized with compunction the moment that rival was powerless. He went boldly to the admiral, and asked leave to give information. He handed him Mrs. Laxton's letter.

"Oh!" said the admiral; "then he is mad?"

"As a March hare, sir. And I'm afraid putting him in irons will make him worse. It is a case for a lunatic asylum."

"You won't find one here; but the marine hospital has a ward for lunatics. I know that, for we had to send a foretopman there last week. I'll give you an order, and you can take him ashore at once."

Then Greaves actually took the poor wretch, who had wrecked his happiness, and was now himself a wreck, on board a boat, and conveyed him to the hospital, and instructed the master not to show him any unnecessary severity, but to guard against self-destruction.



THE JILT.—"THE NEXT MOMENT HER OLD LOVER WAS BY HER SIDE, UNTYING HER HAIR, AND CUTTING THE LIGATURES CAREFULLY, WITH TENDER EJACULATIONS OF PITY."

Then he went directly to Mrs. Meredith and reported what he had done.

Mrs. Laxton, in spite of all remonstrance, would go and see her husband that night; but she found him in a strait waistcoat, foaming and furious, and using such language, she was obliged to retire horror-stricken.

About five in the morning he burst a blood-vessel in the brain, and at noon next day all his troubles were over.

Mrs. Laxton mourned him, and buried him, and Greaves held aloof, not liking to go near her just now; for he was too frank and simple to pretend he shared her grief. Yet he had sense enough to understand that, at such a time, a generous spirit remembers only a man's good qualities; and Laxton had many; but, even when he married Ellen Ap Reice, the seeds were in him of that malady which destroyed him at last.

However, if Greaves was out of the widow's sight, he was not out of her mind, for Mrs. Meredith knew his whole tale, and told her how he had gone to Tenby, and had taken her marriage to heart, and had been at death's door in London.

At last Greaves called, having the excuse of a message from the admiral. He wished to know if Mrs. Laxton would sell eight of her guns to the Government, and also allow her sailors to be drafted into his ships, all but two, that number being sufficient to take care of her vessel in port.

Mrs. Laxton said:

"I shall do nothing of the kind, without *your* advice, Arthur—Mr. Greaves. Why, how am I to get home?"

Then Greaves advised her to sell the guns, for they were worse than useless; but to part with the men only on condition that the admiral would man the schooner "when required" with new hands, that had never played tricks at sea under her late commander.

Greaves called once or twice in the course of this negotiation, and thought Ellen had never looked so lovely as in her widow's cap. But he felt bound to abstain from making love, though he was bursting with it, and both ladies saw it.

But one day he came to them in great dismay, and told them the guns had been bought for the steam corvette he was to command, and she would be ready in a week, and he should have to go on his cruise.

"I am very unfortunate," he said.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when his friend, the second lieutenant, was announced.

"Beg pardon, ladies; but here's a letter from the admiral for Greaves; and we all hope it's promotion."

He produced an enormous letter, and sure enough Lieutenant Greaves was now a commander.

"Hurrah!" shouted the second lieutenant, and retired.

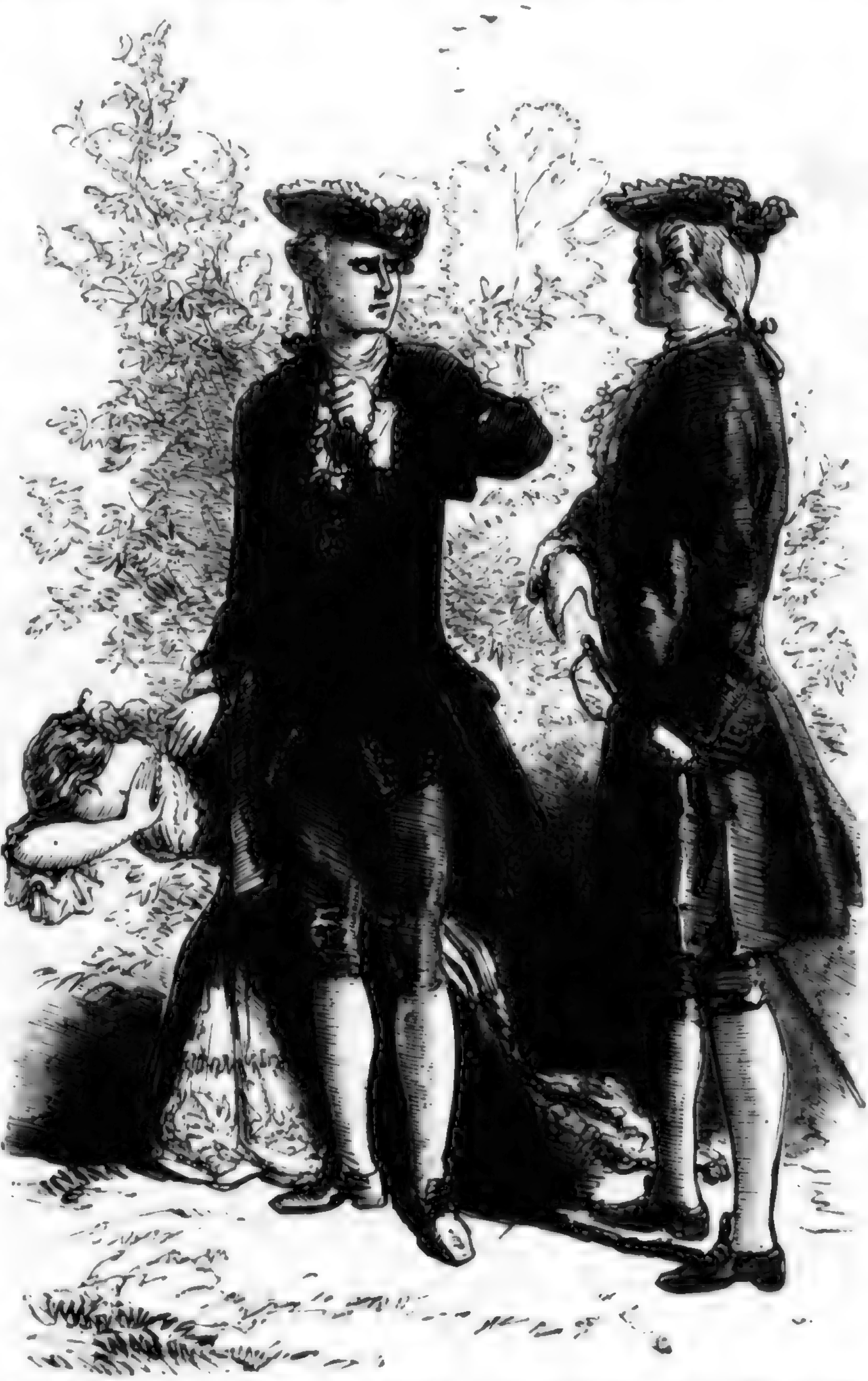
"This would have made me very happy once," said Greaves; then cast a despairing look at Ellen, and went off, all in a hurry, not to break down.

Then Mrs. Laxton had a cry round her friend's neck.

But next day the same Greaves came in, all joyous.

"I was a fool," said he. "I forgot the rule of the service. An admiral can't have two commanders. That fine fellow who came after me with the news is lieutenant in my place; and I'm to go home for orders."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Ellen. "When must you go?"



MISS WALKINSHAW.—"SUCH A DEAD SILENCE! IT APPALLED ME—THOSE MEN GLARING AT EACH OTHER, AND MADAME, TOO FRIGHTENED FOR TEARS, CROUCHING AT MY LORD'S FEET IN AN AGONY OF MUTE SUPPLICATION."—SEE PAGE 203.

"Oh, I dare say I might stay another fortnight or so. When are you going home, Mrs. Laxton?"

"The very first opportunity; and Mrs. Meredith is to go with me. Won't it be nice?"

"Yes," said he; "but it would be nicer if I could be third man. But no such luck for me, I suppose."

Those two ladies now put their heads together and boarded the admiral. He knew Mrs. Meredith; but was a little surprised, though too true a tar to be displeased. They were received in his cabin, and opened their business.

Mrs. Laxton wanted to go home immediately in her schooner, and she had no crew.

"Well, madam, you are not to suffer for your civility to *us*. We will man your schooner for you in forty-eight hours."

"Oh, thank you, admiral! But the worst of it is, I have no one to command her."

"No sailing-master?"

"No, my poor husband sailed her himself," answered the lady, mournfully.

"Ay, I remember, poor fellow! Besides" (looking at the beautiful widow), "I would not trust you to a sailing-master."

"What we thought, admiral, was, that as we gave up the guns and the sailors, perhaps you would be so kind as to lend us an officer."

"What, out of her Majesty's fleet? I could not do that. But, now I think of it, I've got the very man for you. Here's Commander Greaves, going home, on his promotion. He is as good an officer as any on the station."

"Oh, admiral, if *you* think so well of him, he will be a godsend to poor us!"

"Well, then, he is at your service, ladies; and you could not do better."

Greaves was a proud and joyful man. "My luck has turned," said he.

He ballasted the schooner and provisioned her, at Mrs. Laxton's expense, who had received a large sum of money for her guns. The two ladies occupied the magnificent cabin. He took an humbler berth, weighed anchor, and away for old England.

I shall not give the reader any nautical details of another voyage, but a brief sketch of things distinct from navigation that happened on board.

Mrs. Laxton was coy for some days; then friendly; then affectionate; and, off the Cape, tyrannical.

"You are not the Arthur Greaves I remember," said she; "he had not a horrid beard."

"Why, I suffered for not having one," said he.

"What I mean," said she, "is that you do not awaken in me the associations you would but for that—appendage."

"You wish those associations awakened?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then let me see you as you used to be—Arthur."

The beard came off next morning.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Laxton; and, to do her justice, she felt a little compunction at her tyranny, and disposed to reconcile him to his loss. She was so kind to him that, at Madeira, he asked her to marry him.

"To be sure I will," said she, "some day. Why, I believe we are engaged."

"I am sure of it," said he.

"Then, of course, I *must* marry you. But there's one—little—condition."

"Must I grow a beard again?"

"No. The condition is—I am afraid that you won't like it."

"Perhaps not; but I don't care, if I am to be paid by marrying you."

"Well then, it is—you must leave the service."

"Leave the service! You cannot be serious? What, just when I am on the road to the red flag at the fore? Besides, how are we to live? I have no other means at present; and I am not going to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Papa is rich, *dear*, and I can sell the yacht for a trading vessel. She is worth ten thousand pounds, I'm told."

"Oh, then I am to be idle, and eat my wife's bread?"

"And butter, *dear*. I promise it shall not be dry bread."

"I prefer a crust, earned like a man."

"You don't mean to say that you won't leave the service to oblige *me, sir?*"

"Anything else you like; but I cannot leave the service."

"Then I cannot marry you, my sailor bold," chanted the tyrannical widow, and retired to her cabin.

She told Mrs. Meredith; and that lady scolded her, and lectured her, till she pouted and was very nearly crying.

However, she vouchsafed an explanation. "One requires change. I have been the slave of one man, and now I *must* be the tyrant of another."

Mrs. Meredith suggested that rational freedom would be a sufficient change for her condition under Laxton.

"Rational freedom!" said the widow, contemptuously; "that is neither one thing nor the other. I will be a slave or a tyrant. He will give in, as he did about the beard, if you don't interfere. I'll be cross one day, and affectionate the next, and all sweetness the next. He will soon find out which he likes best, and he will give in, poor, dear fellow."

I suppose that in a voyage round the world these arts might have conquered; but they sighted the Lizard without Greaves yielding, and both were getting unhappy; so Mrs. Meredith got them together, and proposed she should marry him, and if, in one year after marriage, she insisted on his leaving the service, he would be bound in honor to do so.

"I'm afraid that comes to the same thing," said Greaves.

"No, it does not," said Mrs. Meredith. "Long before a year she will have given up her nonsensical notion, that wives can be happy tyrannizing over the man they love, and you will be master."

"Aha!" said Mrs. Laxton, "we shall see."

This being settled, Ellen suddenly appeared with her engaged ring on her finger, and was so loving, that Greaves was almost in heaven. They landed Mrs. Meredith, with all the honors, at Plymouth, and telegraphed the Mayor of Tenby. Next day they sailed into the Welsh harbor, and landed. They were both received with open arms by the mayor and all Dewar; and it was the happiest house in Wales.

Ellen staid at home; but Greaves lived on board the ship till the wedding-day.

Ellen, still on the doctrine of opposition, would be cried in church, because the last time she had been married by license; and, as she had sailed away from church the first time, she would travel by land, and no further than St. David's.

They were soon back at Tenby; and she ordered Greaves to take her on board the yacht, with a black leather bag.

"Take that into the cabin, dear," said she.

Then she took some curious keys out of her pocket, and opened a secret place, that nobody would have discovered. She showed him a great many bags of gold and a pile of bank-notes.

"We are not so very poor, Arthur," she said. "You will have a little butter to your bread. You know I promised you should. And there is money settled on me; and he left me a great deal of money besides when he was in his senses, poor fellow. I could not tell before, or papa would have it settled on me; and that lowers a husband. Being henpecked a *very little—quite privately*—does not," she said, cajolingly.

Greaves was delighted, within certain limits.

"I am glad to find you are rich," said he. "But I hope you won't make me leave the service. Money is not everything."

"I promise never to discharge you from *my* service, dear. I know your value too well."

They spent a happy fortnight in Tenby as man and wife.

One day they walked on the south sands, and, somehow, found themselves in Merlin's Cave.

Here Ellen sat, with her head on that faithful shoulder, and he looked down on her with inexpressible tenderness.

Presently she gave a scream, and started up, and was out of the cavern in a moment. He followed her, a little alarmed.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, Arthur, a dream! Such a dreadful one! I dreamt I played you false, and married a gentleman with a beard, and he was mad, and took me all round the world, and ill-used me, and tied me by the hair, and you rescued me; and then I found, too late, it was you I esteemed and loved, and we were parted for ever. Oh, what a dream! *And* so vivid!"

"How extraordinary!" said he. "Would you believe I dreamt I lost you in that very way, and was awfully ill, and went to sea again, and found you lashed to a table by your beautiful hair, and lost to me for ever?"

"Poor Arthur! What a blessing it was only a dream!"

Soon after the pair had come to this little historical arrangement they settled in London; and Mrs. Greaves, being as beautiful as ever, and extremely rich, exerted her powers of pleasing, to advance her husband's interests. The consequence is, he remains in the service, but is at present employed in the Education Department. She no longer says he must leave the service; her complaint now is that she loves him too well to govern him as should be. But she is firm on this, that, if he takes a command, she shall go with him; and she will do it, too.

Her ripe beauty is dazzling; she is known to be wealthy. The young fellows look from her to her husband, and say:

"What on earth could she have seen in that man, to marry him?"

I wonder how many of these young swells will vie with him in earnest, and earn a lovely woman both by doing and suffering!

THE END.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

There is something very ingenious in the manufacture of marbles. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small, cubical fragments, and about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of these are ground at one time in a mill, something like a flour-mill. The lower stone, which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or wind power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The little pieces are made to roll about in all directions, and in a quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.

Such as have virtue always in their mouth, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others while itself is insensible of the music.

MISS WALKINSHAW.

Literal Extracts from Barbara Vance's Journal.

Chapter I.

HER story has been told repeatedly. Her poor name has been dragged into countless scandalous romances. I have listened to scores; but, upon the word of a woman, do I solemnly aver that in none of these was the truth, and no one should know the truth better than I, Barbara Vance. So, now, utterly indignant at the many falsehoods that overshadow the whole affair, I give the facts concerning Isabel Walkinshaw and the man Charles Edward Stuart—he who styled himself Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

I quitted Pousford on the morning of May 7th, 1772. An ugly morning it was, indeed—raw and cold, with a biting wind, and a sharp drizzle of rain beating against the coach-windows. Mark Osborn was standing in his shop-door as we went lumbering by. I looked out, and nodded gayly. He looked up, and frowned; and then I laughed—and cried.

The following day, at noon, or thereabout, we reached London, and drove up to the Bull's Head Tavern. An exceedingly civil serving-man in blue livery was there, waiting to receive me, and the same mighty personage conducted me to a grand mansion, where I was met by an elderly woman in a dark gown. This was my cousin, Hester Blount, maid to a lady whose name you shall hear presently.

Now Hester, as luck would have it, had written for me just when my heart was breaking to get away from Pousford, so I went to her. I had not seen her for years; but she met me as though I had been her nearest and dearest. She embraced me tenderly—indeed, she had always been tender to me, in her stern way—asked a few questions, listened in silence to the story of my broken life, and then conducted me to her mistress.

We entered a spacious chamber, whose grandeur was softened by a mellow light, and there, seated at a table, writing, was the handsomest woman I had ever seen in all my life. She had a skin like lilies and roses; her eyes were as blue as my own, but her hair, unlike mine, was just one mass of yellow ringlets. She wore a robe of some rich silken stuff, but not a trinket—never so much as a ring upon her shapely fingers.

Wheeling her chair sharply about as we advanced, she awaited Hester's explanation.

"Madame," said my cousin, "this is Barbara Vance, and she is but newly arrived."

I courtesied, and madame nodded; she was silent, and I dared not look up, for I knew that her gaze never quitted my face.

"How old are you, Barbara?" she asked, at last, in the softest tone imaginable.

"Four-and-twenty, next Shrovetide, my lady," I answered.

"Have you a sweetheart, child?"

"No, my lady."

"No sweetheart! Have you never had one?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is he dead?"

I tried to answer, but I could not; tears blinded my eyes, and my lips seemed locked. Then I heard Hester saying: "He is not dead; he is married, madame."

"Ah!" said madame, slowly, "I understand. Your lover was false to you. Ah, my God, that is hard!"

She sat for a moment quite still, her elbow upon the table, her hand shading her face. Presently she spoke again:

"Will you enter my service, Barbara?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Do you swear to be faithful to me?"

"I solemnly swear it, my lady."

"Then, lock the doors, Hester. What you and I have to say to Barbara must be heard by her alone."

It must have been full two hours later when madame graciously accorded me permission to withdraw, and then my cousin led me to a pretty little chamber next to her own.

"Hester," I cried, when I had ceased admiring my new surroundings, "madame is fit to be a queen!"

"Humph!" was my cousin's grim rejoinder.

"But, Hester," I said again, "what am I to call her?"

"Call her? Why, haven't I told you her name yet, child?"

What a question! And right well she knew that she had never mentioned it—nay, that she had studiously avoided mentioning it, even in answer to my first eager inquiries.

"You know that you haven't."

"Well, then, call her Miss Walkinshaw."

"Miss Walkinshaw?" I repeated, blankly.

"Yes," quoth Hester; "pray, have you ever heard of her?"

"No."

"Well, then, what has come over you, girl? Did you expect her to be a royal duchess?"

"No," I retorted, "not that; for a royal duchess would be a married woman. Oh, Hester, I begin to understand it all now."

Chapter II.

In a few days, and in accordance with arrangements which had been made behind closed doors upon the night of my arrival, I quitted London for no less a place than Rome, where I was to act as maid to the young bride of an Englishman of note. I was not going to the capital of Christendom alone—oh, no! Mr. Richard Maskelyn bore me company, and he, being commissioned by my mistress to watch over me, did all in his power to make my journey a pleasant one.

This Mr. Maskelyn was a clever young gentleman; handsome, proud, stern, and as brave as brave could be. He too had his part to play; how well he played it you shall presently hear.

We reached Rome on June 17th, 1772. Here my companion bade me adieu *for a time*, and here I entered immediately upon my new duties. My mistress was no less a personage than Louisa of Stolberg, bride of Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, or, as he was styled, the Count of Albany.

The countess was a lively, pleasant, little creature, not beautiful, but full of those indefinable charms which work more real harm with men than pretty faces might ever hope to do; and she seemed to be just the happiest woman in all the wide world; so happy that, had I been the unsuspecting country lass that she supposed, I would really have envied her.

My lady spoke English remarkably well, and the first time that I busied myself with her toilet, she asked me ten thousand questions, all of which I answered with wonderful

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discretion. Then she ran on in a childlike, innocent way, telling me of her early convent life at St. Wandru, where she was a canoness; of her girlish admiration for the daring adventurer who had succeeded in defeating an English army, and in striking terror to the heart of an English king; of her marriage; of her gifts; and, lastly, of her expectations.

"When right triumphs, and justice is done, I shall be queen, of course," said she, proudly.

And then she showed me a medal, of solid, yellow gold, whereon was inscribed this legend:

"Charles III., born 1730, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland."

And on the opposite side:

"Louisa, Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland. 1772."

It was very pretty, and I said so, for she seemed to take much comfort in the high-sounding titles.

"But," said I, holding up a portrait which I had taken from the jewel-casket, "here is something far prettier."

Madame, who had been looking intently at her medal, dropped it now, and, with a frightened cry, she snatched the portrait from me.

"You should not have touched that!" she exclaimed. "It is the likeness of—of—of a dead friend."

"Oh, forgive me. I thought it was your husband's."

What answer she would have made, I know not, for just then some one tapped at the door.

"Open it," whispered my mistress.

I turned to obey; as I did so, I saw her slip this likeness of a dead friend in her bosom.

A gentleman entered; a tall, well-made gentleman, with jet-black hair and eyes, and a swarthy skin, unhealthily flushed. It was the Count of Albany. He came forward hastily, pausing only when he saw me.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "who have we here, pray?'

"It is Barbara," was the madame's smiling explanation. "Barbara Vance, my new English maid."

"Ah, ha! Well, Barbara Vance, did you come straight from England?"

"Yes, my lord," I answered, with a low courtesy.

"Straight from the country, Barbara?"

"From Devonshire, my lord. I know naught of cities."

"Very good. All that was understood when I commissioned my Lord Rawdon to find some one for my wife. I want no foreign minx about her. She must learn to love England; she must love the people who will soon be her subjects. Do you hear me, Barbara?"

But before I could reply, this singular personage had approached my lady, and was saying, in the most loving tone imaginable:

"And you can do all that without robbing *me*, eh, my angel?"

The angel, with the dead friend's likeness hidden next her heart, smiled sweetly up at him. It was a charming comedy, a very charming comedy, but—*I could not laugh.*

That night I saw Mr. Richard Maskelyn.

Chapter III.

Life at Rome, which seemed to me so gay, was to my mistress wofully dreary. She never quitted the palace except for a drive, and she always returned looking so doleful in her lonely grandeur, that I wondered seriously whether, after all, it was really so fine a thing to be a queen—in effigy.

My master, the count, kept up a sort of sham court, and surrounded himself with a throng of sham courtiers, who never wearied playing the game of loyalty. I soon discovered, however, that my mistress, the countess, was playing at a deeper game, and with far more success.

As for her secrets, I must acknowledge that she endeavored to guard them, but as it was my duty to learn them, I attempted to do so, and partially succeeded. Very wisely, then, I made the knowledge which I had gained serve as a stepping-stone to unreserved confidence. This is how I commenced;

"My gracious mistress," said I, one evening, as I disrobed her, "I saw some one to-day of whom I have heard a great deal."

"Ah," she responded, languidly, "who was that."

"The Signor Alfieri, madame."

"Where?" looking up now.

"In the great gallery, madame."

"Was he alone?"

"No, madame—a lady was with him. They were slowly pacing to and fro, he with his arm about her; and I saw her——"

"Silence!"

My mistress arose, her sleepy, blue eyes gleaming brightly enough now.

"Who was the woman?" she cried, imperiously.

I gave my answer with quiet dignity.

"*Yourself!*"

For a moment she stood there, regarding me fixedly, and I—well, I returned her look. I could do so, for, in one respect, at least, I was far and away above this grand lady. At last her anger blazed forth. I was a minion, a spy, a wretch who merited to be drawn and quartered! I was——

But here she fairly broke down. Rage had burnt itself out, and Fear stole into its place. Then she flung herself upon the bed, weeping and sobbing, and bemoaning her bitter fate in a way that would certainly have touched my heart, if I had had such a thing. Yet, as it was, I affected no small concern. I knelt beside her, I kissed her hand, I vowed that faithful would I be till death. And all this promise of devotion earned its own reward, for, before I quitted my lady that night, I had the supreme satisfaction of knowing all that I wanted to know; of knowing that the picture which lay next her heart *was not* the picture of a dead friend, but of *a living lover*, and that lover was Italy's great poet, Vittorio Alfieri!

Chapter IV.

October 11, 1778. Ah! day never to be forgotten! Ah! heart of mine! the wickedness that hath defiled thee! the woe that ever will weigh thee down.

I had not been long in my new service before I discovered that no woman, even if she loved him most tenderly, could ever hope for a happy life with the count. He was a libertine in the fullest sense of the word. Such men are always jealous, and he was no exception. I honestly believe that if ever he loved a woman, he loved his wife, and this, too, when he knew that she cared nothing for him, and that she had actually been forced to wed him. An honorable man would surely have found some way to release her from her bondage, but he lacked the loftiness of soul which should have led him to do so much. To the contrary, his suspicions never slumbered, his vigilance was tyrannical. He would not suffer her to quit his sight, and if he went out alone, he invariably locked her up until his return. All this seems pitifully unkingly, but it is true. This, and more—far more than I can tell you here. However, there was a patient, meek-minded Griselda of a queen, to be sure. I don't wonder that Griselda grew a-weary, and found herself a lover.

Well, the day. We were in the garden alone—my mistress and I. The count was at Florence. *With a single exception*, no one expected him.

My lady had wandered on, I following, until we reached a certain grotto. Here, as was my custom, I seated myself upon the turf, discreetly looking another way whilst madame disappeared in the shadow of the cave. And it so chanced that, as I looked, I presently saw a man approaching—the Count of Albany! He beckoned. I arose and went to him. Heavens! how frightfully white he was! Why, even his lips were ashen, and his black eyes shone with a lurid light.

"I received your letter, Barbara Vance," said he, hurriedly. "You are a good, faithful girl. They are there, eh?"

"Has your lordship but just arrived?"

"No, no; I have been skulking in the cursed place for hours. I saw *him* go in there," motioning toward the grotto; "and I saw her follow him."

All this was said so coolly that I was shocked and disappointed; but I put on a serious air.

"Your lordship will not surely——" I commenced.

"Do not trouble yourself," he interrupted. "This is my business now, not yours."

Just then I heard approaching footsteps.

"Hide!" I cried—"hide! They are coming!"

The count retreated behind the friendly screen of rocks. I pretended to be searching for something on the ground, and just at that moment the countess and Signor Alfieri turned the bend in the path that led from the cave, and came upon me. I started up in innocent confusion. At the same moment the husband stepped from his hiding-place, advanced quickly, and, without a word, tore his wife from her lover's detaining arm, thrust her violently aside, and then stood face to face with his wronger.

Such a dead silence! It appalled me—those men glaring at each other, and madame, too frightened for tears or struggling, crouching at my lord's feet in an agony of mute supplication.

"Go!" said my master, at last, speaking through set teeth.

He said no more, yet I felt that he never meant it to end there.

The signor's hand played nervously with his sword-hilt, and a murderous look crept into his handsome, dark face; but he only bowed, and answered coolly—speaking, as the other had done, in English:

"I go. Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible."

Then he bowed again, turned on his heel, and walked away.

Nothing could have been more quietly done. There were no outcries, no curses; but this I knew, *there would be death!*

The count looked down at the wretched woman.

"Get up," said he, with mocking civility; "that is no place for a queen."

But she would not move—just knelt there, moaning most piteously.

"Louisa," cried her husband again, "look at me!"

What a ghastly face was raised to his! what sad, frightened eyes! And he gazed down at it like one in a dream, murmuring, hoarsely:

"My God! and I loved her!—I loved her!"

"Mercy!" she implored—"mercy!"

"Mercy!" he exclaimed, with a discordant laugh. "Well, yes, you shall have it; but justice, madame, must first be done."

And so, without deigning her another word or glance, he walked away.

Chapter V.

THAT night some English gentlemen dined at the palace. These guests were the Earl of Arran, Lord March, mount, and a Mr. Greathead.

My mistress, who had not seen her husband since the morning, was simply dazed with fear. In truth, she was a poor, weak creature; yet I felt no anxiety concerning her, for Fortune is always kind to such nurselings, and men are always true to them. That is their comfort. We of stronger wills and braver hearts must fain seek ours elsewhere.

However, I managed to revive madame's courage before she went below-stairs. I gave her a letter from the signor.

"Where did you get it?" she questioned, eagerly, her pale face flushing now.

"From Mark Sherrard, madame."

Mark was the English footman, and our Mercury. I had known him in England. Naturally enough, then, when I met him in that foreign land, I worked untiringly until I secured him as my fellow-servant.

"Oh, Barbara," wailed my lady, "do you believe that Mark is to be trusted? Do you, Barbara? I am afraid."

"Madame," I answered, "I would trust my life in Mark Sherrard's hands."

And so I would have done.

Well, the letter comforted my mistress, of course; yet, after all, preparing her for that great dinner was like dressing out a corpse.

"I am sick at heart," she moaned. "Oh, Barbara, what is it that appalls me so?"

I tried to cheer her, but she only sighed, and said, pleadingly:

"Hush, please! the end is at hand. I know it now."

And the end came, even sooner than I expected, for before the merry evening was yet half spent, my master was borne to his chamber—*a dying man!*

How did it come about? Well, that was just what each asked the other; and here was just what one and all united in declaring.

It appeared that his lordship had outshone himself, charming his guests with the most courteous affability. Never had his wit been brighter—never had his heart seemed gayer—never had his devotion to his wife been more openly evinced. Suddenly, however, and just as he was entertaining the noble company with a recital of his past exploits, his color changed, his voice failed, and he sank fainting to the floor.

Mark Sherrard, who always waited upon my lord, now evinced the most touching fidelity. He would not quit his master's side; so, all through that weary night, we three kept watch—the physician, Mark and I. Madame remained in her chamber—praying, perhaps.

And all through the weary night had that heavy lethargy held the man, until, just as the new day began to dawn, he stirred uneasily.

"Louisa!" he called, faintly.

"Madame is not here," said Mark, giving me a look which I understood.

With some anxious inquiry, I drew the physician away to the furthest window. Still looking toward the bed, I saw the serving-man bend low; he was whispering to the sufferer. Then I saw the master's fast-glazing eyes open wide with an awful horror.

I heard a hoarse cry—and, before we could reach his side, Charles Edward Stuart had fallen back upon the pillow—*dead!*

Paralysis, the physicians said. In my heart, *I* said *murder!*

What would have been the world's decision had it known, *as I knew*, that Mark Sherrard—merry, love-making Mark Sherrard, and grave Mr. Richard Maskelyn were one and the same person? Poor Mark!—poor, patient, loving Mark! So great was his grief at his master's death, that he threw up his service forthwith.

And again, what would have been the world's decision, had it known, *as I knew*, that grave Mr. Richard Maskelyn and Miss Walkinshaw were one and the same person? Something very vilifying, no doubt. Yet such was really the case. Never tell me, if you please, that there are no perfect disguises.

As may be foreseen, I soon resigned my situation. The countess was not overwhelmed with grief at our parting, that was evident, and it was ungrateful. In an indirect way, I had assisted in freeing her from the tyranny of a husband whom she cordially detested. She should have remembered this, reasoned the matter with herself, and done me common justice. But, then, women seldom reason—happy women never do.

Chapter VI.

AS you may believe, I returned to London, and was speedily installed as confidential companion to Miss Isabel Walkinshaw. But we did not remain long in London. We journeyed to Paris, my mistress and I, and there she soon became the envy of the greatest dames. The reason was simple. Her wealth, beauty, social position, and the interest which was created by her former connection with the young Pretender, all united in surmounting the barriers that the over-righteous would have raised. Then, too, the French king soon took her under his protection.

That proceeding effectually silenced all discontented murmurings, and Miss Walkinshaw speedily grew to be the admiration and chief glory of those who had been readiest to traduce her. Her *salons* in the Rue des Mathurins became the resort of the finest wits. Men of genius and women of rank and beauty thronged to do her honor. Balls, fêtes, suppers, followed each other in endless succession. Life was like a fairy tale—like a dream of enchantment. Life, in short, had every conceivable distraction that could be crowded into it by a clever creature, with a king for a lover. Ay, we lived royally, indeed.

As for me, I had never so much as a heartache until one day when, by chance, I learned that my old lover, Mark Osborn, was dead. Ah, such a sharp pang rent my soul! The travail-pang of joy it was—of fierce, unholy joy. He had been false!—false!—false! I had given him a pure girl's love, and he drove me to desperation and wickedness. But now he was gone, and sorrow had fallen upon the woman whom he had called wife, *and I was avenged!* I thanked heaven for that, at least.

Miss Walkinshaw, by the gracious will of the French king, was now Madame la Baronne d'Erlou—a court lady, with apartments at the palace of the Louvre. Here, as in her former home in the Rue des Mathurins, she reigned supreme. One evening in the Winter of 1783, the *salons* were thronged with grand company—for a card-party, as you may suppose. The king was there, a royal duke, a prince of Austria, with churchmen, nobles, and great ladies.

My mistress, although now no longer young, was gorgeously beautiful. A superb picture, with her prettily tinted cheeks, her flashing blue eyes, her powdered hair, and her velvet robe, all seamed with precious stones.

I write of her now as I remember her upon that awful night, for I was with her. Indeed, I was always near her; my presence made her stronger and braver.

Well, all went merrily enough until about midnight; then, just before supper was announced, the king, the Austrian prince, Madame de Noailles, and the Baronne sat down to a game. Soon his majesty, who was my lady's partner, said something in reference to that great scandal of the hour—the murder of the Marquis de S——, and the suspicion which had fallen upon Madame la Marquise.

It appeared to me that his Majesty was treating the whole affair as a jest; but Madame de Noailles and the Austrian discussed it sharply, from all points of view.

"Ah, well," interposed the king, good-humoredly, "let it go. Perhaps she did not like him."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Madame de Noailles. "For my part, I cannot fathom the women of our day; they appear to exist only for the purpose of seeking to outvie each other in atrocities. Do you not agree with me, dear Madame d'Erlou?"

My lady smiled faintly, but did not reply; she was very busy with her cards.

"As for murder," continued the Frenchwoman, "it is no longer a crime—it is a fine art; it may be practiced with impunity. Take, for instance, that pretty little creature who killed her husband—I lead, monseigneur——"

"But what pretty little creature killed her husband?" demanded the prince, in affected alarm.

"*Mon Dieu!* Why, the Comtesse d'Albany—that young Pretender's wife, Alfieri's mistress."

This awkward speech was received in silence, and covert glances were stolen at my mistress, for every one knew the old story of her *liaison* with Charles Edward Stuart.

"That is a grave accusation, madame," said he, very sternly.

"*Eh, bien*, sire," she protested, with undaunted firmness, "I believe it. Look at the case fairly. If a man dies suddenly, and the physicians shake their heads, and the widow openly acknowledges a former lover, what is one forced to think of it?"

His majesty laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "one should not think of such things at all. However, they will marry now, those tender lovers—marry, and grow old, in all decency."

"Never, sire!" exclaimed the duke. "It flatters Alfieri's pride to have the so-called queen for his mistress, and the countess is content to keep Italy's great poet in chains at her feet."

"No matter," persisted that vicious little De Noailles. "I say that she is guilty, and that she should be punished."

My mistress, who had taken no part in this discussion, was now just in the act of playing, but she paused, and, turning to her guest, uttered these words in a firm, clear voice:

"Content yourself, madame. If the woman has sinned, she will suffer. The guilty are always punished——"

Then the card slipped from her jeweled fingers, and fluttered to the floor, her arm fell heavily, her head drooped forward, and——

"Play!" cried the king, in accents of alarm.

But the royal command fell on deaf ears—*Miss Walkinshaw was dead!*

CHAPTER VII.

THEY buried her at Père la Chaise. Such a fine pageant as it was! The Abbé Valmont pronounced the funeral oration, and the king, who really seemed to imagine that he cared for this mistress, caused a magnificent monument to be erected, whereon was inscribed the titles, virtues, and numerous charities of the dead saint, and the inconsolable grief of all her survivors!

I soon returned to England. There was nothing now to keep me away from there, and as I had put by a pretty little fortune for myself, I set about finding the good soul to whom I owed it all—my cousin, Hester Blount.

That search was easily accomplished. Hester was unmarried still, and living at the same little country home which had been provided for her by Miss Walkinshaw when that first lady went abroad.

Stern, faithful old Hester! How she wept when I told her the sad story—*for I told her all!*

"Poor angel!" she cried; "'twas only her mind that misled her, Barbara; her heart was right to the very last. God pity her!"

And I echoed.

"Ay, God pity her! She was a brave woman, dear—a woman who could right her wrongs. Would to heaven there were more like her!"

"For the first time in my life, I feel my utter loneliness—old, friendless, alone. Ah, Barbara, stay with me! Let us never, never part more! We can live here together, you and I; and when we die——"

"Hush!" I interrupted; "do not speak of death. I will stay."

OCTOBER 8th, 1803.—Vittorio Alfieri was buried on Wednesday last in the church of Santa Croce, at Rome.

JULY 17th, 1804.—There is a world of scandal afloat concerning the Countess of Albany and a certain Françoise Xavier Fabre, a French painter. They say quite openly that he is Alfieri's successor. I do not doubt it; and yet the world has but one voice to cite her ladyship's idolatry for the Italian!

JANUARY 17th, 1824.—The Countess of Albany was buried on Monday last, by the side of Vittorio Alfieri. Such was her desire—consistent woman!

THE last act of that wretched tragedy is ended. I have given you the story of Isabel Walkinshaw and Charles Edward Stuart; that I have given you but the truth, I solemnly aver.

Well, they are gone—lovers, mistress, all! And I—I have been true to my promise. I am with Hester always, but waiting, yearning for that blessed rest which the grave alone can give.

THE LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind of his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervise.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never *seen* your camel, nor ever *heard* of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels that formed a part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

This story is not without its moral. A habit of observation—of noticing what is going on around us—is of great use in storing the mind with knowledge, and preparing us for usefulness.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A STORY is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in Winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. At last they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow.

"We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers.

"Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible."

"But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me to rouse him."

"Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back."

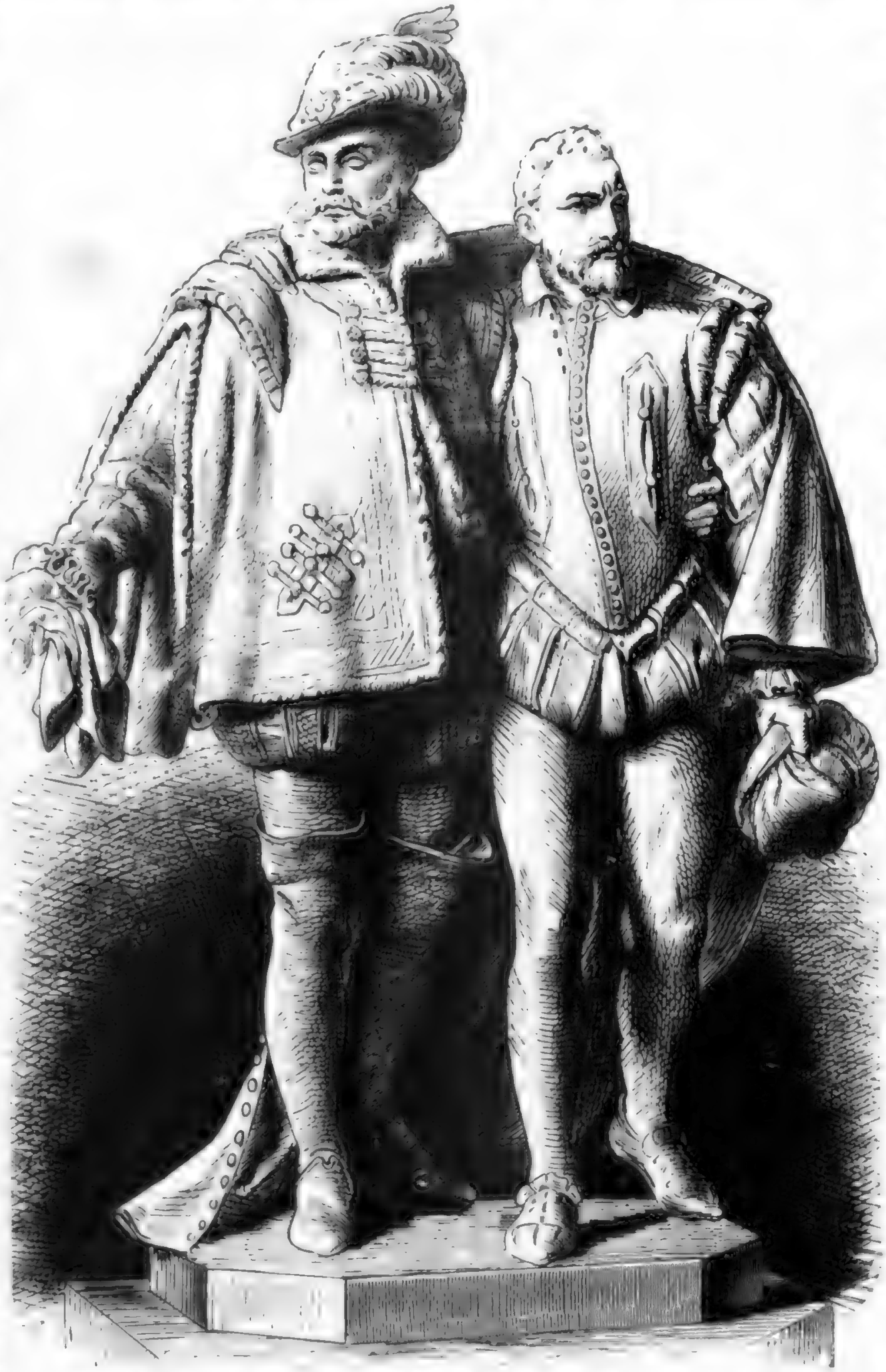
So saying he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man whom they had providentially discovered. The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what was the consequence? Why, the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself And thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions he had made. And how was it with his companion who had been so afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding all the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm.

XUM

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

AMERICA has just sustained a great loss in the death of John Lothrop Motley. We had not many to represent our great country in the literature of the world, men whose genius and ability were acknowledged in all civilized lands. Irving was gone, and Cooper and Prescott; but Motley and Longfellow remained: the first known as one of the great historians of the century; laborious in research; keen in analysis; able in tracing the tortuous paths of diplomacy and statesmanship, in getting at the real facts that these arts endeavored to conceal; and, above all, gifted with that creative power which invests the dull historic facts with life and motion; that picturesque power that, as we read, makes the whole age and scene rise before us as on an actual stage.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Mass., on the 15th of April, 1814. His family was wealthy and influential, and he enjoyed superior literary culture from his youth. After a careful preliminary education he entered Harvard University, and was graduated in 1831.



STATUE OF COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN, HEROES OF NETHERLAND INDEPENDENCE, IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BRUSSELS.

He did not, like so many young men, consider his education as then completed. He felt the necessity of a higher training, and, proceeding to Germany, entered the University of Göttingen. He went through his course there with all the zeal of a real student, and formed life-friendship with men who subsequently played an important part in the world's history; among others, with Bismarck.

After traveling through Europe, Mr. Motley returned to his native State, and, resolving to embrace the legal profession, studied and was admitted to the Bar in 1836, but never bound himself to practice, as a literary life had great attractions for him, his only aspirations being for a diplomatic career.

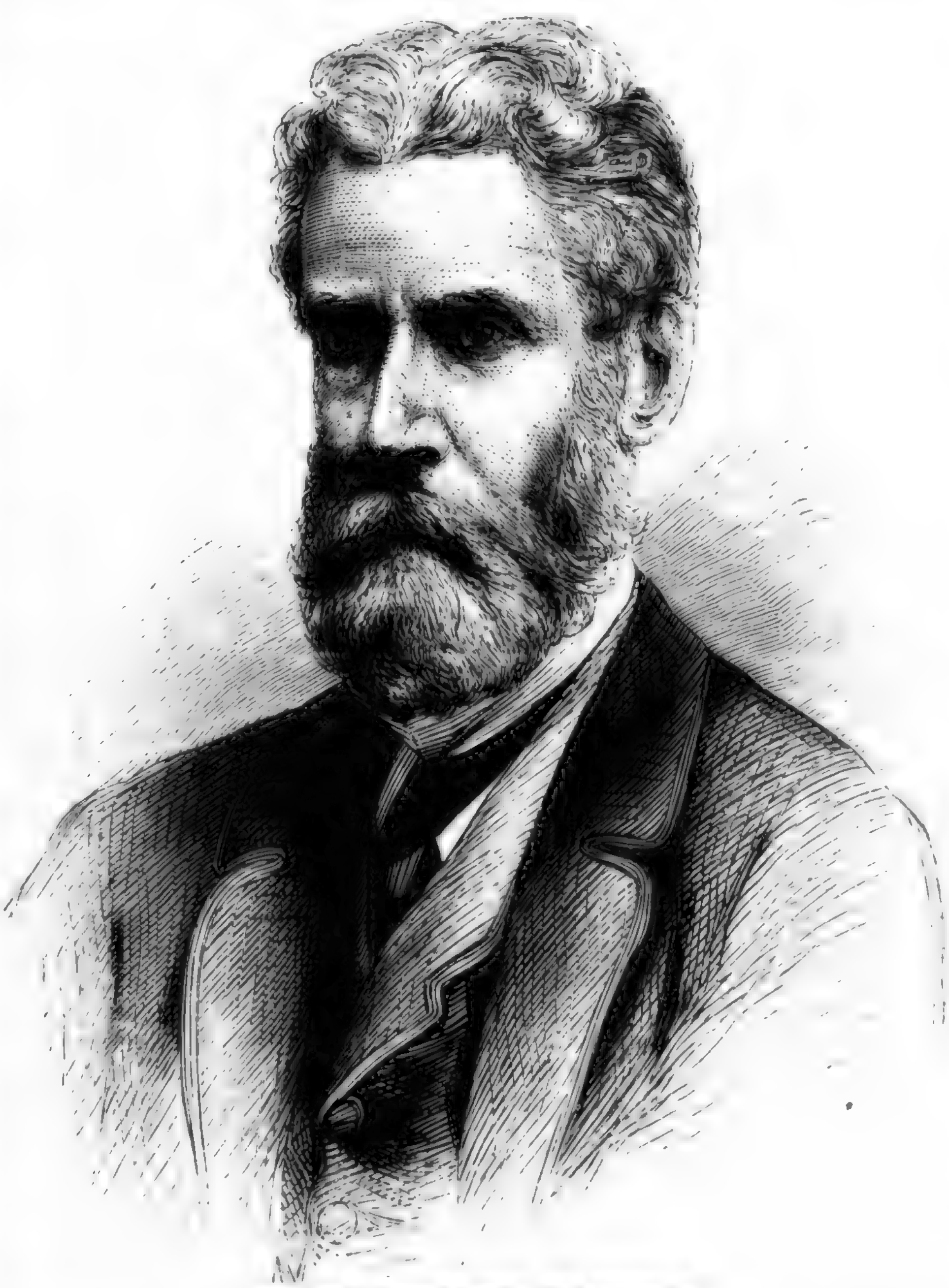
His first work, a novel called "Morton's Hope; or, The Memoirs of a Young Provincial," failed to win the applause or encouragement of the public.

We find him next, in 1840, Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at St. Petersburg; but he resigned the position in less than a year, and returned to the United States to devote himself to study. Another novel, "Merrymount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony," meeting with as little success as his former effort, he renounced fiction. The time thus spent in cultivating his imagination and descriptive powers, was the working out of a plot.

A friend had some years previously suggested to him the early history of the Netherlands as the theme for a great work. Mr. Motley devoted himself for some years to the collection of material, and began to write the work. He had completed two volumes when he began to feel the inadequacy of most of the material on which he relied. His own ample means and the collections he was able to make or to find in our public or private libraries did not satisfy him. He went to Europe and began a serious course of reading; the public archives of Holland and other countries were opened to him, and, throwing aside all he had written, he began his work afresh. After five years of unremitting labor he submitted to the public the three volumes of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." It appeared in English in England and America and Holland; was at once translated into Dutch under the supervision of Bakhuysen van den Brink, the historian; into French under the eye of Guizot, and appeared also in German and Russian.

The work of Mr. Motley had been already heralded by the praise of Mr. Prescott, and upon its appearance was perused with an interest seldom accorded to so solid a work. The *Westminster Review* qualified it as a history as complete as industry and genius could make it. "All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except, perhaps, Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct."

Encouraged by the appreciation bestowed upon his labors and talents, Mr. Motley continued his studies, and in 1860 issued two volumes of "The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609," and after seven years further toil, completed the work in two other volumes.


HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, THE HISTORIAN.

While engaged in this great work, the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the civil convulsion that followed it, occurred. Mr. Motley was in England at the time of the outbreak, and he instantly gave the national cause the support of his talent, publishing in the London *Times* an elaborate article on the "Cause of the American Civil War." Returning to the United States, he was by Mr. Lincoln appointed Minister to Austria. His perfect knowledge of German thought and politics, his acquaintance with many leading men, his thoroughly American feeling, singularly fitted him for the post, which he filled for several years. Under the administration of Mr. Johnson, the State Department received from a real or fictitious Mr. McCracken a series of charges against Mr. Motley which he was called upon to explain. Deeming himself injured by the importance attached to charges made by an unknown person, Mr. Motley resigned. His position at Vienna had been higher, socially, than any of our foreign ministers had as yet attained. His literary reputation, his elegant manners, engaging address, his splendid hospitality, his mastery of European languages, and his thorough acquaintance with every little mystery of etiquette, made him a general favorite.

The diplomatist and historian returned to the United States in 1868, and soon after delivered the annual address of the year before the New York Historical Society, taking as his subject, "Historic Progress and American Democracy."

When General Grant was raised to the Presidency, Mr. Motley, who had taken a somewhat active part in the campaign, was spoken of for a position in the Cabinet. A diplomatic appointment was, however, more to his taste, and his selection as Minister to the Court of St. James gave general satisfaction. Mr. Sumner had been his strong supporter, and when the former fell into disgrace, Mr. Motley's removal was determined upon. The letter conveying the decision of the Administration is a marvel among state papers, in the utter levity and childishness of its tone.

The historian at once returned to his favorite studies, and on the invitation of the Queen of Holland, settled in that country as the guest of the royal family. Here he continued his great work, and in 1874 issued "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes of the Thirty Years' War." Though not as popular as his previous works, it was of high interest as preparing for his next great work, which unfortunately he never lived to complete, a "History of the Thirty Years' War," that struggle in which France aided to overthrow the Catholic power in Germany, and prepared for the complete prostration of Austria and France in the nineteenth century.

In private life, Mr. Motley had enjoyed rare happiness.

His wife survives him, as well as the three daughters who blessed their congenial union.

One of the daughters is the wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, a member of Parliament, and another married Mr. Algernon Sheridan, at whose residence, Kingston Russell House, Dorsetshire, England, the historian died, May 29, 1877, of paralysis.

SOME UNCOMMON PETS.

Proud Wolsey, it will be recollected, was on familiar terms with a venerable carp; Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares; and Clive owned a pet tortoise. Less noted folk have taken kindly to snakes, frogs, lizards, hedgehogs and other animals not usually included in the category of domestic pets. The driver of a London hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment, until, returning from the Downs one Derby-day, the cab overset, and the cabman and his odd companion were both killed. Mr. G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Totie soon accommodated himself to circumstances, and would leave his cage to wash himself in a finger-glass on the dinner-table, trotting back again as soon as his ablutions were performed, taking a piece of sponge-cake with him.

Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affection of a Syrian wasp; but the game was scarcely worth the candle, or sufficiently entertaining to encourage others to follow suit; although it is said that, strong in the new feminine faith that what man does woman can do, three maiden sisters sought to relieve the tedium of single-blessedness by devoting their leisure to the domestication of English-born wasps. Before a week was out, one fair experimentalist wore a large blue patch over her left eye, another carried her right arm in a sling, the third was altogether lost to the sight of anxious friends, and all had come to the conclusion that wasp-taming was not their forte.

Better taste and greater discretion were shown by the lady who, becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bedroom. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name, Psyche.

By-and-by a peacock butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The newcomer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and, like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress.

Upon the coming of Summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and the doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress, "with many bitter tears," beheld them take wing and join some wild companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again, and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm, and when it was over, a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the "peacock," too, would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again.

The butterfly-tamer had an eye for beauty, but ugliness is no bar to a lady's favor, so far as animal pets are concerned. It would be hard to find a more repulsive-looking reptile than the iguana, nevertheless the society of one afforded much pleasure to an American lady residing in Brazil. Pedro, as he was called, was well provided with raw meat, bananas and milk. Allowed to bask in his mistress's room in the daytime, and to make himself cozy between the mattresses of her bed when the sun went down, he cheerfully accepted the novel situation, like a wise iguana. His loving lady was wont to carry him abroad in her arms—a practice that kept acquaintances at a respectful distance—for, however they might pretend to admire Pedro's beadlike spots of black and white, his bright jeweled eyes and elegant claws, they were careful not to make any near approaches. Nothing pleased madame so much as to drop her pet, without warning, at the feet of unsuspecting gentlemen, and elicit from naval officers symptoms of terror such as would not have been drawn forth by an enemy's broadside or a lee-shore.

Of course Pedro came to grief. Rambling one day unattended, he came across "a marauding Frenchman," his owner's maid arriving only in time to rescue his lifeless body. It was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbor with a weakness for fricasseed lizard; but having seen this especial one fondled and caressed, he could not find the appetite to eat it; and so Pedro was consigned to the earth instead of the pot.

De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who, unmindful of Red Riding Hood's sad fate, made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But, although one wolf was faithful found, it does not follow that the fair sex are justified in going to the forest or jungle for pets. The proprietress of a loving leopard that came regularly to her chamber-door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. Such favorites, however kindly they take to domestication, are very undesirable additions to an orderly establishment.

When Captain Burton was domiciled in Syria, the famous traveler left the management of his live-stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls and pigeons, Mrs. Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St. Bernard dog, four English terriers, a Kurdish puppy, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb and a leopard. The last-named, according to the lady's account, became the pet of the household; which it deserved to be, if the household abhorred a quiet life, for the leopard behaved much after the manner of the gazelle whose owner sang—

> "He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,
> And scared the goldfinch into fits;
> He butted through my newest hat,
> And tore my manuscript to bits!

Mrs. Burton, with pretty good grace, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the House that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers, the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dogs worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs, and indulging in a shrieking solo horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.

Lady Hornby, while ambassadress at Constantinople, obtained, as she thought, a Turkish street dog, with whom she was soon on the best of terms. Introducing her pet to a gentleman who knew a dog when he saw one, he exclaimed: "That's no dog; it is a common brute of a wild jackal!"

"Well," rejoined the enlightened lady, "anyhow, I have tamed him, and, dog or jackal, don't mean to part with him!"

It was to her husband that Mr. Frank Buckland was indebted for the Kurdish dog whose prowess delighted him, despite the trouble entailed by its exhibition; for Arslan, imbued with the notion that he was created to rid the earth of his kind, conscientiously tried to fulfill his mission by killing every dog so unlucky as to cross his path. Fortunately for his master's serenity, Arslan's unkind attentions were confined to his own species; otherwise there would have been anything but joy in the house of Buckland, since that general lover of animal-kind was never yet without pet bears, beavers or monkeys, calculated to excite the ire of a brave dog; and priding himself upon the brown rats, black rats, piebald rats, and white rats with pink eyes, which swarmed to the door of their cage to welcome his coming, and allowed him to handle them as he listed; while at the advent of a stranger they were up on their hind-legs, in fighting position, instanter.

Much, however, as he loved them, they increased and multiplied so quickly that Mr. Buckland was, by cruel necessity, compelled, now and again, to carry a bagful away wherewith to regale the snakes of the Zoological Gardens; a method of riddance unavailable to the gentleman who tried his hand at porcupine-petting, and found the creature thoroughly deserved Shakespeare's epithet of "fretful," its inquisitiveness and restlessness rendering it the most unpleasant of all quadrupedal pets.

Strange pets usually come to some untimely end; as Miller Luke says, "Things out o' natur never thrive." But your animal lover need not go far afield for worthy objects upon which to expend his kind care, for he was a wise man who wrote, "If we were to pet our useful and hard-working animals, we should find it both to our credit and advantage."

UMBRELLA GOSSIP.

UMBRELLAS were used in Paris before London. They were first carried in the metropolis by one Jonas Hanway, who underwent a species of martyrdom from public ridicule while indulging in this luxury. Even ladies did not take kindly to the umbrella until Queen Anne's reign, when we find Swift make mention of them. Cowper, in *The Task*, also alludes to these useful articles, which were at first kept at coffee-houses, and borrowed by the frequenters. They were then very cumbersome, and were fitted with a ring at the top, wherewith to carry and hang them up; while, instead of handles, the sticks were furnished with knobs to rest on the ground, as parasols are now.

The materials used in their construction were leather, feathers, and afterward oiled silk; but the last sometimes stuck, and could not easily be folded. In our young days, sixty years since, umbrellas were of blue or green cotton—heavy and clumsy to an odious degree. At length the fashion improved. As the usefulness of umbrellas became more apparent, lighter frames and better covering material gradually came into vogue, until the present slimness of perfection was attained.

Various additions to umbrellas have been suggested by people, as, for example, the fitting of small glass windows in them, through which to look out ahead when beating against the slanting rain; a theory that would break down in two senses, if reduced to practice. An American lady lately devised some ingenious system of cords attaching the umbrella to the dress, which would counteract the effects of the wind, so undecided seems Boreas in his movements the moment we hoist one. Though in one sense a cumbrous companion, the umbrella is not devoid of usefulness, whether we consider it as a walking-stick, the means of hailing a 'bus or turning aside the charge of a mad bull, or of getting introduced to a lady, unprovided with one, on a wet day.

On the other hand, as some drawbacks are inseparable from most blessings, umbrellas are on many occasions a decided nuisance. Picture-galleries and other places only too practically remind us that umbrellas, like dogs, are not everywhere admitted; while cloak-rooms at concerts and theatres have a way of sadly confusing owners with this kind of property. It is this that produces such exquisitely satirical advertisements as the following: "If the gentleman who took the silk umbrella from Hall's concert last night by mistake, and left the gingham in its place, will return the same to the undersigned's address, he will oblige." Many people above any suspicions of kleptomania have a pleasant knack of absently taking the best umbrella from their friends' hall-stands; a remark which, by-the-by, is not inapplicable to hats. Robinson Crusoe was, we verily believe, the only individual of our acquaintance who could deposit his huge "Gamp" in his vestibule with the happy assurance that he would not find an inferior one in its place on the morrow.

Are there any, we wonder, who, laying their hands on their hearts, can conscientiously declare that they never forgot their umbrella in a shop, 'bus, train, theatre, church or private house? We have heard friends, finding their searches after this kind of left luggage getting monotonous, vow in exasperation that their umbrellas ought to be hung round their necks.

Another evil is the liability of umbrellas to suddenly collapse when you are rounding a corner, for they are worse than useless when rain brings its brother element, the wind, to its assistance. A mere allusion to the drippings of umbrellas down one's neck, when on the knifeboard of a crowded omnibus, is enough to call up pathetic reminiscences in the mind of every citizen. But the situation most to be pitied was that of an Irish umbrella-mender whom the writer once noticed on the deck of a ferry-steamer. It was raining in torrents, and there he stood unsheltered in the midst of it all, with the shattered wrecks of about a dozen umbrellas under his arm.

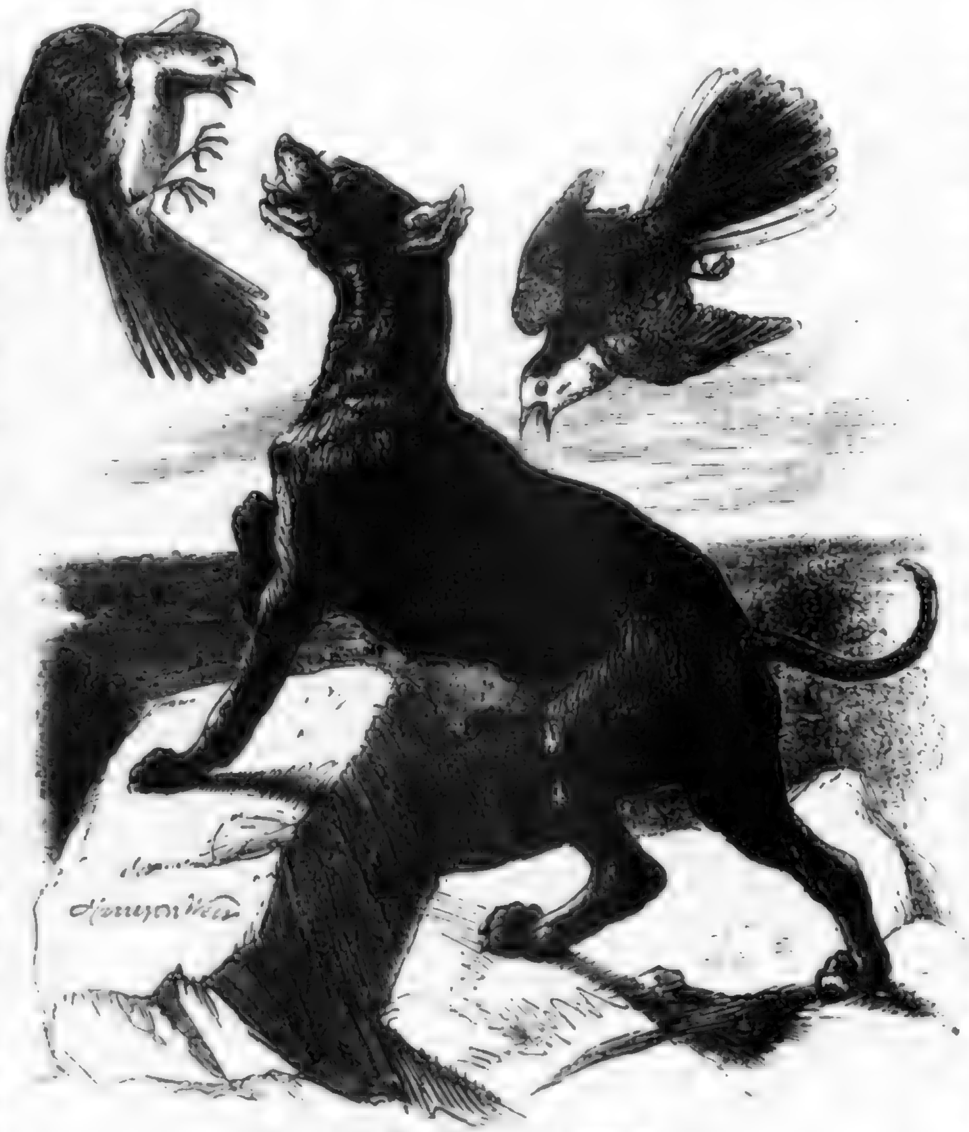
"Sure it's mighty hard, anyway," he at last soliloquized, "me gettin' wet like this, and all thim umbrellas wid me, but not wan's any use at all."

The observant declares there is as much indication of a man's character in the style of umbrella he carries as in any other portion of his belongings. They say a Manchester man is *always* known by his umbrella, and, indeed, poor fellow, few (excepting, perhaps, the Glasgow man) need one more than he does. An able writer in the *New Quarterly*, describing his hero's introduction into an editor's waiting-room where others were assembled, makes the following remarks concerning umbrellas, which in some measure bear out the foregoing observations:

"Edward Wynter took a chair and sat down. Every one in the room had a bundle of papers or a notebook in his hand, and every one of them leaned on a stout umbrella. Three of the party were men, two ladies. A tall man with a red face; a very stout man with a red face; a third man with a shadowy presence, who kept in the darkest corner of the room, and planting his umbrella between his knees, as all the others did, seemed to be lost in contemplation of its knob. Edward Wynter saw that he ought to have brought an umbrella; he had come among them as a man unarmed."

King Koffee's umbrella, brought home to England by General Wolseley, "which was the cause of so much merriment amongst special correspondents, was, in the eyes of the Ashantees, by no means the least amongst their losses. It was called in their language 'Bo Haman'—the destroyer of nations—and represented to them a greater loss than would have been that of its Queen's colors to a British army."

We find elsewhere the subjoined details of this wonderful structure: "The stick, which is of unornamented, plain wood, measures eleven feet from top to bottom. When open, the diameter is seven feet some inches, and the length of the covering, when shut, more than six feet. The material is velvet, partly crimson and partly black, in different sized squares, with gold trimmings. Four lions' claws, roughly carved and gilt, are symmetrically placed, and some square pieces of various objects are distributed all round as fetiches or charms. They consist of the skin of animals and serpents, and one small piece of scarlet woolen material with a white border. These are supposed to be sacred emblems, and to have received some peculiar endowment from the priests." King Koffee's umbrella is now one of the objects of curiosity in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh.



THE WAGTAILS AND THE TERRIER.

It is surprising what an amount of amusement the umbrella, regarded from a comic point of view, has afforded the public. Where would the firm of "Gamp," "Brown," "Sloper," and Company be without their stock-in-trade of gingham and whalebone? The low-comedy man of the theatre might just as well forget his part on the stage as his lumbering umbrella. What, for instance, would *Paul Pry* be without *his?* What effective scenes, too, are introduced into burlesque through the medium of variously colored umbrellas; and what an exponent of ridicule they become in the hands of the comic artists! If this article is particularly cumbersome about the handle, has clumsy whalebone ribs starting through the skin, no ferrule, and a piece of rope dividing its ruins with a kind of waist in the middle, then is the negro stump orator furnished with the emblem of eloquence, and the souls of his audience happy in consequence.

On more than one occasion our subject came in for its share of Dickens's humor, and Mrs. Gamp will be chiefly immortalized through her celebrated representative of the umbrella order; her name being just as popular a term for umbrellas as Dolly Varden's was for hats and dresses. In the description of Mrs. Gamp's apartment it is thus alluded to: "Lastly, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation."

In "Bleak House," Mrs. Bagnet's umbrella, which had been her faithful companion in all parts of the world, is thus pictured to us: "It is of no color known to us in this life, and has a corrugated wooden crook for a handle, with a metallic ornament let into its beak or prow; which ornamental object has not the tenacious capacity of sticking to its post that might be desired in an article long associated with the British army. The old girl's umbrella is of a flabby habit of waist, and seems to be in need of stays. She never puts it up, but uses it to point out joints of meat, or to arrest the attention of tradesmen by a friendly poke."

If any one wishes to study human nature in the bud as it were, let that person lend an umbrella—an old one will do—to a child, and see the airs of importance the small individual at once assumes, concentrating for the time all the purposes of its existence to the display of that article. Indeed, we are persuaded that as much profitable instruction could be derived from moralizing on an umbrella as was afforded by Dean Swift's "Meditations on a Broomstick." In short, without umbrellas of one sort or other, what would we do? As things stand, the umbrella is our walking companion, our friend, but scarcely our protector against persistent rain. The man has yet to arise who can clothe his fellow-creatures with apparel neat in appearance, moderate in price and *comfortably* waterproof.

THE WAGTAILS AND THE TERRIER.

Everybody knows what is meant by the term "heart," when employed to designate the moral status of its possessor. If I ask, Has my dog a heart? it may be understood that I am anxious to know if my dog has any good *moral* qualities.

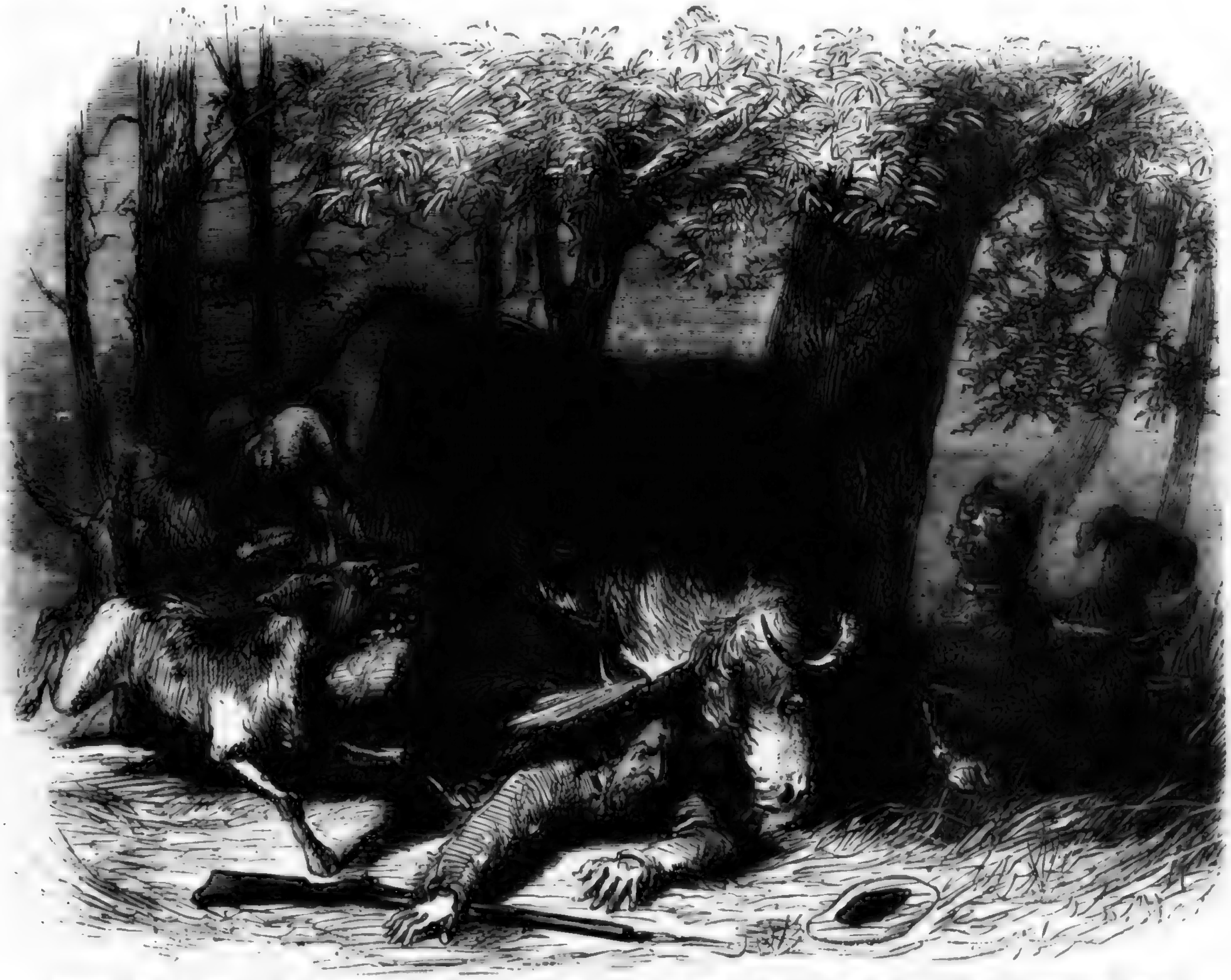
It will be found, on inquiry, that animals have many moral qualities, which render them the subjects of hope, fear, joy, sorrow, affection, and solicitude; and in their possession and exercise of these qualities they resemble ourselves. It is a very great argument for dealing justly and kindly with animals, that they are capable of intense feeling. Their emotions are neither so deep nor so various as ours; but they have emotions, and suffer like ourselves when abused, insulted, neglected, disappointed.

The most striking and usually the most pleasing example of powerful feeling, combined with quick intelligence, is when an animal finds its young in danger, and resorts to some contrivance suddenly to avert calamity. Here we see intense love overcoming fear; the timid and apparently foolish creature becomes suddenly courageous and wise. A common fowl has been known to drive a powerful dog away from her young brood. It is no uncommon thing for the lapwing and other birds to lure intruders from their nests by pretending to be injured, and when they have drawn the suspected enemy away from the spot where the nest is situated, rise boldly on the wing, and leave the pursuer to regret that he should have tried to capture a bird which was only simulating disablement.

Mr. Harrison Weir gives us a story and a picture in illustration of the courage and skill of birds in the protection of their young.

He was walking round his grounds one day, accompanied by his dogs, and approached a heap of sandstone that had been quarried for him. Here he was startled to find a couple of water-wagtails attack one of his dogs, a black-and-tan terrier. Carrie, the dog, was at first so taken by surprise as not to know what to do, but surprise gave way to temper, and her temper at last overcame her judgment, as it does too often with us. She dashed at the birds right and left, while they, fired with this show of fight, buffeted her unmercifully. Mr. Weir got the dog away, and stopped the absurd encounter, and immediately afterward discovered a nest of young wagtails hidden among the very stones where the attack on the dog began. The birds had gained their point; they had put the dog out of temper, and the dog had thereby lost what might have been an easy prize.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, is a proof of a great mind.



HUNTING WILD CATTLE.—"AS I TURNED I FELL—A LUCKY FALL FOR ME, FOR HIS HORNS, WHICH WOULD HAVE PIERCED MY BODY, ONLY STRIPPED ME OF MY HUNTING-SHIRT."

HUNTING WILD CATTLE.

In all my varied hunting experience, I think the narrowest *shave* I ever had was from a wounded wild bull. It happened in the Brazos Bottom, a wilderness of forest of immense extent. I was armed with a double smooth-bore, loaded with ball, each weighing about an ounce, and mounted on my best hunting-horse, having with me three trained cattle-dogs, nearly full-bred mastiffs. In fact, as I supposed, everything was in my favor; and yet, well-mounted, armed, and accompanied by dogs on which I could rely, I nearly came to grief.

I had been riding about an hour, looking for cattle "sign," dung, tracks, or the strong bovine scent given out by wild cattle when you are near them, before the dewdrops have

XUM

disappeared under the sun's powers (I had, as usual, started as soon as it was light enough for me to ride), when all at once my dogs darted into a thicket, and in a few seconds I heard their voices, and then the crash of trees, bushes, and saplings, as they were struck or pushed aside by the rush of some powerful beast, which seemed to be making in my direction.

Presently, from out of the bending covert, a great red bull came rushing, with his great head bent toward the ground, and his tufted tail stretched out behind him. He passed me as I sat on horseback, about twelve yards' distance; but his rush had startled my horse, who, usually most steady under fire, or in almost any circumstances of danger and difficulty, became fidgety, and I put my bullets, when I fired, too far back, so that, as I afterward discovered, I only "paunched" the bull.

After loading my gun I hid my horse in a thicket, as I was afraid the wounded bull might charge him if he happened to see him; and as soon as he was safe I bolted off in the direction where I heard my dogs baying the bull, in a palmetto swamp close by. The paunch wounds had probably sickened him, and made him halt so soon.

I tried to stalk him through the stunted, swamp palmettoes, but the ground was soft, and I sank ankle-deep, or more, at each step; and as there was no tree of any kind to dodge the bull, in the event of my making a bad shot, I thought it would be best to get him upon firmer ground, and where the trees were thicker. So I cheered the dogs from the edge of the palmetto swamp, and they soon forced him to leave for more favorable ground, until he came to bay by the side of a large elm. A huge live oak stood about thirty yards from the bull. I crept up under its shelter and fired at him, but as he was engaged in trying to gore the dogs, and was swaying his head from side to side in vain attempts to reach them, I could not make a certain shot, and I missed him.

The flash of the gun discovered me, and my adversary rushed at me like a steam-engine. Depending upon my left-hand barrel, I awaited his rush, and when he was nearly at the muzzle of my gun I fired again, but failed to drop him. I had waited almost too long, and when I turned to dodge him round the tree his hot breath was in my face; his eyes, glaring like red-hot coals, were close to mine, and as I turned I fell—a lucky fall for me, for his horns, which would have pierced my body, only stripped me of my hunting shirt.

The vicious charge carried the bull at least thirty yards beyond the oak at whose roots I had fallen; and this, with the worrying of my dogs, gave me time to swing myself up into the tree, but not a moment too soon, for before I was well out of his reach he was beneath me.

My jailer was in a terrible rage, and seemed to care no more for the bites or barks of the dogs than if they had been chickens. His eyes were bloodshot, he bellowed hoarsely, and pawed up the ground with his feet, throwing the sods of tuft-grass far behind him.

That he was badly wounded, the blood-stained foam which flecked his forequarters proved. Nor had I escaped scathless. My fall, and perhaps a blow from the bull's head, when he stripped my fringed hunting-shirt from my back, had shaken and bruised me, and I was some little time before I was ready to think of means to extricate myself from my awkward position—the prisoner of a wounded bull.

My hunting-knife still remained in its sheath—the shock of my fall had not made me lose it—and I determined to try and stab my enemy; but before I could put this in practice the bull began to reel. His wounds were beginning to tell. Most likely he had been internally bleeding, and in two or three minutes he fell to the ground and died.

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.

Whilst at Bijnore, I was seized with an attack of tic-doloreux, and suffered all its extreme agonies. One of my host's servants informed me that there was a very clever native doctor in the village, who could immediately assuage any pain—toothache for instance—and he begged permission to bring him to see me. I consented.

The native doctor was a tall, thin Mussulman, with a lofty forehead, small, black eyes, long, aquiline nose, and finely chiseled mouth and chin. His hair, eyebrows, and long beard were of a yellowish white or cream color.

Standing before me in his skull-cap, he was about the most singular-looking person I ever beheld. His age did not exceed forty-four or forty-five years. He put several questions to me, but I was in too great pain to give him any replies. He begged of me to sit down. I obeyed him, mechanically. Seating himself in a chair immediately opposite to me, he looked very intently into my eyes. After a little while, his gaze became disagreeable, and I endeavored to turn my head aside, but I was unable to do so. I now felt that I was being mesmerized. Observing, I suppose, an expression of anxiety, if not of fear, on my features, he bade me not be alarmed. I longed to order him to cease; but, as the pain was becoming less and less acute, and as I retained my consciousness intact, I suffered him to proceed. To tell the truth, I doubt whether I could have uttered a sound. At all events, I did not make the attempt.

Presently, that is to say, after two or three minutes, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt what is commonly called, all in a glow. The native doctor now removed his eyes from off mine, and inquired if I were better. My reply, which I had no difficulty in giving at once, was in the affirmative; in short, that I was completely cured. Observing that he placed his hands over his head and pressed his skull, I asked him if he were suffering.

"Yes, slightly," was his reply. "But I am so accustomed to it, it gives me but little inconvenience."

I then begged of him to explain to me how it was that he had the power to afford me such miraculous relief. That, he said, he was unable to do. He did not know. I then talked to him of mesmerism, and of the wonderful performances of Doctor Esdaile in the Calcutta hospital. He had lately heard of mesmerism, he said; but, years before he heard of it, he was in the habit of curing people by assuaging their pain. The gift had been given to him soon after he attained manhood. That, with one exception, and that was in the case of a Keranee—a half-caste—no patient had ever fallen asleep, or had become *beehosh* (unconscious) under his gaze. "The case of the half-caste," he went on to say, "alarmed me. He fell asleep for twelve hours, snoring like a man in a state of intoxication." I was not the first European he had operated upon, he said; that in Bareilly, where he formerly lived, he had afforded relief to many officers and to several ladies. Some had toothache, some tic-doloreux, some other pains. "But," he exclaimed, energetically, "the most extraordinary case I ever had, was that of a sahib who had gone mad —'drink delirious.' His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and, at first, had great difficulty with him and much trembling. At last, however, I locked his eyes up, as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him for several hours as quiet as a mouse, during which time he had no brandy, no wine, no beer; and, though he did not sleep, he had a good long rest. I stayed with him for two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. He had great sorrow on his mind, poor man. Three of his children had died of fever within one short week, and he had lost much money by the failure of an agency-house in Calcutta. There was a cattle sergeant, too, an European, whom I also cured of that drinking madness by locking up his eyes."

"What do you mean by locking up his eyes?"

"Well, what I did with you; I locked up your eyes. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away—could not move."

"But can you lock up any one's in the way that you locked up mine?"

"No; not everybody's. There was an artillery captain once who defied me to lock up his eyes. I tried very hard; but, instead of locking up his, he locked up mine, and I could not move till he permitted me. And there was a lady, the wife of a judge, who had pains in the head, which I could not cure, because she locked up my eyes. With her I trembled much, by straining every nerve, but it was of no use."

"Do you know any other native who has the same power that you possess?"

"Only three; but, I dare say, there may be hundreds in these provinces who have it, and who use it. And now, sahib," said the native doctor, taking from his kummerbund (the cloth that encircles the waist) a bundle of papers, "I desire to show you some of my certificates, at the same time to beg of you to pardon my apparent want of respect in appearing in your presence in this skull-cap, instead of a turban; but the fact is, that when I heard you were in such great pain, I did not think it humane to delay until I had adorned myself."

I proceeded to examine, very carefully, every one of his many certificates; not that I was in any way interested in them, but because I knew it would afford him great pleasure. In all, they were quite as numerous as those which English charlatans publish in testimony of their skill in extracting corns. They were more elaborate, however; for it is by the length of a certificate that a native judges of its value—just in the same way that Partridge, when Tom Jones took him to see "Hamlet," admired the character of the *King*, because he spoke louder than any of the company, "anybody could see that he was a king." As for myself, I sat down and covered a whole sheet of foolscap in acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mustapha Khan Bahadoor, for having delivered me from unendurable torments. To my certificate I penned a check on the Northwest Bank for one hundred rupees (fifty dollars), and presenting both documents to the doctor, permitted him to take his leave. Some months afterward, on discovering that this check had not been presented for payment, I wrote to the assistant magistrate, and asked him, as a favor, to send for the native doctor, and obtain some information on the subject. In reply, I was informed that the doctor preferred keeping the check appended to my certificate, as an imperishable memorial of the extraordinary value in which his services had been held by an European gentlemen, and that he would not part with it for ten times the amount in gold or silver. Such a strange people are the natives of India. Their cupidity is enormous, certainly, but their vanity (I am speaking of the better class), is even greater. One hundred rupees was equal to half a year's earnings of the native doctor, and yet he preferred holding the useless autograph of an insignificant sahib like myself for the amount, rather than realize it. The native doctor evidently reasoned thus: "I might spend the one hundred rupees, might not be believed if I made the assertion that I had received it; but here is the voucher." Some may imagine that he kept it as a sort of decoy-duck; but this, I am perfectly satisfied, was not the case.

To a man full of questions, make no answer.

NO. 10 AND NO. 20.

"ONLY one room left, sir. Very nice room, sir. No. 10, sir. Crowded time, sir. Very fortunate for any gentleman to receive any room, sir. Walk in, sir. Any refreshment, sir?"

"Tea, chops, and a paper,"

"Of tobacco, sir?"

"No; a newspaper."

"*Budget of Fun*, sir?"

"Yes. And waiter, send my trunk up immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Off went the waiter of the Lincoln House, Pigeonville, with these words, and the traveler whom he had just ushered into the apartment designated as No. 10 sat down on one of the two chairs which it contained and looked about him.

It was a small room, furnished, as most hotel bedrooms are, with a very bright carpet, a very shiny bureau, and a great deal of pillow. The bed was single, but there was an immense washstand, with two ewers and two basins upon it, between the windows, and a block of soap a quarter of a yard square in the soapdish, a fact which made up for the utter absence of towels and water.

At this article of furniture the gentleman stared absently, pending the waiter's return. He was evidently thinking of something, and soon his thoughts found utterance in the following soliloquy:

"Ah! she is a lovely creature—a very lovely creature. I don't know a lovelier one. I wonder where she went, and who she is, and whether she took notice of my glances? They were fervent, I know. But Diana herself could not have objected to 'em, they were so respectful."

And the gentleman, who was a middle-aged and rather small person, with an air which would have led the close observer to believe that he had something to do with drygoods, rubbed his hands and shook his head.

"I'm good-looking, I know," he said, glancing at the dressing-glass. "Otherwise Frog & Buttons wouldn't put me behind the ladies' glove-counter. And I'm rather proud of my success with the fair sex. Could I but obtain an introduction to my charmer I should not despair. Ah!"

And again the stranger sighed and gazed abstractedly, this time at the wall.

Had this wall and the one opposite to it been transparent he might have seen sitting beside the window of an apartment, on the opposite side of the hall, a tall, stout lady, with a very bright color and very black hair, cut short, after the prevalent fashion, who, like himself, stared at vacancy and soliloquized:

"A very nice gentleman," she muttered to herself; "so fair and so genteel, and I'm sure I made an impression. How he gazed at me. Ah! And Fanny Griffin, when she told my fortune, said that I should marry a small gentleman, with fair hair. Oh, what's that?"

"Only me, mum," replied an advancing chamber-maid. "I've brung up the tea and toast, and jam; and, please 'em, what was your trunk like?"

"My trunk! Ah, yes. Drab-leather, with brass nails, and P. P. on one end. Mind you let me have it soon; my night things are in it."

The chambermaid set down the tray and departed; the guest nibbled her toast, and sipped her tea, and sighed. Pretty soon a bumping on the stairs attested to the fact that luggage was being conveyed upon them, and soon a tap at the door and the query: "Had your'n red tape on the handle?" which startled the fair dreamer from her reverie.

"Certainly," she replied. "I forgot to mention it; it had red tape on the handle."

"All right!" said the voice from the darkness, and the treasured trunk was brought in and deposited on the carpet, at the same moment that another trunk, also drab-leather, also brass-nailed, also marked P. P. on one end, was placed within the apartment occupied by the good-looking employé of Frog & Buttons.

Strange coincidence. Peter Piper, of New York, ere starting on the business intrusted to him by his employers, had purchased the twin trunk to that with which Miss Paulina Pettibones had an hour before provided herself at the same place. P. P., it cannot be denied, were the initial letters of both, and both traveling in the same car to the same destination, would have entered the Lincoln House at the same moment but for an unfortunate accident which, calling all the passengers out of the cars, had jumbled them in again, without regard to former positions, and so had separated Miss Pettibones and Mr. Piper.

It had been a case of love at first sight, there was no denying that; and as the course of true love never did run smooth, how could it be expected to deviate from the general rule in the case of Mr. Peter Piper, traveling agent for Frog & Buttons?

THE INDIAN MESMERIST.—SEE PAGE 214.

They were parted, it might be for years and it might be for ever, for neither contemplated a prolonged stay at Pigeonville, and each was ignorant of the other's presence under the roof of the Lincoln House.

Paulina Pettibones, after finishing her repast, began to attire herself for the night. Firstly, she brushed out her short hair; secondly, she covered it with a nightcap; thirdly, she attired herself in a long gown, with ruffles, completing thereby a ghost-like costume alarming to behold; and, finally, she being a good Episcopalian, read the service for the evening, and, locking the door, retired.

Just ten minutes before, Mr. Peter Piper, in a flannel gown and goblin headdress, occupied the couch devoted to him. They slumbered, all within the dwelling slumbered likewise, and the clock upon the hall wall ticked slowly on until the hands pointed to the hour of midnight, when suddenly the report of a pistol and shouts of thieves and murder awoke the household. In an instant every door was open; half-dressed figures rushed into the passages.

"Where?" "What?" "Who is it?" "Are we bombarded at last?" "Mercy sakes! Is it the Southerners?" "Please, Mr. Jeff Davis, don't murder me; I always was on your side!" and similar exclamations and promises resounded on all sides.

All the ladies were in hysterics before the landlord, having discovered the real facts of the case, could explain to them that the disturbance was caused by the Cuban gentleman, Senor Ollopodadsa, who had forgotten that he had told the night watchman to call him at midnight, and when that functionary had made his appearance at his bedside and shaken him, according to directions, had tried to shoot him with a six-barrel revolver.

Fortunately, the watchman escaped, and the Cuban was sufficiently awake not to fire at any one else, and the alarmed ladies and gentlemen, beginning to remember that they were not in full dress, hurried back to their apartments.

Amongst these individuals was Mr. Peter Piper, who, proud of his personal appearance, shuddered at the idea of being observed by any one in a flannel strait-jacket and goblin peaked nightcap, and who, to his great consternation, had forgotten the way to his apartment.

Passage after passage did he explore, guided only by his remembrance of the number of doors, for he had no recollection of the number, and had many hairbreadth escapes from encounters with lady boarders before his eyes lighted on the long strip of red matting which swept up the passage of which he was in search.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Peter Piper, to himself; "it's the last door to the left, I know."

But as he spoke a ghostly figure, in a white robe, whisked past him and entered with hasty footsteps the very door which he had a moment before decided to be his own.

"Oh!" breathed Mr. P., "how confused I must be! I could have sworn it was the door to the left. It must be the right-hand one." And, starting forward on tiptoe, he peeped in.

The room was certainly the same. The small bed and big washstand, the bright carpet and shining bureau, and a trunk standing in the middle of the floor. A drab trunk marked P. P., and adorned with brass nails.

"P. P." said Mr. Piper. "That's proof positive—ha, ha!—P. P. stands for that, too."

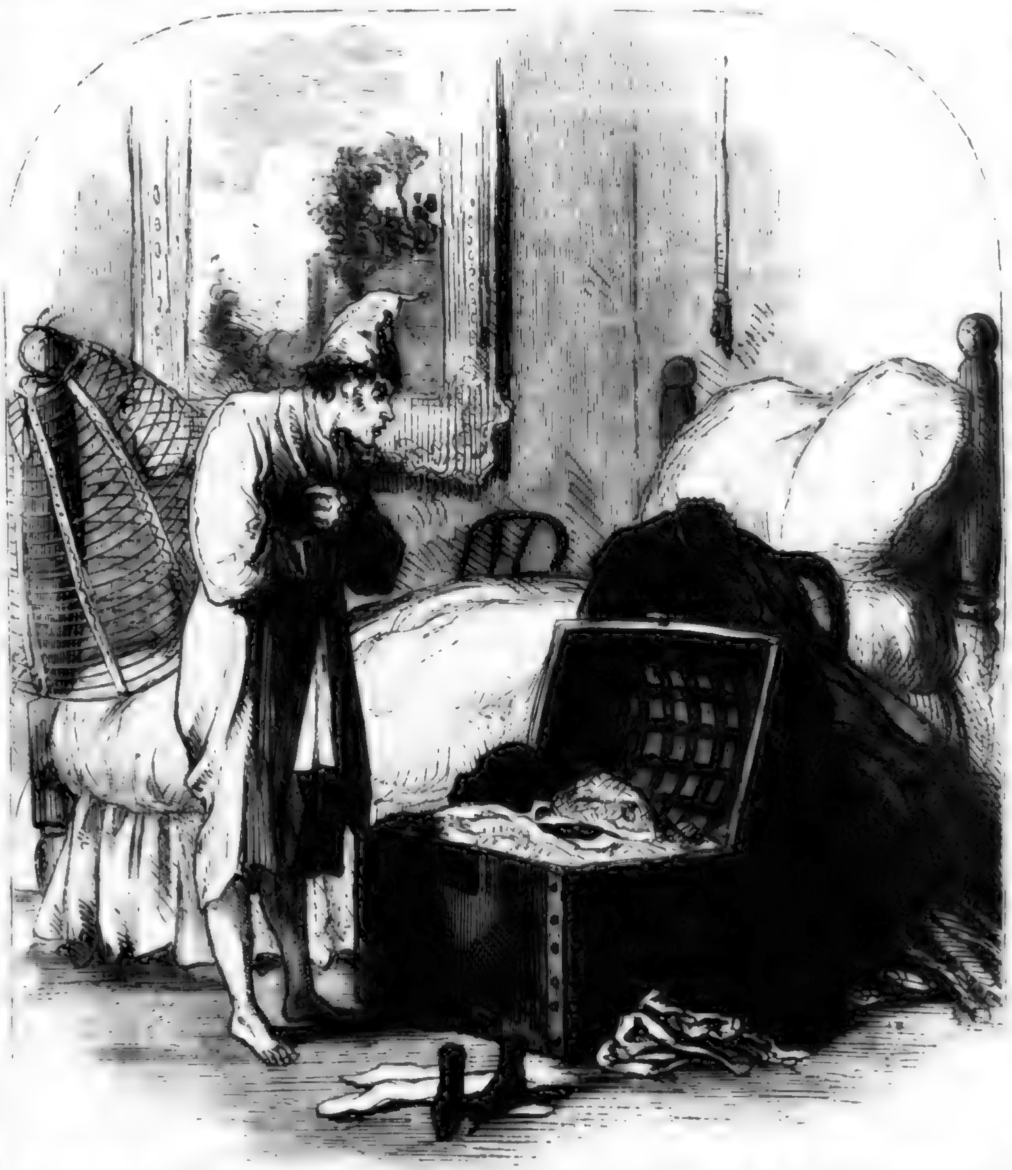
And without more ado he slipped into bed and slumbered until morning, awakened only by the sound of the gong, which summoned the inhabitants of Lincoln House to breakfast.

Men have been aroused by fearful apparitions at dead of night, but surely seven A. M. is an unusual hour for seeing a skeleton at the foot of one's bed. There was no doubt of it, however. There it was, hanging over the post, straight before Mr. Piper's astonished eyes.

Not such a skeleton, however, as the reader imagines. This was of tape and steel—a lady's skeleton—*alias* a hooped skirt. Beside it were embroidered skirts, a gray dress with many buttons, and black gaiters. Mr. Piper rubbed his eyes and stared, still the apparition lingered.

At last he arose and tried the door. It was locked as he had left it. Then he looked about for his own attire—it had disappeared. Was he the victim of enchantment? Mr. Piper was not sure. Moreover, as he gazed upon the gray dress, trimmed with velvet, and half covered with flat, embossed buttons, he recognized it.

These were the garments which his enchantress had worn in the car. In the dry-goods business for so many years, Mr. Peter Piper was a judge of ladies' apparel. The identical dress—four and six a yard. They had some of it at Frog & Buttons's, he remembered, wondering if she had bought it there. How did these garments come into his room? Whither had his own vanished? It was a problem which Mr. Piper could not solve.



NO. 10 AND NO. 20.—"'AM I TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO A LADY, OR AM I NOT?' HE CRIED, APPEALING TO THE SHINY BUREAU."—SEE PAGE 215.

However, the gong was sounding, and he was hungry—very hungry. His trunk contained another suit, and his trunk, at least, was safe. He stooped down to unlock it—for the key was sticking in—and as he did so his eyes caught sight of the red tape on the handle.

"Funny," he said. "I can't imagine how it came there. It's my trunk. There are my initials; but I never tied red tape to the handle. Perhaps the waiter did it."

As Mr. Piper spoke he flung the cover back. Alas! neither broadcloth nor linen greeted his earnest gaze. Silk, calico, lace—a lady's wardrobe, not a gentleman's, lay within.

Mr. Piper did not swear. He belonged to Methodist meetings, and knew better. But he said "Jehoshaphat!" and stood upon his feet. pale with astonishment, in an instant.

"Am I transmogrified into a lady, or am I not?" he cried, appealing to the shiny bureau. "This is the queerest think I ever heard tell of. My trunk certain; for P. P. is upon it—Peter Piper—proof positive—and decidedly not my clothes, unless I am transmogrified into a lady."

He rang the bell and waited for the waiter. In his place a colored girl appeared, at whom Mr. Piper peeped through a crack of the door.

"I rang for the young man," said Mr. Piper.

"Yes, miss," replied the person of color, "but I allers waits on this side. What would you please to want, miss?"

"The landlord," replied Mr. Piper.

"There ain't no landlord, miss," replied Sally. "There's a landlady—shall I send her?"

"Not for worlds!" replied Mr. Piper, shutting his door and locking it quickly. "I wonder what this girl means by calling me miss. It's very singular—very."

At the same moment Paulina Pettibones, spinster, springing from her couch, gazed with horror-stricken eyes upon a suit of masculine attire suspended from a chair-back, and then looked wildly around.

"Where are my clothes?" she cried. "Some thief has taken 'em, I'm sure; my gracious! Sally, Sally!"

Ringing the bell as she spoke for the chambermaid, she regarded the garments before her with horror, which faded into surprise as she muttered: "I'm certain I remember that vest; a curious plaid. He wore it, or one like it."

At the moment, a tap at the door, and Sambo's voice:

"Want me, sah?"

"No," cried Miss Paulina, "I don't want you; go away; I want Sally; send her."

"Sally don't never wait on dese here rooms, sah!" replied Sambo; "won't I do, sah?"

"No," replied Miss Paulina, through the keyhole. "Go away."

"I wonder why he called me sir," she said to herself. "I'll dress myself and speak to the landlady."

As she spoke, she unlocked her trunk, kneeling beside it for that purpose.

"Somebody has taken the red tape off of the handle," she said to herself, in surprise. "What a queer thing! Ah! oh! mercy on us!"

There were only garments suitable for the majestic form of the sterner sex within the trunk, and Miss Pauline almost fainted. Meanwhile, the gong uttered its last summons.

"What shall I do?" said Miss Paulina. "The noon train will start without me, and Cousin Ann Jones will think I'm not coming, and I haven't any clothes but these. They are nice clothes for a man's, too; I wonder how they'd fit. Not that I'd put them on for worlds!" and Miss Paulina sat down resolutely in her ruffled gown.

Soon there came another tap at the door.

"Please, sir, if you're up, won't you let the sweep come in to go up the chimney?"

"Is that Sally?" asked Miss Pettibones.

"No, sir; "it's Sambo."

"Very well, in a minute."

But, how? She could not confide in Sambo. She must dress herself in those habiliments and open the door. For a few minutes she pondered. Then went to work, and ended by standing in ultra-bloomer costume before the glass.

Meanwhile, Sally, urgent as Sambo, tapped at Mr. Peter Piper's door, and preferred the same, with the additional information:

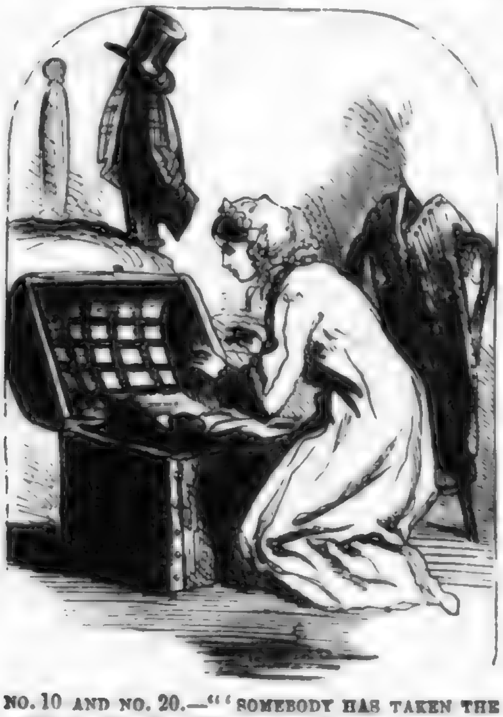
"And missus hopes it ain't inconveniencing of you, miss."

The dreadful landlady! Mr. Piper could not encounter her in that flannel strait waistcoat. He yielded to necessity, and adopted crinoline.

The sweeps were waiting in the passage. The doors were opened; Mr. Piper, peeping from his, saw a gentleman opposite, who shut the door immediately. Miss Pettibones, in shutting hers, had caught a glimpse of a lady in a gray traveling-dress, across the passage.

At the sight she experienced great relief.

A sister woman must have pity on her unfortunate predicament. As soon as it was possible she would appeal to her. Perhaps it would be best to wait till she had left her room.



NO. 10 AND NO. 20.—"'SOMEBODY HAS TAKEN THE RED TAPE OFF THE HANDLE! WHAT A QUEER THING! AH! OH! MERCY ON US!'"

But the sweeps once gone, Mr. Piper had no intention of exhibiting himself in crinoline. He also had resolved to appeal to his neighbor, and very impatiently he watched the opposite door. No one emerged from it. At noon he rang for lunch, and partook of it in his own apartment.

Poor Miss Paulina ate nothing; she dared not encounter the observing eyes of Sambo.

So the day passed and evening shadows fell, and under their cover the involuntary bloomer crossed the passage, and knocked at Mr. Piper's door. That gentleman, in his crinoline, had opened it.

"What a masculine-looking person," was Miss Pettibone's first thought.

"What an effeminate little wretch," passed through the mind of Mr. Peter Piper.

"Pardon this intrusion," began Miss Paulina. "I'm aware that you must think this visit a very strange one; but, the fact is, I—I am in a dilemma."

"That's confoundedly like my vest," thought Mr. Piper, who, sitting in his chair, counterfeited the manner of a lady to the best of his ability. Aloud he added, "No intrusion, sir, I'm sure."

Miss Paulina smiled gratefully.

"I know that one of my own sex would never desert me, when I have explained the true state of things. The fact is, these are not my own clothes."

"I knew they couldn't be," replied Mr. Piper.

"Knew! ah, then, you have discovered that I am not what I appear to be. Oh! dear madame, don't misjudge me. The misery I have endured since last night no tongue can describe. But I hadn't anything else, and I was forced to put these on. If you'll only lend me some proper clothes for an hour or so, I will be so thankful, so overjoyed."

Mr. Piper glanced at the suspicious waistcoat, and said, in a puzzled tone:

"Will you explain, sir? I don't quite understand."

"I suppose I mistook the room," said Paulina, "in the fright last night, you know, and I have nothing left of my own. All I care for is a dress and stockings and shawl, and——"

"You are a lady, then?" cried Mr. Piper.

"Yes, ma'am—I——"

"You own a trunk, marked P. P., with red tape on the handle?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's it," cried Mr. Piper. "There it stands. We've changed rooms, that's all. The other one belongs to me."

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Pauline, "leave me, I beg."

"Instantly," said Mr. Piper. "We've both great reason to be thankful. Good-evening."

Miss Paulina waved her hand toward the door; and Mr. Piper, in his gray traveling dress, closed it behind him. She double locked it, and, sinking down beside her trunk, went off into strong hysterics, before she arrayed herself in proper costume.

Pretty soon came a rap. The chambermaid, with a bundle, which she presented with amazement, with these words:

"From the gentleman in No. 10, with his compliments."

Miss Paulina immediately handed unto Sally another parcel, with the words:

"Give these to the gentleman at No. 10, with the regrets of the lady at No. 20."

In the first parcel were a gray dress, an embroidered skirt, gaiters, and various other articles of female apparel; in the second, a broadcloth suit.

And at the moment of reading their exchanges, both parties vowed never to meet again.

Vows are seldom faithfully kept, however. They did meet at breakfast. Mutual admiration deepened. And after that meal they found themselves in the garden, deep in converse.

Mr. Peter Piper explained his position in the firm of Frog & Buttons. Miss Paulina Pettibones mentioned the milli-

millinery establishment of which she was the head; and hours passed like seconds, until the ringing of the dinner-bell aroused them.

"We must go," cried Miss Paulina.

"Never to meet again, perhaps," sighed Mr. Peter.

Miss Pauline sighed.

"You sigh; you regret it," cried Mr. Piper. "Oh! Miss Pettibones, you give me hope. Ours has been a singular introduction, but the hand of fate may have been in it. Why need we part? I adore you. Our trunks are the same. Our initials are the same. Let our names also be the same. Let P. P. stand for Paulina Piper, instead of Paulina Pettibones."

"It's so sudden," simpered Miss Paulina.

"But you won't say no."

And Miss Paulina Pettibones didn't.

THE PROVISIONING OF PARIS.

The history of Paris is the history of a long succession of famines. It is only of late that the capital has been able to appease its hunger at will, and the famine during the siege of 1871, when the black and inferior "siege bread" was almost the sole subsistence of the inhabitants, simply formed the last of a long series of famines under which Lutetia has suffered within the last five centuries.

We shall not go further back than the time of the wars with England. Under Charles VI. there was a famine caused by civil and foreign war. The fields were left barren. Enormous duties tended at every step to prevent provisions from reaching the capital. The mills and the bakeries were closed for want of flour. Paris was plunged into the deepest misery. Twenty thousand persons died of hunger that same year. Under the Valois and during the League, a similar state of things occurred. The old chronicler, Pierre de l'Etoile, narrates that mothers salted and devoured their children. Henry IV. and his great Minister, Sully, saved the people, and there was once more abundance.

It was that enlightened Minister, Sully, who, long before Adam Smith was born, proclaimed the doctrine, "Free trade is the best means of rendering a people happy and prosperous." Then came Richelieu, who systematically kept the people on the verge of starvation; cynically suggesting that a hungry people is the most submissive.

The continual wars, and the extravagant expenditure of Louis XIV., brought about fresh famines, and this, notwithstanding the prudent course pursued by Colbert. Toward the end of the grand monarch's reign, the various provincial taxes upon salt were so high as to prevent the people from curing hams. Driven to desperation, they tore up the vines, being likewise unable to sell any wine, owing to the enormous duties.

In 1709, after the decisive victories won by Marlborough, even the great gentlemen of the Court were obliged to eat famine bread, which, we may well believe, did not differ much from that eaten during the siege of 1871. Under the Regency, after the bankruptcy of Law, there was another famine, and under Louis XV. there were no less than ten famines. Incredible as it may appear, there is documentary evidence proving that the King became one of the monopoly ring in grain, and speculated upon the misery of his subjects.

The Revolution of 1789 began by a famine, which irritated the people, and did more to hasten the Reign of Terror than all the abuses that had taken place. Notwithstanding, or, rather, because of, the decrees of the Convention regulating prices, the citizens of Paris suffered the pangs of hunger during almost the whole of the first Republic. At length, the advantages of a unified form of government became felt, upon the abolition of the customs' dues, which had hitherto converted each one of the old provinces into a little Chinese Empire. The foreign duties remained, and even under Napoleon I. they were absolutely prohibitory, owing chiefly to his lifelong struggle against England; but still, Paris was no longer exposed to a famine every few years.

The grain trade is now free, except that imported wheat pays ten cents a hectolitre. Imported beeves pay sixty cents per head, sheep five cents. A famine could only occur now if the grain crops had failed and the cattle plague broken out simultaneously in Russia, Hungary and the United States. Hence Paris, although subject at any moment to a rise in values, is no longer exposed to the dread of starvation. The electric telegraph, steamers, rapid transportation of every kind, commercial activity, and the competition between the chief exporting centres of the two continents, have now effectually taken the place of, and for ever abolished, those absurd regulations such as the maximums, which placed the price of provisions under the control of the State. Nevertheless, the decree of 1790 is still in force, making it incumbent on the municipal authorities of Paris to watch over the supplies intended for the sustenance of the city. The Prefect of Police, who is an officer of the government, has among his other duties that of superintending the markets, inspecting the provisions, and examining and verifying the weights and measures by which they are sold; so that the Government has still reserved to itself the power of intervening in the public interest in these matters.

The prefects name the *factors*, a body of responsible agents who, after having given security, are officially empowered to act as middle men between the buyer and seller, either in wholesale or retail transactions. All operations in which the factors are engaged are on a cash basis. They pay to the city the municipal dues which are levied upon provisions of all kinds, and thus save the seller, who is in most cases the producer, the trouble of coming and transacting his business in person. All the producer has to do is to load his basket of fruit or poultry on the first cart passing the door, addressing it to the market at Paris, and this will insure his business being attended to as well as though he were himself present. The factors sell at the day's market price, and remit the money forthwith, simply deducting their commission, which, although varying according to the class of produce and the responsibility incurred, does not average more than one per cent. The extent of the business done enables them to work on a small percentage.

This system, as will be readily understood, very greatly facilitates business transactions. Over seven thousand producers are represented by sixty factors. Of these, twelve busy themselves exclusively with the purchase and sale of flour; twelve buy and sell grain; three make a specialty of meat sold at auction, that is to say, fresh meat shipped already slaughtered to Paris; eight buy and sell poultry and game; eight make a specialty of salt-water fish; while one devotes his attention to fresh-water fish. Three give their time to the purchase and sale of oysters; one to transactions in cheese; five to butter and eggs; and two to fruit and vegetables.

Unlimited confidence is the basis of the arrangement, while the amount of the factors' security guarantees the city, the producers and the buyers against loss. The factors are not permitted to do any business on their own account, hence their paper, during the crises of 1848 and 1871, was taken at its par value, and exchanged for gold without any discount. Besides the factors, the Prefect of Police appoints a certain number of officers, whose business it is to nspect the quality of provisions exposed for sale, not only in the markets, but in all retail shops, as well as in the carts of itinerant venders. These officers frequently order whole cartloads of fish to be destroyed, especially mussels, which are often dangerous.

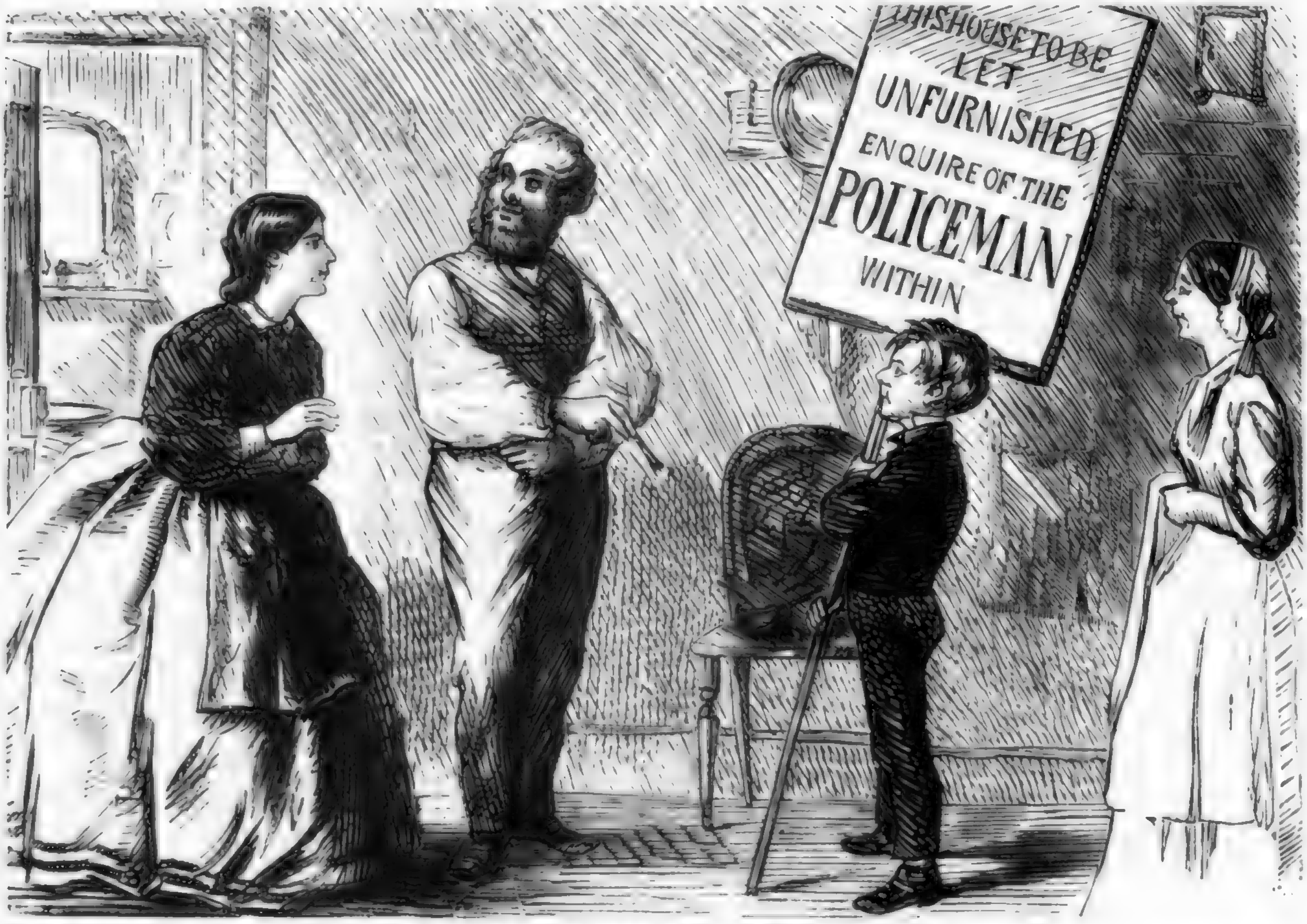
The Prefect of Police also appoints the inspectors of weights, measures and scales, all of which are required to bear the stamp of the Administration. Over 30,000 persons, under the mild control of the Prefect of Police, are engaged in the eight *halles*, the sixty-three markets, the cattle market and the great slaughter-houses, both of which are situated at La Villette.

The Prefect of the Seine has among his duties the construction and maintenance of suitable establishments, as well as that of fixing the amount of the municipal tariff. Excellent regulations, made in 1848, favor produce being sent direct to the *halles*; thus produce sent to an individual, or to a tradesman, pays according to weight, while that sent to the *halle* pays ten per cent. upon the price realized, whatever that may be. The difference between these two classes of dues is very great. For instance, a chicken which would have to pay fifteen cents by weight would only have to pay five cents on the *ad valorem* scale.

In Paris, as everywhere else, efforts are made to defraud the revenue by declaring at the boundary that produce, really destined for private individuals or retail shops, is on its way to the *halle*, but where suspicions are once aroused the carts are followed to their destination, and condign punishment follows detection.

Of all the vexatious regulations which existed under the old régime, those affecting the sale of bread were the last to disappear. Up to 1819, mayors had the right to imprison those bakers who failed to comply with the rules set down for their observance. They must be provided with testimonials of good behavior and morality, have undergone an apprenticeship, were not allowed to give up their trade without at least six months' notice, and were always to have in store sufficient flour to supply a three months' demand. The price of bread was fixed by the mayor every week, and was regulated according to the price of flour, the official tariff being posted up in the bakeries. It was only in 1863 that these regulations were abolished. There are now over 1,200 bakeries in the city of Paris.

The bread eaten in Paris is excellent, and by many considered fully equal to that of Vienna. It is made of a mixture of three kinds of flour, that from Brie, Picardie, and Beauce; the last-named being the whitest. Of course, this does not imply that the 700,000,000 lbs. of flour consumed annually by Paris only come from these three provinces, but every description of flour, even though it came from Russia or the United States, is, after examination of quality, color, and condition, classified according to the regular Paris marks.



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

TOMPKINS (to Mrs. T., who is afraid of robbers)—"*There, my dear, we'll stick that up in the area while we are in the country, and I think you may make yourself easy about robbers for the future.*"

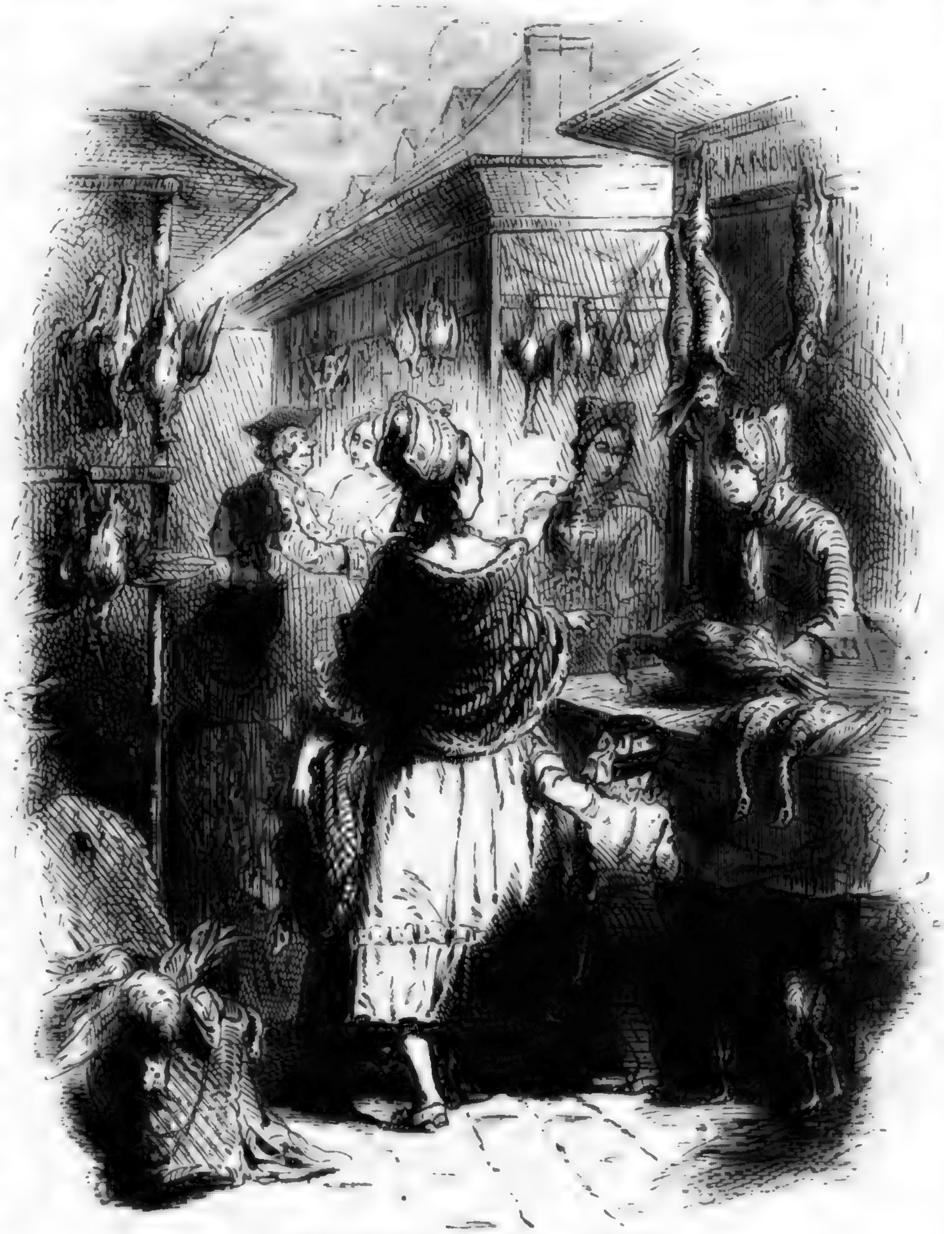
The grain market, or *Halle aux Blés*, is a somewhat ugly building, smothered by an enormous iron cupola, and located in the vicinity of the Central Halles. It need scarcely be said that this grain market is a great place for speculative transactions, flour being bought and sold in enormous quantities: for the first four, the middle four, and the last four months of the year, as well as for each month taken separately. There is an immense business done in premiums and margins; and the different brands of flour sometimes fluctuate as much as a franc per sack, from one day to another, large sums changing hands with almost the same facility as at Chicago.

Within the last ten years, the market for oxen, at Poissy, and the market for sheep at Sceaux, have been abandoned in favor of the market at La Villette, covering over fifty acres of ground, and communicating, by means of the connecting line, with all the railroads of France. The entrance fee at the market, is for oxen, fifty cents a head; for calves, twenty cents; for swine, ten cents; and for sheep, five cents. Besides this, a fee of ten cents per ox and two cents per sheep per night is levied on all animals left unsold after the day's market.

There are immense drinking-troughs, large stables and cow-sheds, over which are corn-bins and forage. These sheds are capable of containing 4,600 oxen and 22,000 sheep at one time. About 3,000,000 animals are annually disposed of in this market. The sales take place in three handsome covered structures, each over 600 feet long by 300 broad.

The growth of Paris has been such that the whole of the remainder of France no longer suffices to provision it, and France will, undoubtedly, soon learn, as England has already learned, that it is true wisdom to encourage shipments of American beef, and to take advantage of all the most recent appliances for the transport of meat across the ocean.

Even in 1873, Germany contributed some 400,000 sheep to the provisioning of Paris, besides quantities of oxen, hogs, and calves. The oxen of the Nivernais have, perhaps, the best reputation of any. The best French sheep are those from the West, known as the *prés salés*, and those from Berry, where they graze on a short, sweet-smelling grass, which gives to the meat a flavor similar to that of plants exposed to the sea-air.



THE POULTRY-MARKET IN OLDEN TIME.

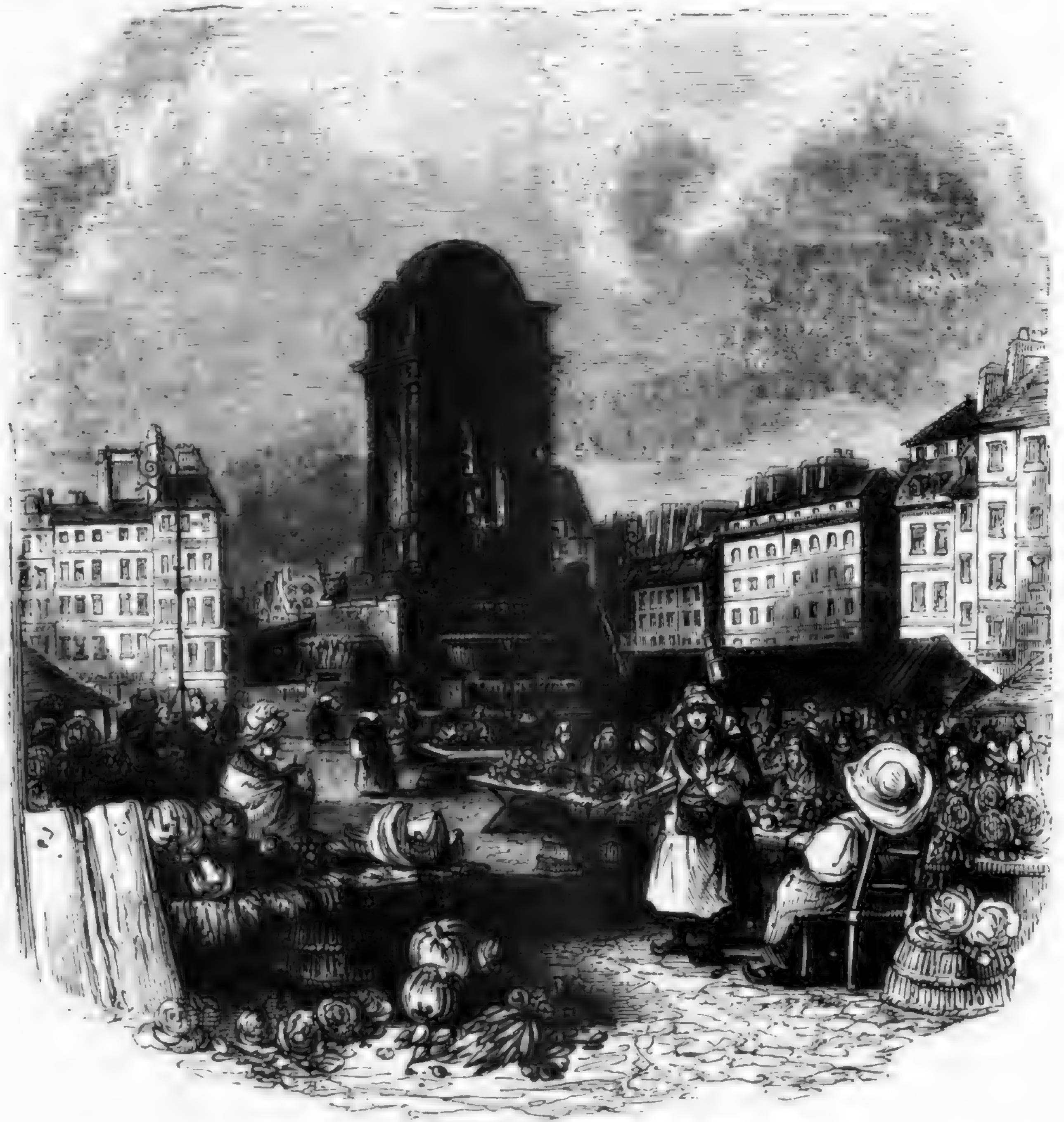
The slaughter-houses are close by the cattle-markets, separated only therefrom by the Darcq Canal. These slaughter-houses, which, in 1857 took the place of the four city slaughter-houses, occupy some 700,000 feet of space.

A class of persons termed *Chevillards* (from the meat being suspended from hooks—*chevilles*), act as middle men between the producer and the butcher, who thus becomes simply a retail vender. They do an excellent business, and make considerable fortunes by buying the animals on the market, taking them off to the slaughter-house, killing them, cutting them up and selling them to the butchers. The slaughter-house fees are 20 cents per 100 pounds. Before being offered for public sale, either at the Halle or at any of the 1,600 butchers' shops of Paris, the meat has to receive the inspector's blue ink stamp, certifying to its fitness for the market, and accompanied by a card specifying the weight. If the meat has even a tainted appearance, it is sent to the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who consume some 200,000 pounds a year; while putrid meat to the amount of about 220,000 pounds a year is, before being taken away, sprinkled with turpentine, so as effectually to prevent any attempt at a sale being made.

The average annual consumption of a Parisian is, at the very least, 140 pounds of butcher's meat, and not less than 15 pounds of pork. Since the siege, the use of horseflesh has gradually become common in the districts inhabited by the working classes—thanks, in no slight measure, to the prizes given to the best butchers of horseflesh by a society specially established for this purpose. The difference in the taste between horseflesh and beef is not very great, but what places the former at a disadvantage is its reddish-brown appearance, which is disagreeable, besides the inability to make good broth when boiling it down. This is a very important matter in France, where the poor live more upon boiled meat than they do upon roast; and as horseflesh must always be roasted, it is far less profitable to the household, entailing, moreover, a greater consumption of fuel. Instead of attempting to develop the trade in horseflesh as an article of food, French economists would undoubtedly do better to advocate the importation of American beef, and it is tolerably certain that any efforts made in that direction would be attended with great and lasting success, and be recognized as a benefit to the poorer classes of the community.

In speaking of the manner in which Paris is provisioned, it should be mentioned that every year, in the month of March, an exhibition is held in the Palace of Industry, comprising the following classes: Oxen, sheep, swine and live poultry on the ground floor; cheese, plucked chickens and fowls, oil, honey, butter, hops, vegetables, fresh and preserved fruits, on the upper floor, in the same galleries as those used for the exhibition of pictures in the month of May. Prizes are awarded. These are generally carried off, as was the case in 1877, by M. Tiersonnier, of the Nièvre, for oxen, and by the Comte de Bouillé and the Comte de Béhaigue for sheep-breeding.

Most of the vegetables sold on the Paris market come from the market-gardens a few miles out of town, and also from Upper Brittany. Early vegetables come chiefly from Algeria. Water-cresses, of which about 12,000,000 bunches are annually sold at Paris, come almost exclusively from the Oise Department — Genesse, the Valley of Montmorency, and Chantilly.



THE "MARCHÉ DES INNOCENTS" IN FORMER TIMES.

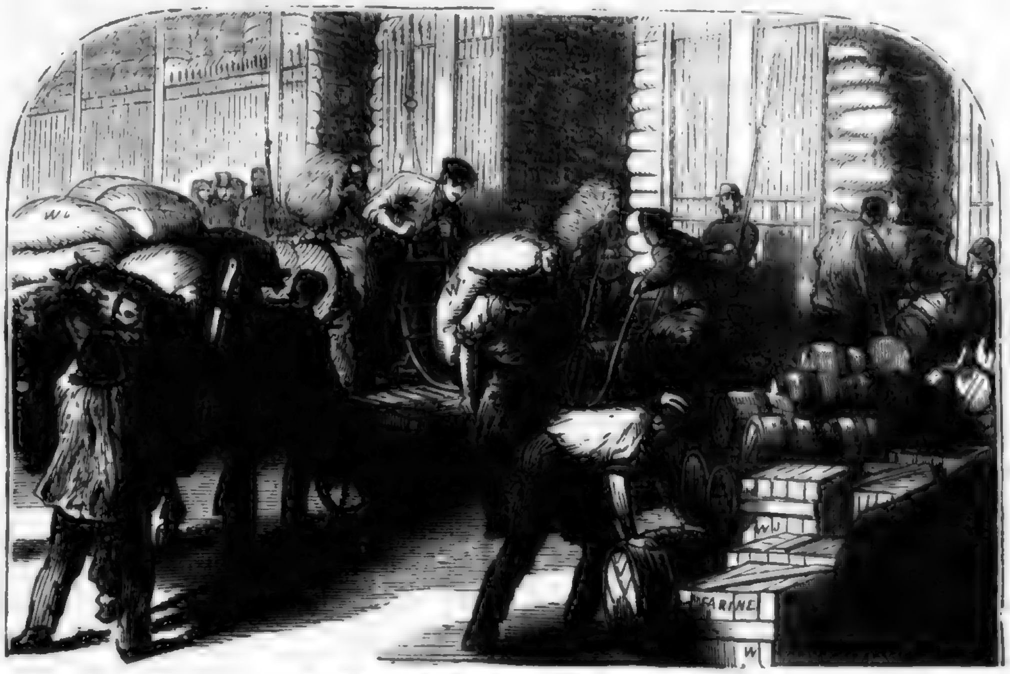
One-fifth of the salt-water fish sold at Paris comes from abroad, chiefly from England and Belgium; while almost all the fresh-water fish is imported, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Rhenish Prussia each contributing their share. This is simply a confirmation of the well-known fact that, for years past, the finny population of French rivers has been steadily decreasing. One-half the mussels eaten in Paris come from Belgium.

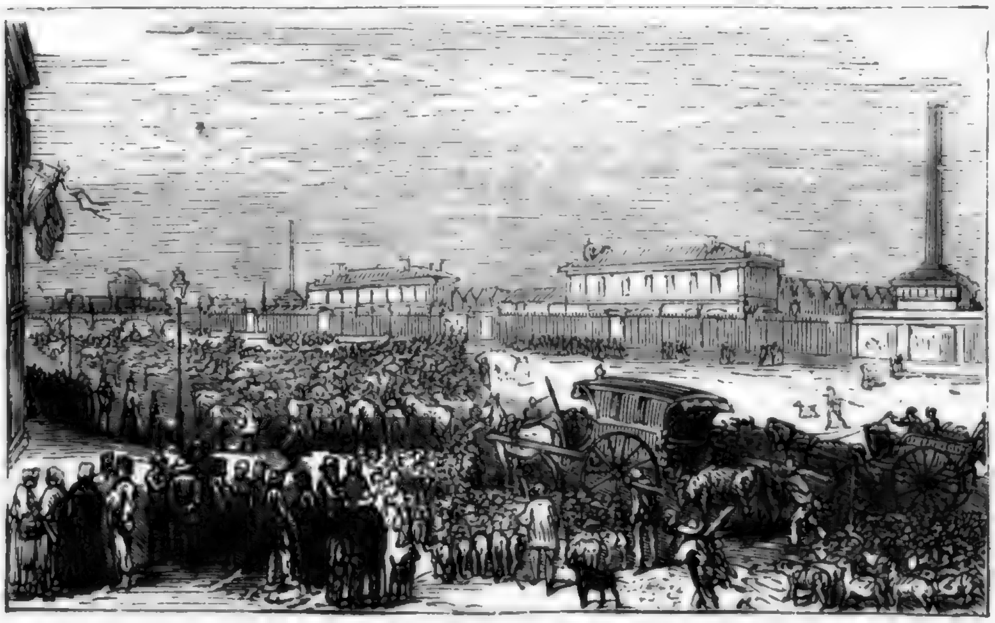
The enhancement in the value of oysters within the last forty years may be attributed to a variety of causes, but certain it is that bivalves which in 1840 cost 12 francs per 1,000 are now worth more than six times that sum. Most of the oysters consumed in Paris come from the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. The delicious but expensive green oysters, the so-called *Marennes*, are the products of the beds off Arcachon. As for the little "Ostend" oysters which are sold in kegs, every one understands that most of them come from Colchester, England.

Normandy and Brittany send very considerable quantities of butter and eggs to Paris and London. As regards cheese, the Parisians like best the *fromages de Brie*—in the Seine-et-Oise department—Meaux and Coulommiers. Then comes the famous Roquefort, the cheeses of Normandy, the Camembert, Livarot, and the cream cheeses from Switzerland, St. Gervais and Gruyère—Cheddar and Stilton from England, and a few German cheeses.

The game sold in Paris comes from all parts of France, and in November, when the shooting season is at its height in Germany, chiefly from that country. From the banks of the Dnieper and of the Neva come in Winter grouse and lagopus. Sweden, Norway, Scotland, and Bohemia send their hazel-hens and grouse; while from the United States, chiefly from

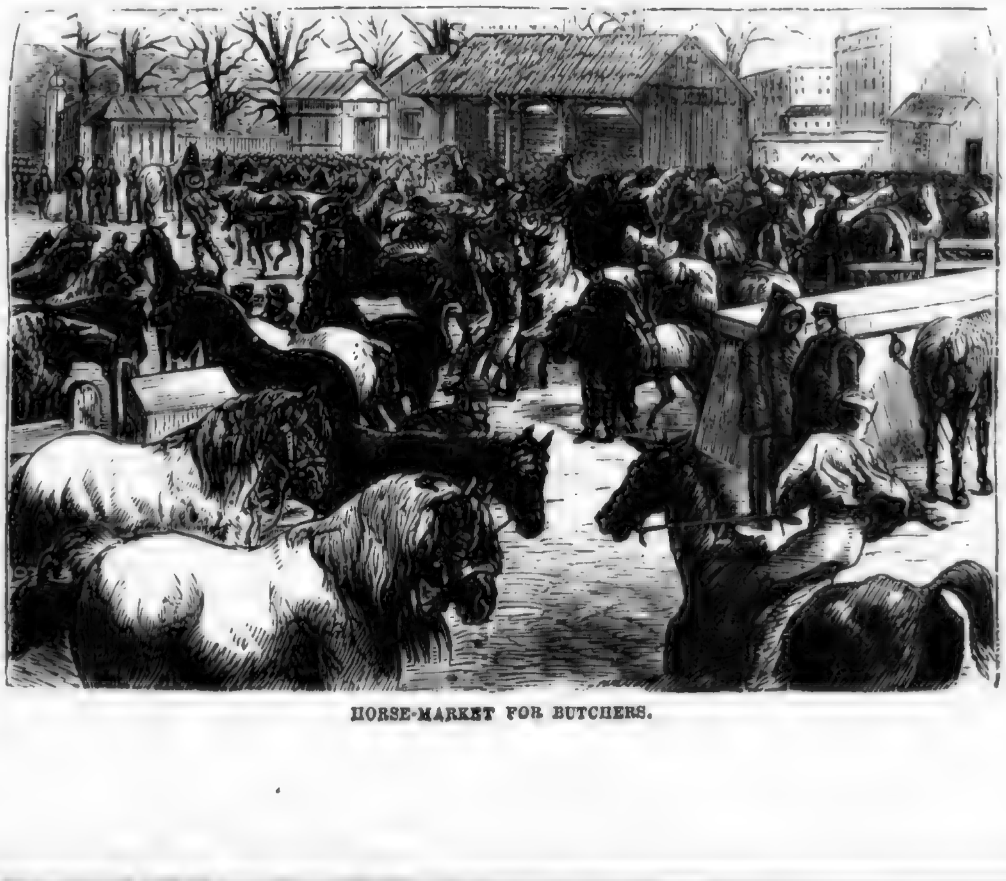
Virginia, come, with more or less regularity, the American partridges (*Perdix virginianus*). The best poultry comes from the departments of Bresse and Maine. Olive oil, unfortunately frequently adulterated, comes from Algeria, Tunis, the Neapolitan provinces, Tuscany, and Provence. Oranges reach France from Algeria, Spain, and Portugal, at present, but should the project of growing oranges in Florida, on a large scale, succeed, not many years will elapse ere the United States will take their share in supplying Paris with fruit. Grapes, peaches, and cherries come to the capital in large quantities from the immediate vicinity, say Fontainebleau, Montreuil, and Montmorency; the fruit there grown is considered by many to be the most delicious of any.

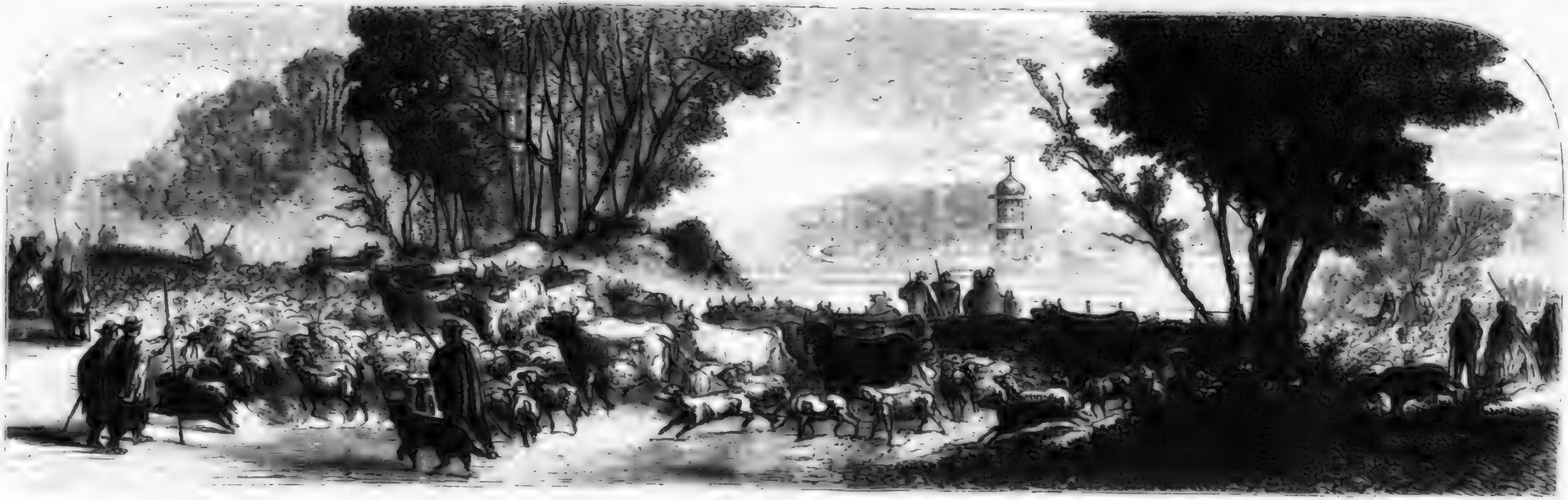

FLOUR-STORES IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.


THE NEW ABATTOIRS, PARIS.

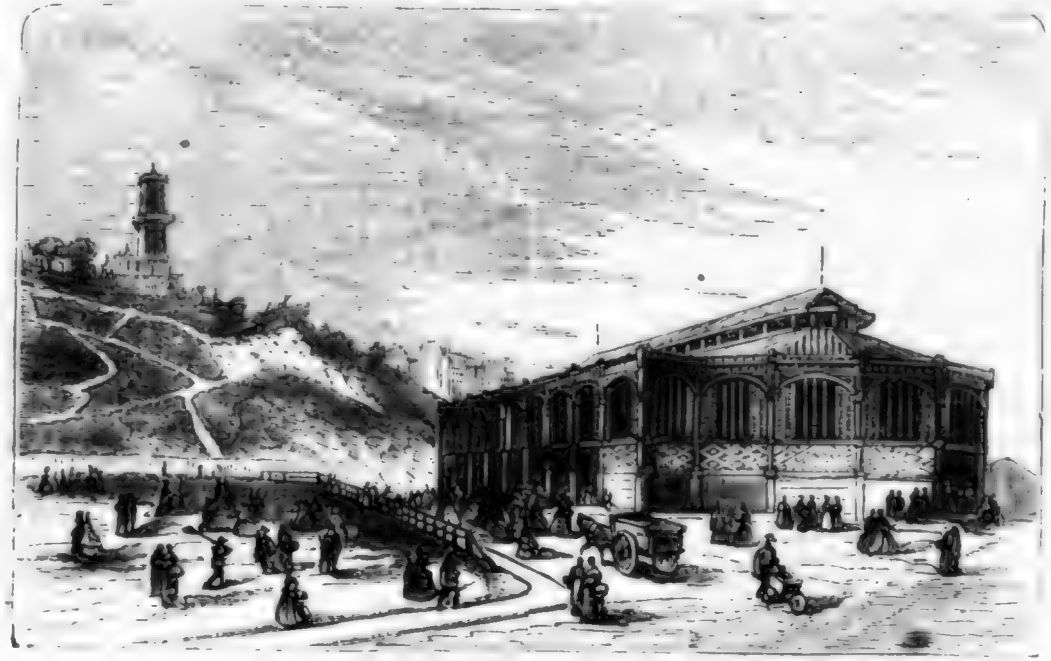
The Central Halles, now the chief market of the City of Paris, was, for a long time, simply a district market. The ground on which it stands was purchased in the twelfth century by King Louis le Gros. Philip Augustus erected there a place of shelter. The Valois enlarged the Halles and built the *Pillars of the Halles*, which became so famous at the time of the wars of the Fronde, owing to the Duke of Beaufort, the "king of the Halles." The pillory, where the condemned were placed and exposed to public view, stood where is now the *pavillon* for the sale of sea-fish. It was there that Louis XI. had his cousin, the Duke of Nemours, beheaded, placing the Duke's children on the scaffold, so that they might be sprinkled with their father's blood. As a rule, executions took place on the Place de Grève (now Place de l'Hôtel de Ville), and only the dead bodies were exposed at the Halles.

At that time the place was a kind of bazaar, where were sold not only provisions and commodities, but also arms and armors, boots and shoes, and clothing. All around were a number of tortuous labyrinthine alleys and streets, where carts blocked up the way, and the high houses of the Middle Ages kept off both the air and the light. The *forts* and the *ladies*

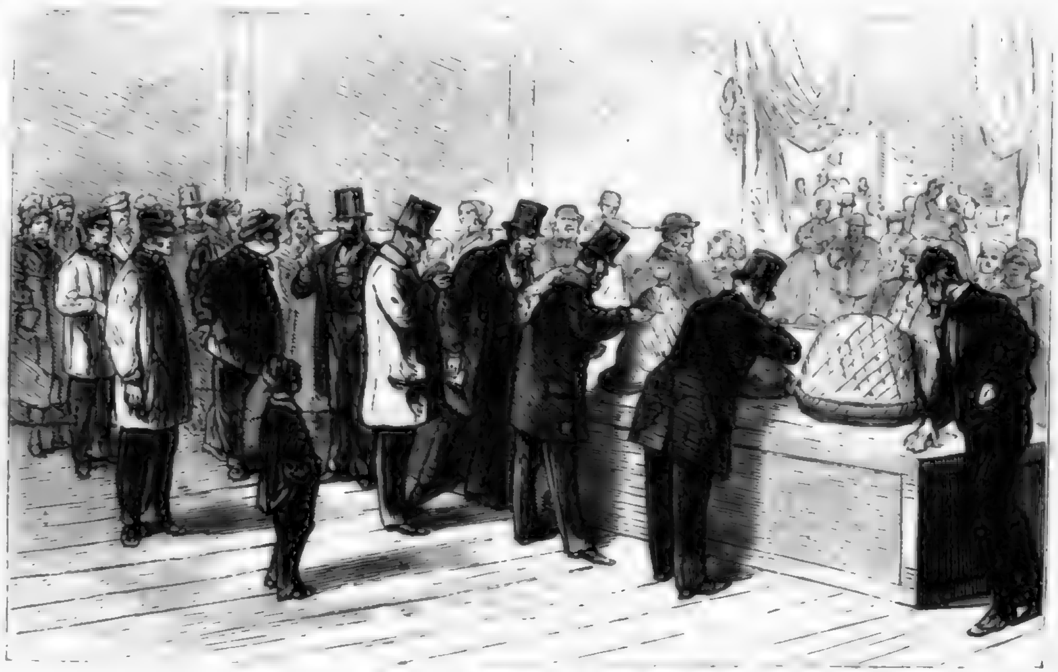

HORSE-MARKET FOR BUTCHERS.



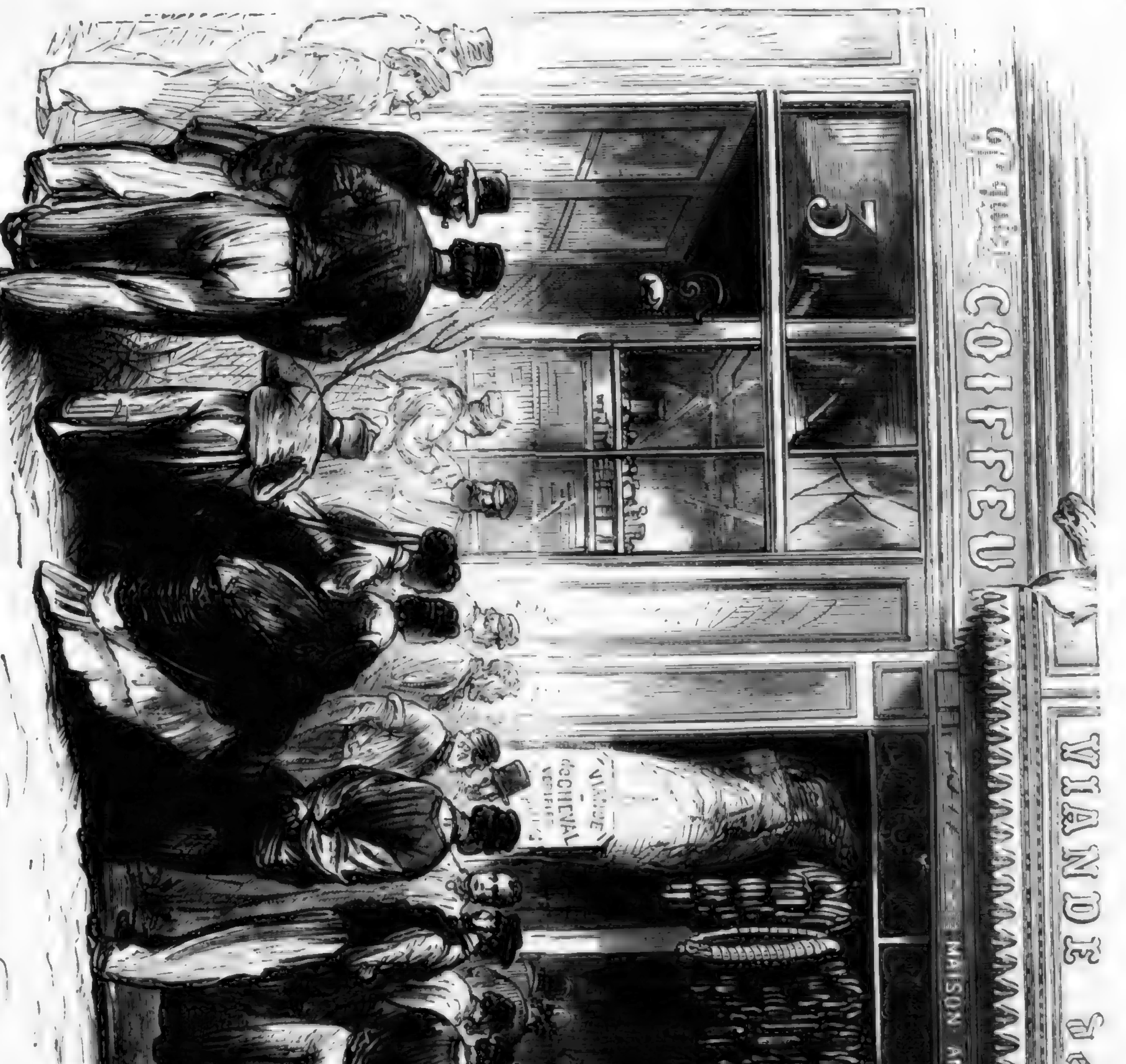
ARRIVAL OF CATTLE.



NEW MARKET AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.



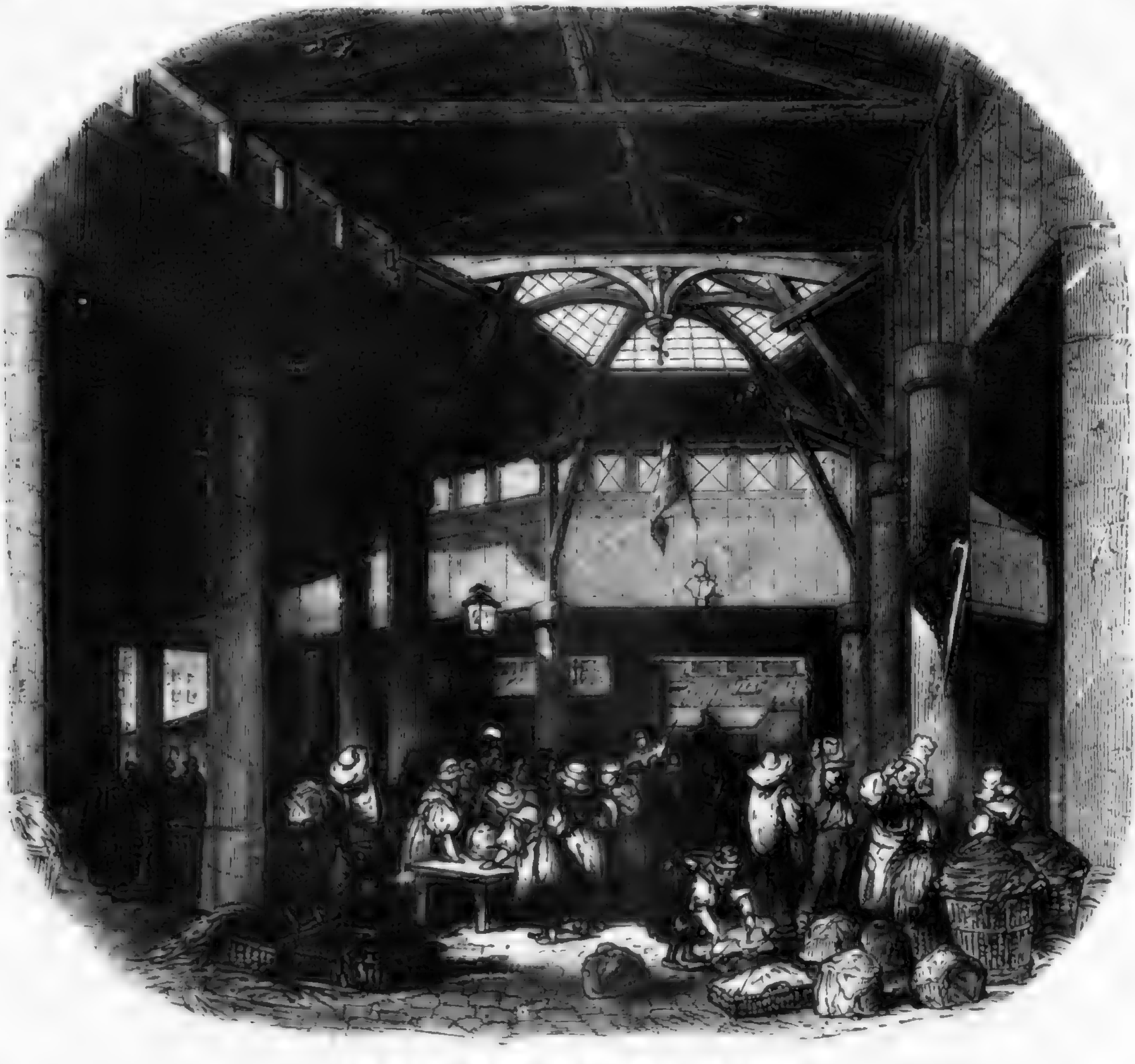
BUTTER AND CHEESE TASTERS, HALLES CENTRALES.


COIFFEUR
VIANDE de CHEVAL
BOULANG
MAISON ANTOINE
VIANDE de CHEVAL
3

HORSEFLESH MARKET.

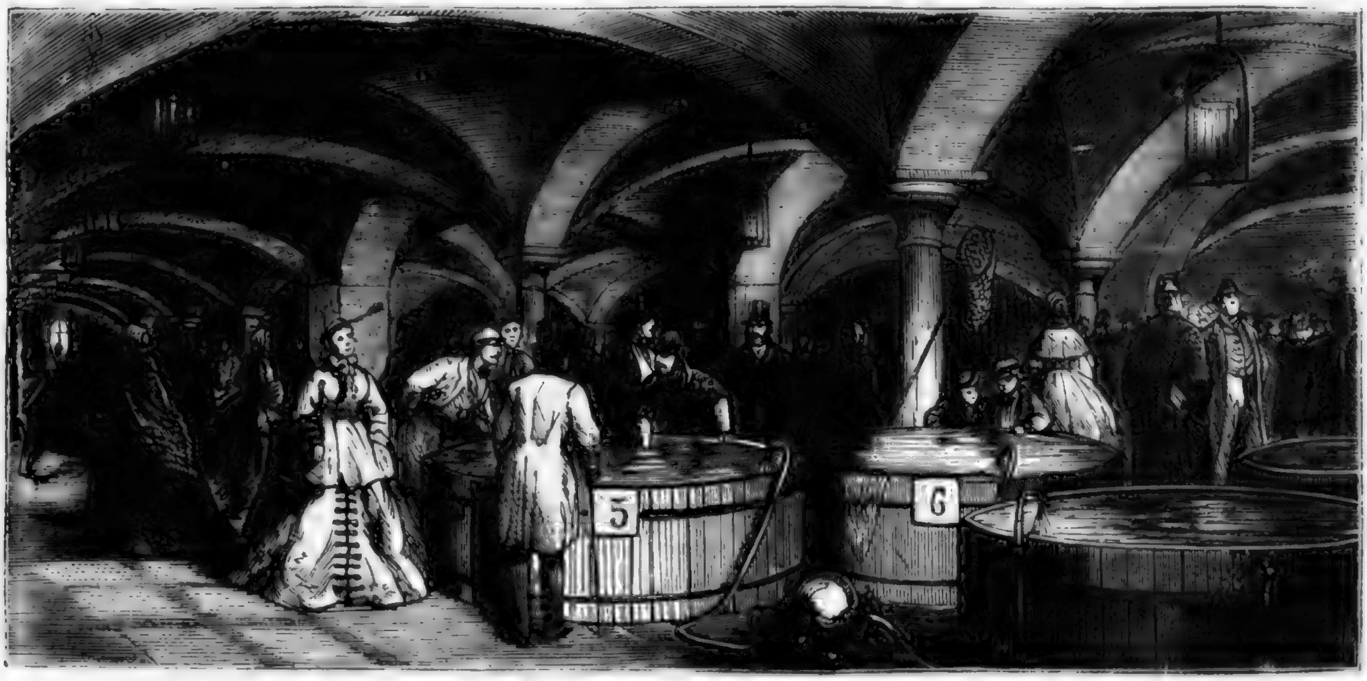
of the Halles were even then noted for their insolence, and the spirit of absolute rule which characterized their management of the place. So far back as the fifteenth century, those ladies, of whom Madame Angot is now the worthy representative, exercised despotic sway over the halles. The charnel house of the Innocents, then the chief burying place, was, horrible to relate, adjoining the Halles, and disseminated pestilential emanations all around. It was only under Louis XVI. that this place was cleared, and the bones of the dead carried to the Catacombs. Most of the male and female venders sold their commodities in the open air, under umbrellas or awnings.

Napoleon I. had the Halles enlarged, fresh buildings being put up; but on the Bourbon's return to power they did not proceed with the work. They had no special sympathy for the gossiping busybodies of the Halles, who had joined the mob in marching on to Versailles on the 5th of October, 1789, forcing Louis XVI. to return to the Tuileries, and who had so often insulted Marie Antoinette. Louis Philippe put off enlarging the Halles under pretext that the country must economize. It was only on the 23d of September, 1851, that Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, laid the first stone of the splendid monumental structure now known as the Halles Centrales. The building itself is the masterpiece of the architect Baltard, and forms, with the new Opera House, two of the finest specimens of modern architecture. Although not even yet complete, the Halle is largest market in the world. There are still wanting the pavilions which are to surround the Corn Exchange, and where the employés are to live. When these are finished there will be fourteen pavilions, united by means of covered streets, and extending over about nineteen acres of ground. The Halles cost $12,000,000. At present the ten pavilions, with their galleries, are sufficient for the necessities of the market, the transaction of business having been greatly facilitated by the opening up of broad streets and the demolition of rickety old dwellings which had stood there for six or seven centuries. Unfortunately, there is yet no line of rails reaching to the Halles, and until the projected underground railway becomes a reality, all the work of transportation must continue to be performed by carts. There are about 2,600 of these every night blocking up the handsome Rues du Louvre, Rambuteau, Turbigo, etc., in much the same way as they, in days of yore, blocked up the narrow alleys of the Vieille-Truanderie, Cossonnerie and du Pot d'Etain.



THE OLD BUTTER AND EGG MARKET IN THE HALLES.

The pavilions of the Halles are 48 feet wide and 48 feet in height. They are divided in the centre by a street 105 feet in width, which connects the Rue Montmartre with the Rue de Rivoli, the quays and the Pont Neuf. Every pavilion is divided off into 250 stalls, each stall being allotted some 40 square feet of space. The pavilions are constructed entirely of glass and iron covered with zinc. Beneath them are not less than 1,200 cellars, built of stone, for killing and preparing poultry, preserving provisions not sold during the day, storing eggs, cheese and butter, and keeping fresh-water



FISH-MARKET IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.

fish in tanks. Storage in these cellars costs somewhat under one cent a day per square yard. The cellars are twelve feet high, and are lighted by gas.

The 480 to 500 porters of the Halles, so noticeable owing to their broad-brimmed white felt hats and feruled sticks, are divided into gangs, and governed by a syndicate, the rigid rules set down by which must be submitted to by all.

Thus, before being admitted into the corporation, a man is subjected to certain trials of strength often very difficult indeed, and the very name these burden-bearers are known by—*les forts*—indicates that a strong physical development is a *sine qua non* for the position.

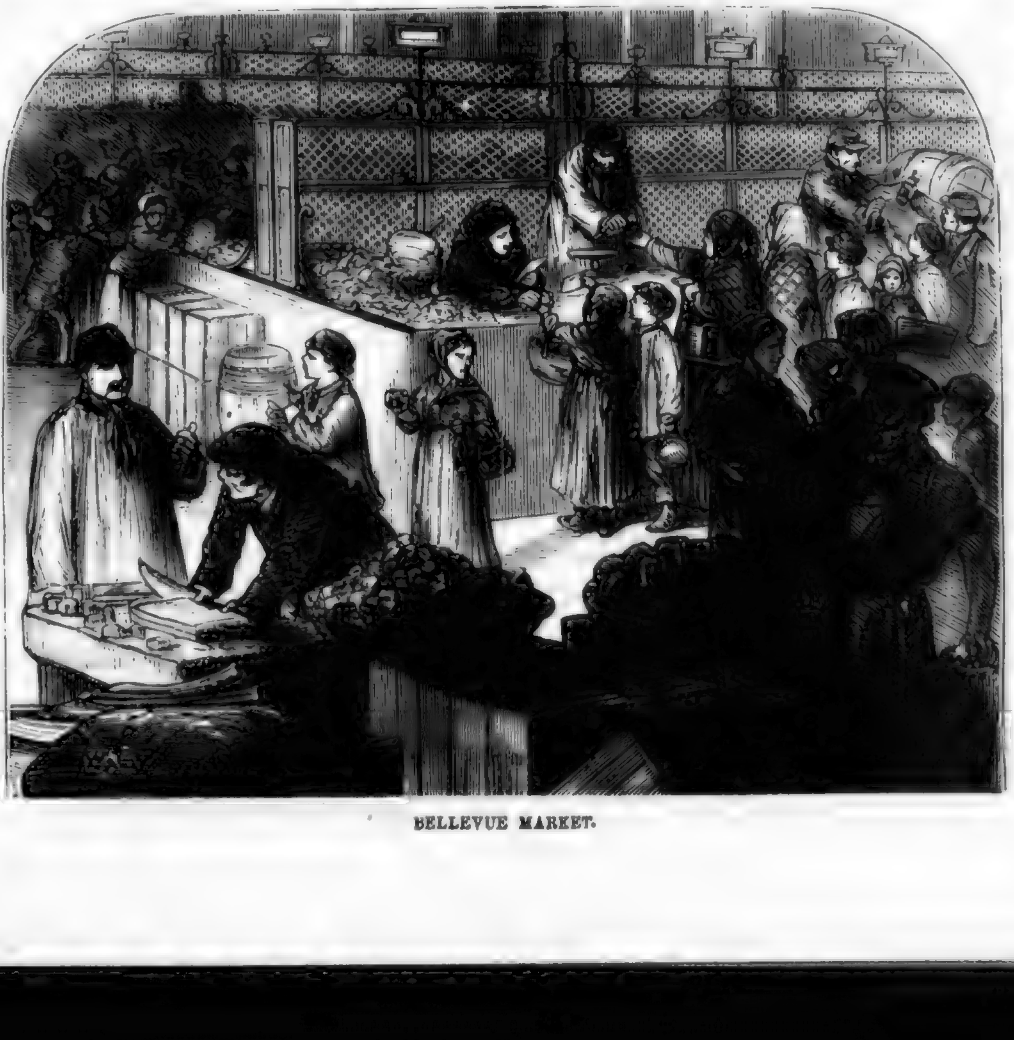
Gas and water are abundant at the Halles, some 850,000 cubic yards of gas being burnt daily, while the diurnal consumption of water averages 650,000 gallons. Each stall in the ordinary pavilions costs 60 cents per diem; each counter in the pavilion for the sale of sea-fish costs 25 cents a day, a stand for the sale of oysters 4 cents, while those venders who do not mind standing outside the market, under the galleries of the pavilions, only pay 3 cents a day, an exceedingly low rate, as all will acknowledge.

It has probably been wisely determined that wine should not be sold at the Halles Centrales. The special depot, called the Halle aux Vins, where there are constantly some 500,000 casks of wine lying in bond, runs for half a mile along the quay, on the left bank of the Seine, near the Jardin des Plantes. The principal market for the sale of wine is, however, the entrepôt at Bercy, where the weekly transactions are simply enormous. Some idea of the business done may be conveyed by the official figures of the quantities on which the city dues were collected in Paris, in February, 1877:

Wine in casks	7,227,968	gallons.
" bottles	33,000	"
Alcohol	184,492	"
Cider	81,400	"
Beer	333,280	"
Total	7,860,140	gallons.

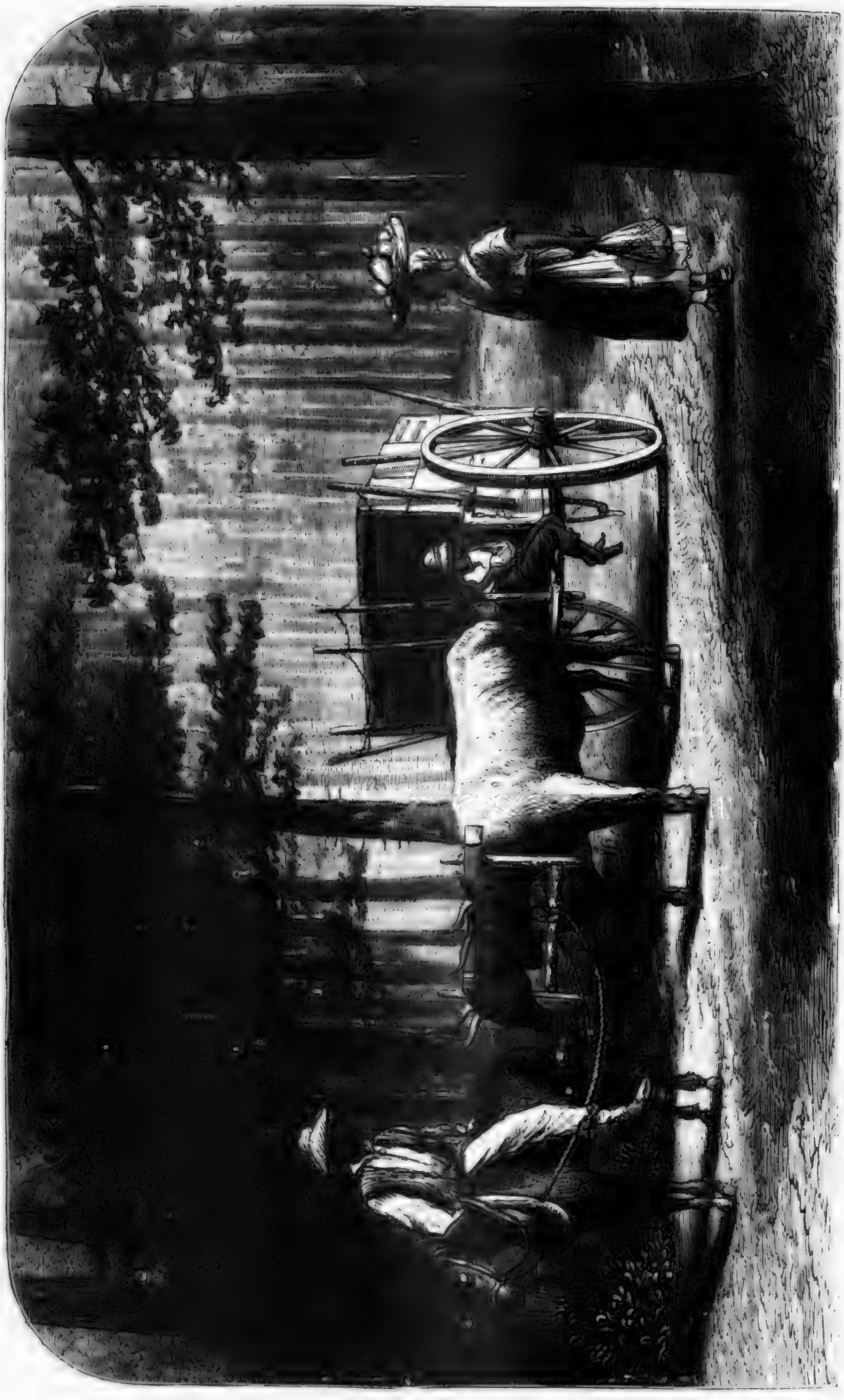
These figures are beneath those for February, 1876, probably on account of the wine crop of 1876 having been so bad.

Besides the markets mentioned, the other most noteworthy markets of Paris are the Marché St. Germain, near St. Sulpice; the Marché St. Honoré, near the street of that name; the Marché de Montmartre, etc.



BELLEVUE MARKET.

Men who never do wrong, seldom do anything.



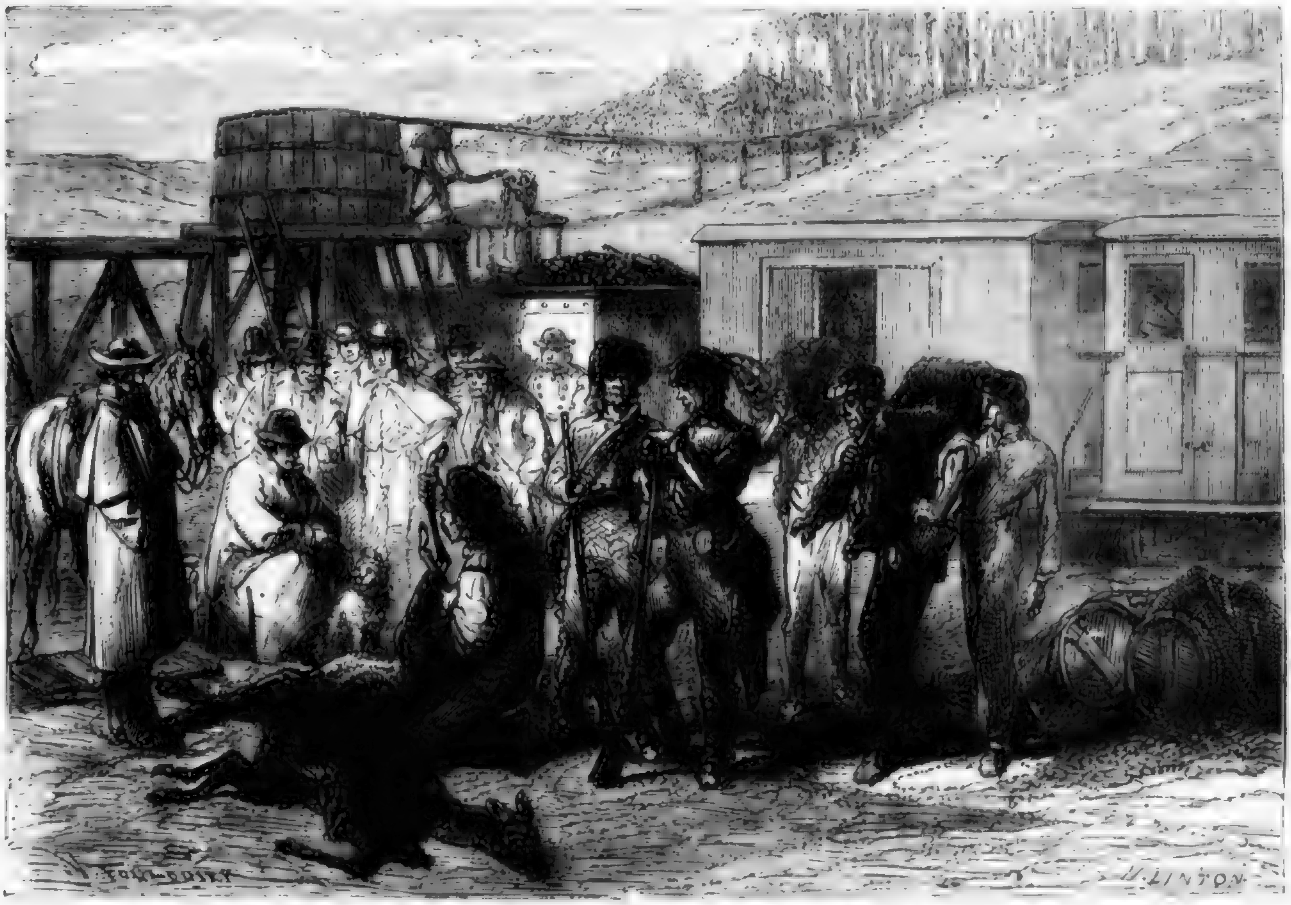
SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE PEACH SEASON IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Peach Season in South Carolina.

Few persons who profess strong admiration for the delicious peaches that are now being received at our markets in immense quantities, have any idea of the labor, care, anxiety and patience exercised in their cultivation and shipment. So long as the fruit is luscious, and has a fair, rosy exterior, we care little how much trouble others have had in raising and preparing it. If a basketful turns out well, we express our satisfaction in the haste manifested in disposing of it; but let unripe and leaden specimens be exhibited—those compositions of stringy pits and fuzzy rinds—and we are positive that the person who put those on the market had lost all his sweet teeth, and knew nothing about the judicious pruning of trees and the scientific packing of the fruit.

The vast fields in Delaware, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, where the cultivation of the peach is made a thorough study, now present scenes of great interest and activity. The Spring was occupied in carefully nurturing the trees and propping the branches to sustain their expected burdens. And now the sun and heat and rich sap have expanded the fruit, made it soft to the touch, and most agreeable to taste, and given it bright colors that almost seem to increase its sweetness.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—INDIANS SELLING DEER AT A RAILWAY STATION IN ALABAMA.

Gathering and packing in baskets and boxes form the hurried labor of the season, and in these much care is necessary to protect the fruit from bruises and contact with moist substances.

Our engraving represents a scene in which the negroes, having passed beyond the sight and ear of their employers, are threading a rather leisurely course from the orchards to the depot.

The toils of others in getting the boxes ready for their transportation are about as important to them as to us while eating the contents.

The team has come to a standstill, and the boy on the mule is peering around with an astonished look to see how soon the oxen will be likely to awake from their sleep. A little sleep now and then does no harm, even while on the way to the depot, and the animals will soon be on their way, earning another clandestine doze.

Indians Selling Deer at a Railway Station, Alabama.

The Indians have well-nigh disappeared from the States east of the Mississippi, a few communities lingering in the North, surrounded by whites, reluctantly bending to the civilization, which seem so alien to their nature that extinction is the only probable future before them. In the South, more sparsely settled, with mountains still the haunt of deer, some remnants of the once powerful Mobilean tribes linger, and hunt as their ancestors hunted of old, but now bring in the produce of the chase to sell to the white man. The scene depicted in our illustration by the faithful pencil of an artist, whose fidelity to nature is remarkable, is not an uncommon one.

Through this path, these Indians may gradually be brought to other employments, and thus mingle in the vast population that seems to spring up on the soil where their ancestors roamed.

If liquor does not exert its deadly influence, the Indian can gradually be gained, where the vices are not more frequently taught them than the lessons of the more worthy, even in the lower ranks.

An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver, which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones.

XUM

LADY FELICIA.

PERFECT in graceful luxury was the room,
Replete with beauty, laden with perfume
Lavished from flowers half drooping with their bloom.

Lady Felicia, rich, high-born and fair,
Reclining in her velvet-cushioned chair,
Her jeweled fingers toying with her hair—

Dreamed, as all women dream, and none but they—
Duchess and peasant—girl and matron gray,
Each hath her dream—from which she wakes, one day.

And thus Felicia sat alone, and dreamed
Some pleasant noontide fantasy, it seemed,
So soft the lustre in her eyes that beamed.

"Others may love in sunshine—I would fain
Share, rather than my loved one's joy, his pain,
That I might soothe his heart to peace again.

"Others may care for riches—but to me
It seems that to be poor is to be free;
And love is mightiest in adversity.

"Who will may have world-splendor, rank and power;
Let me be to my love his life's one flower,
Sole cherished in an else deserted bower.

"For trouble doth two spirits much unite;
In grief, true love gives forth so clear a light,
As stars glow brightest in the darkest night.

"Together, there's no ill that we need dread;
Though wrathful clouds should gather overhead,
Through darkness each by each would safe be led.

"Together, we might dare all storms of fate,
And for returning calm in faith would wait;
So love doth strengthen—and doth consecrate.

"Clad in this armor proof—so true, so sure,
We should be brave to combat and endure,
And through all tainting struggle might pass pure.

"Right proud were I love's burdens to bear—
Right fondly would I claim all pain to share—
Striving alway to ease his every care.

"And when a-weary with the world's hard strife,
He should come home, as to a holier life,
Finding sweet rest and peace with me—his wife!"

Upon the word Felicia paused a while,
And o'er her face a gleam, half blush, half smile,
Stole—trying its sweet gravity to beguile.

Till lips, eyes, cheeks, their lesson had been taught,
And the reflection of her rosy thought
Even her dimpled neck had faintly caught.

The eyes drooped presently, their lashes wet—
Ah, complex thoughts! tumultously they met,
While the low whisper came, "And yet—and yet—?"

The yearning, asking words were all—no more—
A gentle hand unclosed the chamber-door;
Felicia started up—her day-dream o'er.

"Nugent is waiting, dear, to say good-by—
He's going off to Spain immediately."
Felicia, white, but stately, uttered—"Why,

"That's sudden, isn't it?" and tried to look
Calm, in her mother's eyes. Her mother took
Her hands, softly; then the young girl shook

From head to foot in desperate undisguise,
Until the tender voice said—"What is this,
My darling?" melting in a long, fond kiss.

"So cold to him, we thought. Yet—is it so?
You—love him!" On the pale cheek came a glow.
Felicia whispered, "I—I did not know—"

Then, like a frightened bird that seeks its nest,
She drooped her head upon her mother's breast,
And in faint sobbings told her all the rest.

* * * *

And Nugent is of lowly birth, of course—
A struggling worker—artist, or e'en worse,
Perhaps a poet, with a poet's purse?

And she will be his cherished flower—his light,
Sole shining on the darkness of the night,
To help and solace him through Life's sore fight?

Ah! womanly consistency's a pearl
Of infinite rareness. She was but a girl
Who dreamed that dream, the while she loved the—Earl.

Yes, one of England's proudest. Wealth and power
Are hers, who, dreaming in that idle hour,
Aspired to love, as life's sufficient dower—

And dared to wish for sorrow, pain and care.
Alas! fair countess, these come everywhere—
To golden palace, as to hovel bare.

While Love, the strengthening and healing one,
Shineth on all as he ever shone—
Dwells in a hut, but does not spurn a throne.

CHASED BY A LION.

By H. D. Smith, U. S. R. M.

It was close upon the hour of sunset, and huge, wavering shadows already crept tremulously along the low, reedy coast of Africa. The rocky, desolate spot known as Goree was bathed in a flood of gorgeous light, which streamed across the undulating surface of the ocean like a broad band of shimmering gold.

The summit of the rock was crowned by a small fortress, ancient and quaint in its construction, from the parapet of which fluttered the tricolor of France.

A puff of smoke from an embrasure, a dull rumble, followed by the ensign slowly descending from the staff, announced that the sun had set.

From the harbor, or, more properly speaking, the open roadstead, but one vessel was visible—a sloop-of-war, bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, rode proudly to her anchors. The smoke from her bow-gun had scarcely disappeared, and the heavy report had not died away, as the first cutter dashed from the gangway ladder, heading toward the landing. In the stern-sheets reclined two officers, clad in the undress uniform of their respective ranks.

They were the first lieutenant, Tom Ratcliffe, and his friend, Harry May, the paymaster of the sloop-of-war.

"Tom, you are a lucky dog, and the envy of every Frenchman in the place."

"How so, Harry?" responded the first luff, as he stretched his long, shapely limbs.

He stood six feet two in his socks, and was innocent of a surplus ounce of flesh upon his bones. Powerful, active, handsome and free-hearted, he was endeared to the entire ship's company for his many good qualities.

"You are remarkably modest, Tom, I must say, and bear your honors meekly. How so? Why, for saving Marie de Courcey, the governor's daughter, from a horrible death yesterday. It is said her horses would have plunged off the rocky road of the hill yonder and fell headlong into the sea, but for your prompt interference. I saw you take that flying leap for the horse's back, and it was magnificently done. Her father, the marquis, was so overcome by emotion, that he was scarcely able to thank you. But how about his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Montferris? He was unable or powerless to stop the frightened horses, and I heard a rumor that some words passed between you, Tom. Is there any truth in the report?"

"Well, I don't know; I scarcely remember now. I do recollect, though, of saying something to him for allowing the girl to dash by him without making an effort to save her. She is a beautiful, talented and high-spirited girl, well worthy of the noble blood that runs in her veins."

"Look out, Tom, or you'll get yourself in trouble. To-morrow her picnic comes off, for which we hold invitations, you know. I presume Montferris will be there, with his mustache pointed *à la* Napoleon. Then clear——"

"What, Harry! this from you? Come, we will belay the subject, if you please. When my personal friend begs me to shun a Frenchman, for fear I may come to harm, I am inclined to doubt the friendship that has lasted for years. There, there, Harry; let's drop the subject. In bow—way enough;" and the boat shot alongside the wharf, on to which the two friends quickly clambered. "Ah, there is a crowd clustering round Monsieur Tessadre's hospitable door, enjoying their absinthe beneath these scrubby trees. Come, Hal, we'll try a little brandy-and-water—eh?"

"With pleasure; and, Tom, I beg of you——"

"To remember that I am twenty-one years of age, and capable of taking care of myself. It's a faculty we learn early in life in Indiana;" and with a light, reckless laugh, the lieutenant strolled leisurely toward the group of French officers and civilians, who were too busily occupied with their own noisy conversation to pay the slightest attention to the newcomers, who quietly occupied a table in close proximity to the group.

Tom Ratcliffe's large gray eyes sparkled with a strange light as he heard his name uttered in an excited tone, and, as both officers were acquainted with the French language, they listened intently to the remarks, which were uttered in no gentle tone.

"So, Victor, this naval lieutenant, an American officer, bids fair to outstrip you in the race for the favor of the fair Mademoiselle de Courcey? It was a daring act, and gallantly executed."

"Gallantly executed!" echoed the officer addressed as Victor, his dark face flushed with anger. "Who is this Ratcliffe, as he calls himself? Some Yankee politician's scion, I presume, who dares to lift his eyes to the station occupied by our noble commandant's daughter, and in whose veins runs the noblest blood of the Empire! I could have saved the lady—would have saved her—but for that fellow's impertinent interference. I will call him to account, if I ever lay my eyes upon him!"

"You had better not meddle with him," responded an old gray-haired major, who was busily engaged stirring his brandy-and-sugar.

The trappings on Victor Montferris's staff-uniform fairly shook with rage as he rose to his feet, twirling the pointed ends of his mustache in a vain attempt to conceal his wrath.

"And why, sir, had I better leave him alone? Because of the name I bear, and the position I hold? Do you think I would brook a Yankee sailor as a rival without dusting his briny uniform for his impudence? To be sure, there would be a certain amount of contamination in the encounter which time only could eradicate; but I would waive all such considerations for the pleasure of humbling his plebeian blood."

"Allow me to thank you, monsieur, for the sacrifice you condescend to make in my behalf. I believe, if I understood you aright, that you are anxious to take the dust out of my uniform, as well as humble my plebeian blood. Pray proceed, monsieur, and I hope you may at least make a better attempt in this instance than you did riding by the side of Mademoiselle de Courcey."

The calm, deep tones of Ratcliffe's voice took the entire group by surprise; they fell back right and left, leaving the staff-officer face to face with the man whom he had spoken of in so insulting a manner.

Unable to master his astonishment, Montferris, for a moment, could make no reply. In point of stature both men were evenly matched, and, as the French officer attempted to draw his gauntlet across Ratcliffe's face, the naval officer, with a movement quick as lightning, caught his opponent's arm, at the same time striking him heavily in the face.

In the struggle, Montferris's cross of the Legion of Honor fell to the ground, and Tom, with a gesture of disdain, placed his foot upon it.

In an instant a dozen sabres flashed in the air, but neither Tom nor his friend offered to move.

"One at a time, gentlemen, if I am to fight you like officers; or, if we are to be attacked *a la brigand*, will some of you, who are so ready with your sabres, favor us with a weapon apiece?" And a sarcastic smile hovered about the well-shaped mouth of Tom Radcliffe.

Mortified at the false position into which their anger had betrayed them, the officers hastily sheathed their weapons, while one of their number stepped forward, introducing himself as the friend of Victor Montferris.

Tom referred him to Harry May, and between them the preliminaries of the meeting were quickly arranged.

Tom, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, much to the Frenchman's chagrin, who was proficient in the use of the pistol; but Tom chose rifles—the time and place of meeting being sunrise, at the rear of the parade-ground attached to the fort.

Linking his arm through Harry's, Tom strolled quietly off, leaving the officers to discuss the exciting theme, which was soon in every body's mouth.

At sunrise, just as the first rays of the African sun gilded the summit of the huge rock with its yellow light, Tom, with his friend carrying the rifles, made their appearance on the ground, brushing the dew aside in glittering showers as they hastily advanced.

The Frenchmen were already at their posts, the preliminaries were soon settled, and the principals assigned their respective stations.

Tom was attired in his full uniform, his double-breasted coat buttoned to the throat, epaulets and all insignia of rank displayed as carefully as though proceeding to his station for Sunday inspection.

The aide-de-camp had thrown aside *his* uniform, appearing in a sombre suit of black, which offered no distinguishing mark to catch his opponent's eye.

Tom stood with his rifle resting in the hollow of his arm; his cap he had thrown aside, allowing the light morning air to play through his dark locks and luxuriant mustache.

The word, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" struck sharply on the ears of the little party, and, with a simultaneous movement, the dark barrels of the rifles fell to a level, as they answered in the same breath, "Ready!"

But before another word could be uttered or the fingers press the triggers of the deadly weapons, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the flinty soil, and the next instant Marie de Courcey, attired in a semi-military riding-dress, and accompanied by a mounted attendant, dashed on the ground, reining up her little Arabian steed between the two men, who instantly turned their weapons.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, in a loud,

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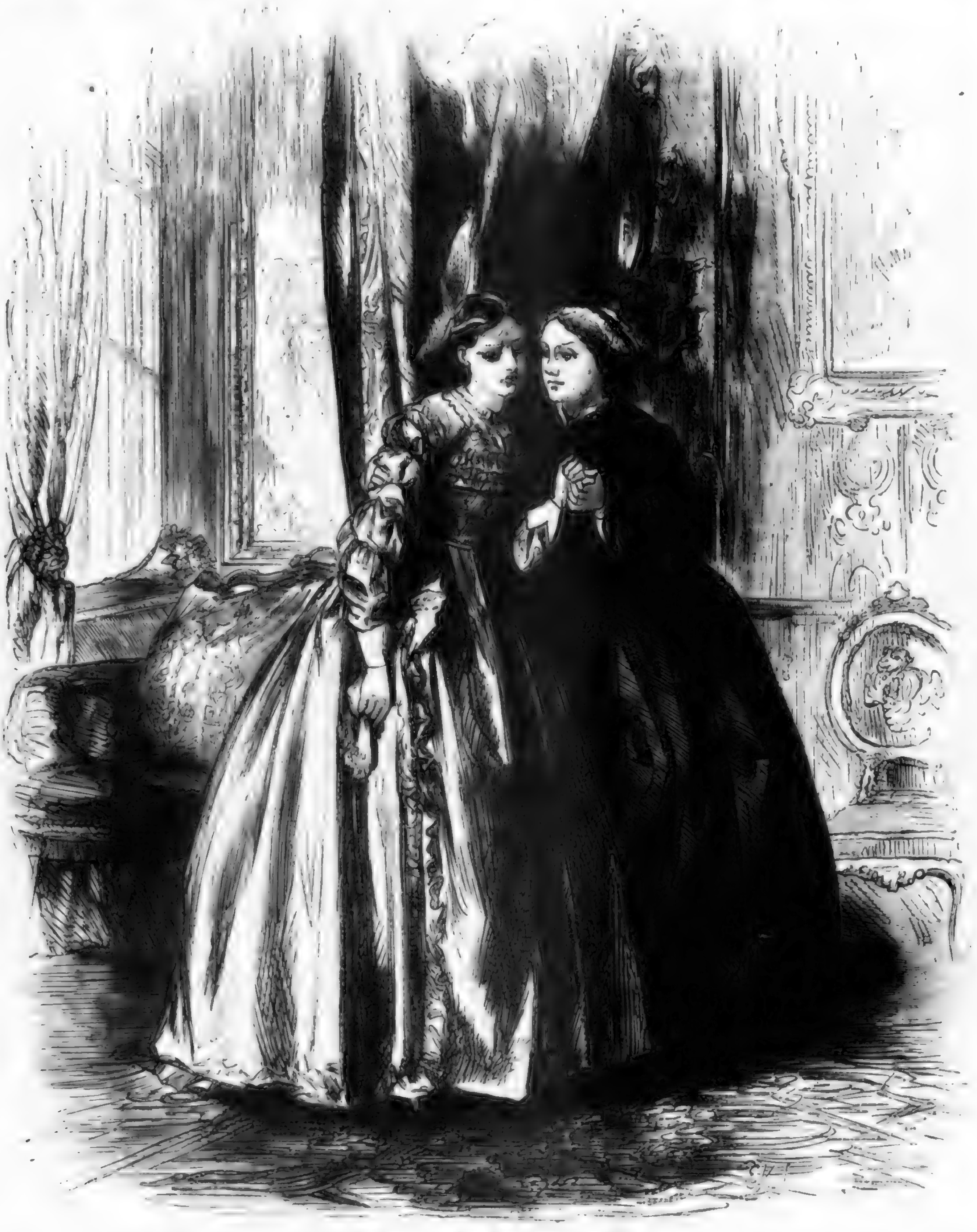
ringing tone. "Have you so little regard for my feelings that you would seek to place my name in every man's mouth?" and she glanced sternly toward the unfortunate Victor, who bowed low as she flung the rifle from him. "And you, Monsieur Ratcliffe, must I forfeit my good opinion of you—must I forget that to you I owe my life—when I see you standing here about to fire on one of my father's friends? For what? A few idle words, in which I understand my name was connected. Promise me now, all of you, as men of honor, to drop this affair for ever, and I'll try and forgive you both. It is granted. Well, then, adieu, and remember that at four o'clock we are all to meet at Rufisque, on the borders of the Great Desert, to enjoy our picnic amid the tall palms, cool nooks, and overhanging rocks of that ancient post;" and, whipping up her pony, the light-hearted daughter of the marquis disappeared as suddenly as she had made her appearance.

The old, gray-haired major now stepped courteously forward, and, raising his forage-cap, said:

"By a decree, gentlemen, from one whose sex we should at all times feel honored in obeying, we are forbid to proceed further in this unfortunate affair. It can be dropped with honor. There is but one thing left for us to do as brave men. Advance, shake hands, and forget the transaction; then adjourn to my quarters, where we will breakfast, for this morning air has given me a wonderful appetite."



LADY FELICIA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 230.

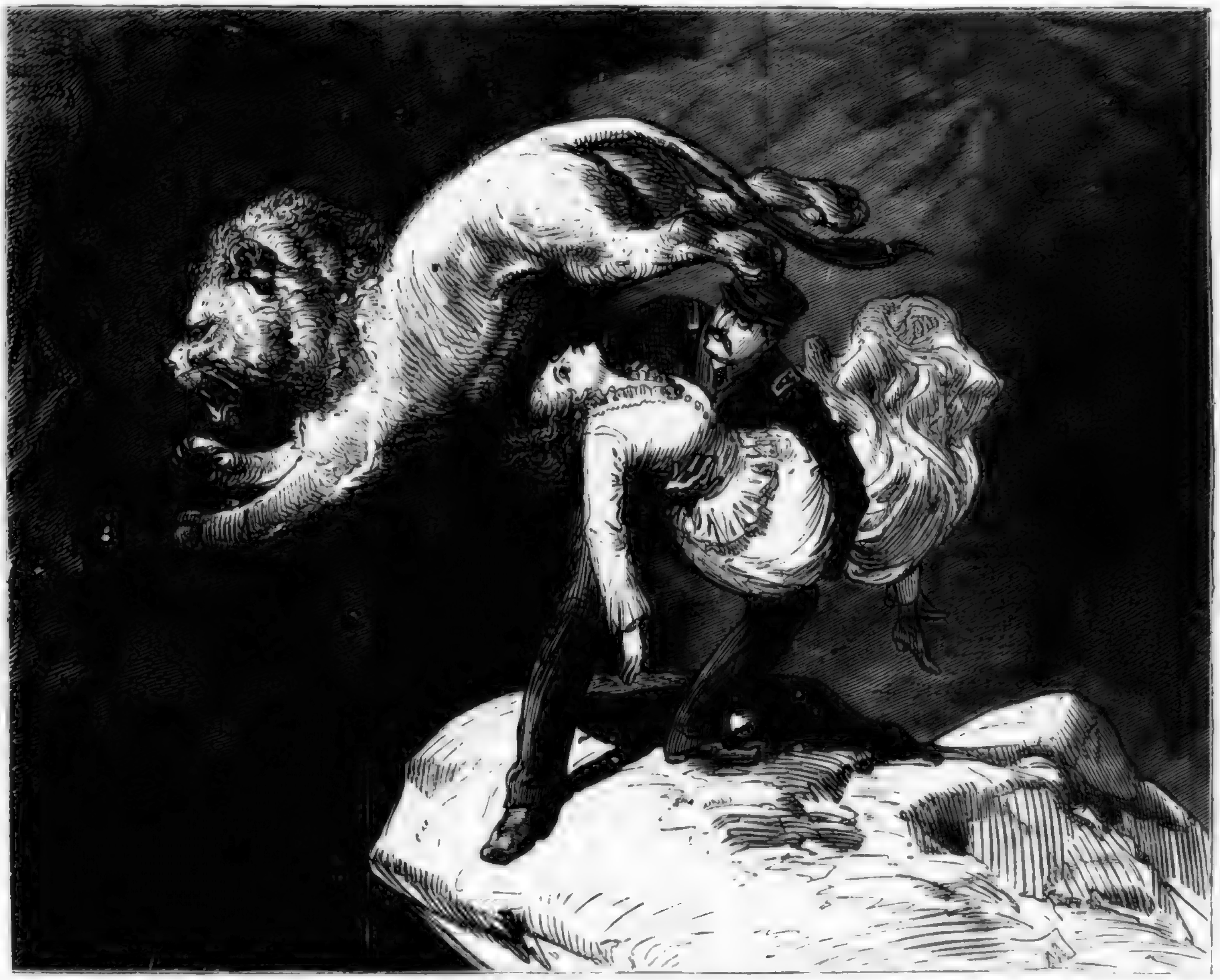
Tom advanced toward his late opponent, and extended his hand, frankly saying:

"I wish you no harm, sir, and I am far from thirsting for your blood. You will admit this affair was not of my seeking——"

"And more, monsieur—I—I alone was to blame. I deserved all the punishment you gave me, and——"

"And will say no more about it," broke in Tom, as he walked side by side with the aide-de-camp, toward the major's quarters, the best of feeling prevailing on all sides.

The party broke up barely in time for the gentlemen to dress for the picnic, and Tom, closely followed by Harry, hurried aboard the ship to change his uniform for his usual undress suit.



CHASED BY A LION.—"WITH AN ANGRY, HALF-SMOTHERED ROAR, THE LION, ROUSED TO THE HIGHEST PITCH OF FEROCITY, BOUNDED INTO THE AIR, ITS HUGE PAWS OUTSTRETCHED, AND FANGS GLEAMING WHITE AS HE SHOT FORWARD."—SEE PAGE 230.

Rufisque, a small trading-post under the protection of the French, is situated on the confines of the Great Desert. Running along the coast is a broad belt of fertile soil, thickly interspersed with nodding palms and stately cocoanut-trees.

In localities strata of granite rise from the sand, running back until they assume the proportions of ravines and small precipices, over which dash miniature rivulets, affording delicious retreats for the inhabitants of Goree, who are in the habit of visiting the mainland for the purpose of enjoying an afternoon's recreation.

It was a joyous party which was assembled in response to the invitations issued by the proud, high-born daughter of the French marquis.

A huge marquee tent had been spread under the trees on the greensward, where a bountiful supply of refreshments were passed to the guests by silent, dusky, ever-attentive servants.

The soft, delicious music of the post band rose and fell with the light, murmuring air, mingling in happy unison with the musical voice of the ocean as it broke on the yellow strand.

Mademoiselle Marie, accompanied by Victor and Tom Radcliffe, slowly withdrew from the careless throng in order to view a certain cave located in one of the rocky defiles but a short distance off.

Along the winding pathway the three proceeded, carefully picking their way from stone to stone; now clambering over a fallen log or eluding the sharp thorns and briers which abounded on every side.

The restless eye of Mademoiselle Marie caught the gorgeous, variegated hues of some beautiful flowers jutting out from a rocky platform on the extreme left of the path. The lady no sooner expressed a wish for some of them, than the gallant Frenchman branched off, swinging himself by means of the shrubbery from point to point, until he had gained the elevated position where lay the coveted flowers.

A shout of exultation burst from the aide-de-camp's lips as he waved his cap to the lady and her companion below, a cry that was quickly echoed by a roar so deep and prolonged that the heavy reverberations resembled the distant rumble of thunder. Tom was on the point of advising a retreat to the tent before the squall should be upon them, when he was startled by the ashy paleness and great agitation of his fair companion.

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"For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, what is the matter—what has happened?" asked Ratcliffe.

"The lion—the African lion!" she whispered, trembling violently; and again the roar echoed fearfully around them.

It appeared to come from the direction of the path they had so lately traversed, and while Victor stood horror-stricken at the fate to which the two seemed doomed, the monster bounded into view, his tawny mane bristling with rage, his eyes glaring with the fires of hell, and his tail whisking nervously from side to side.

The Frenchman was brave; he had proved his courage on many a hard-fought field, and won his promotion for gallant conduct against the Arabs; but when he saw Mademoiselle Marie, the woman he worshiped, together with an unarmed man, opposed to the ferocious beast, he was completely unnerved, and sank helplessly amid the bed of brilliant flowers.

But with Tom Ratcliffe it was a different matter. He had been trained to danger, had been face to face with death before, and although he was terribly startled, still he did not despair.

To retreat was impossible, as the lion stood growling and licking his huge jaws directly in the path. The only alternative was to proceed, and that at once.

Grasping a stone, he hurled it with all his force at the brute, at the same time clasping the almost insensible form of Marie in his arms.

Exerting his immense strength to the utmost, the sailor bounded forward, never once looking over his shoulder to note the effect of his shot.

He heard the hoarse growl of rage, however, as it came booming from the cavernous throat of the beast, and it served as an incentive for him to accelerate his pace.

He had no hope but in his own efforts, as everything would be decided one way or the other before the party could come to the rescue, and he looked anxiously from side to side for some semblance of cover.

On he bounded, the lion gaining rapidly. The form of Marie lay like a dead weight in his arms, testing his strength and muscles to the utmost.

Occasionally he would glance over his shoulder to note the position of the pursuer, now but a few yards from him, and the sight caused even his bold heart to tremble.

Tom's clothing had suffered from his mad efforts to climb up the steep sides of the hill; the sharp briers and thorns had drawn the blood from innumerable wounds, which the lion had scented.

The hideous head was bent close to the ground, the eyes resembling blood-red rubies set in a scintillating tongue of flame, while the white fangs, closely set, and the wrinkled nostrils, gave evidence that the hungry passions of the beast had been roused to the utmost.

Gasping, panting for breath, staggering from exhaustion, and swaying from side to side, Tom still held out, resolved not to give up the fight until the teeth and claws of the lion compelled him.

Two yards more, and all must be over.

Rising before his despairing eyes was a series of detached rocks, completely barring all further progress. With a last effort, he clambered up the rough sides of one, only to find a deep, yawning chasm before him.

Nerved to desperation, driven to bay, Tom turned toward the lion, who was preparing for the final spring. The broad chest of the sailor heaved convulsively, and a hasty prayer trembled on his lips, as he gazed at his enemy, so implacable in its wrath.

The form of Marie lay at his feet, insensible, her beautiful face upturned to his, white as marble.

For an instant he gazed at her, then, quick as lightning, raised her bodily above his head, at the same time retreating to the very verge of the precipice.

With an angry, impatient, half-smothered roar, the lion, roused to the highest pitch of ferocity, bounded into the air, its huge paws outspread, and fangs gleaming white as he shot forward. But with a movement equally as quick, Tom fell flat on his face, and the lion, having leaped high to seize his prey, disappeared with a crash, falling head-foremost down the chasm, from which came the dying roar of the animal.

When the party, with Victor at their head, gained the spot, fully expecting to find the mangled remains of the unfortunate two, they discovered Tom lying insensible across the body of Marie. Hal May sprang forward, to find both unhurt, and the terrible adventure was at an end.

That evening, in a saloon attached to the palace of the commandant, Tom received the grateful prayers of the fond old father for saving his daughter a second time from almost sure death. Marie was by his side, pale but smiling, while a brilliant throng crowded around the hero of the hour, to render him homage. Among them was Victor, whose face betrayed sorrow and strong inward emotion.

He found an opportunity to whisper in Tom's ear:

"She is fairly yours, Monsieur Ratcliffe. You have won her, and I wish you all joy and happiness."

Marie caught the whisper, and her pale cheek flushed slightly as she turned her lustrous eyes upon the naval officer.

"My dear fellow, listen to one word, please. I admire, esteem the beautiful Marie, the daughter of our host here, but beyond a sincere sentiment of friendship, I am debarred, from the simple fact that I am already—married. We sail to-morrow, and this is my last farewell to your fair betrothed, who God forbid I should win from you."

Victor silently extended his hand, and a tear rolled softly down his sunburnt cheek, but Marie, the beautiful heroine of Rufisque, had disappeared.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Shortly after the dissolution of Parliament, Elizabeth received a message from the Countess of Nottingham, informing Her Majesty that she was upon her death-bed, and could not quit the world without disburdening her soul of a weighty secret which oppressed it.

As the dying woman was the wife of her near kinsman, the Lord Admiral, the queen, albeit little inclined to such visits, resolved to grant her request; and a message was accordingly returned to the lady, that her Sovereign would visit her the following day.

From what followed, it does not appear that Elizabeth was in the slightest degree prepared for the interview which was to inflict upon her aged heart the keenest pang it had ever yet endured.

As the hour drew near, the enemy of Essex, whom terror and remorse distracted, half repented of the request she had made. She knew the effect her confession would produce upon the fiery temper of her deceived and outraged mistress. She trembled at the result, but resolved to brave it.

In a few moments the Lord High Admiral appeared, conducting Her Majesty to the bedside of his wife. Elizabeth, whose increasing infirmities were visible to all, leaned upon a gold-headed ebony staff, with which she guided her steps. With a gracious air she seated herself in the cushioned chair prepared for her reception, and inquired kindly after the health of her former attendant.

"Dying," groaned Lady Nottingham; "the fever drinks my blood and preys alike upon my heart and brain. But this is not the worst."

At the word "fever," her majesty raised a small essence-bottle, which she wore suspended by a jeweled chain from her girdle, and applied the contents to her handkerchief; most probably it was one of those nostrums which Doctor Dee supplied her with—her faith in the charlatan, both as a physician and astrologer, remaining to the last.

"You wished to see me?" said Elizabeth.

The countess groaned.

"Have something to communicate," continued the aged sovereign, "which you can impart to no ears but mine?"

"Did I say that?" exclaimed the guilty woman; "did I say that? Well," she added, after a pause. "I will tell all. We cannot avoid our destiny."

Turning to her husband and sister, she commanded them to leave the room, unwilling that they should listen to the confession she was about to make.

"Madam," she said, after mentally gathering strength for the task, "you see before you a guilty woman, who has shamefully abused your confidence. The tale I have to tell you will wring your heart. But, oh! it must be told if I am to hope for pardon."

"Heaven is merciful," observed the queen, who began to feel a strange interest in that which was about to follow.

"You gave a ring," continued the countess, "to Essex, and with it a promise that, no matter how heinous his offense against your throne and dignity, at the sight of that token you would spare him."

At the name of the fallen favorite Elizabeth trembled violently.

"I did," she replied, in a voice choked by emotion; "but he disdained my mercy, and perished in his pride and obstinacy."

The destroyer of the earl thrust her hand under the pillow which supported her aching head, and drew from it the fatal token. The eyes of the aged queen flashed fire as she beheld it, for she suspected at once the treachery of which she had been made the victim. Snatching it from the trembling hand that held it, she raised it to the light to assure herself that it was the same.

For a few moments neither could speak.

"How did you obtain it?" demanded Elizabeth, in a voice choked by emotion and recollection of the past.

"Pardon—pardon!" groaned the countess.

The queen repeated her question in terms yet more vehement than before.

"He sent it to my sister, the Lady Scrope, with the request that she would return it to your majesty and intercede for his pardon. By a fatal error on the part of his messenger it came into my hands. I hated Essex, and withheld it."

Elizabeth started from her seat and stood transfixed with horror and astonishment at such unheard-of treachery.

"Pardon me," continued the dying woman; "the punishment of my sin hath fallen upon me. From the hour of his death I have known nor peace nor rest. My heart hath been on fire—ghastly visions haunt my nightly couch. Mercy, mercy!"

"Mercy!" shrieked the queen; "wretch—fiend! Ask it of heaven in vain. Die despairing and accursed—remorseless, pitiless, and revengeful woman!"

"Pardon!"

"Never! My curse pursue you!" exclaimed the infuriated Elizabeth, seizing her by the shoulder and shaking her violently; "you have broken my heart. I could have resisted its reproaches whilst I believed he scorned me."

At the sound of her voice the Lord Admiral and Lady Scrope rushed into the apartment; they found the countess in the agonies of death, and the aged queen standing over her, breathing a torrent of imprecations and reproaches.

"She is dying," said Lady Scrope, raising her sister in her arms. "Oh, your majesty, whatever the sin my sister has committed, spare her at this last moment, as you yourself shall one day hope for mercy."

"I have no hope," groaned Elizabeth; "that fiend has destroyed it, here and hereafter."

So saying, she tottered rather than walked from the chamber, still holding the ring she had given to Essex in her hand, and entering her litter, returned to Whitehall. Her ghastly appearance, when she reached the palace, alarmed her attendants, and they would have sent for her physician, but she forbade them, with an air so stern and fierce that none cared to dispute her commands.

During the brief remainder of her existence she never parted with the gem; it was given by her successor, James I., to Sir Thomas Weaver, and is still an heirloom in his family.

From the day of her interview with the Countess of Nottingham the health of Elizabeth rapidly declined. She withdrew herself as much as possible from the society of her ladies, and was frequently found by them weeping alone.

WICKED AH HEE.

A STORY OF CHINESE HELP.

THERE were four in the family besides Jackie—to be sure Jackie was a host in himself, but he belonged to the juvenile fraternity, and so didn't count.

Then there was the servant-girl—Seraphina—a most remarkable misnomer, for she was not a seraph by any means; besides these two, who didn't count, there were Mr. and Mrs. Gallup, and Mrs Gallup's sister Fanny, and Fanny's husband, Taddy—Taddy Loftus.

Fanny was a good woman with a sharp temper; Taddy was a cipher; Almira Gallup always spoke of him as "Fanny's husband," or "Taddy, poor fellow!" He wasn't to blame for being a cipher, you know—I suppose he was born so.

Seraphina "couldn't abide" him, and he couldn't abide Seraphina; he didn't mind being ruled by his wife, or his wife's sister, or even his wife's sister's husband, but to be "sassed" by a servant-girl was more than mortal man could endure.

They had many tiffs; in fact, they usually had about one a day, but the last one, which led to Seraphina's discharge, happened in this way:

Taddy came down with a very long face, Fanny's temper being rather sharper than usual that morning, and stalked through the kitchen without a word, although he knew that the seraph made quite a point of being bidden "good-morning."

After hunting fruitlessly through the wash-house, he returned.

"I'd like to know where that blacking-brush is!" he remarked, sourly.

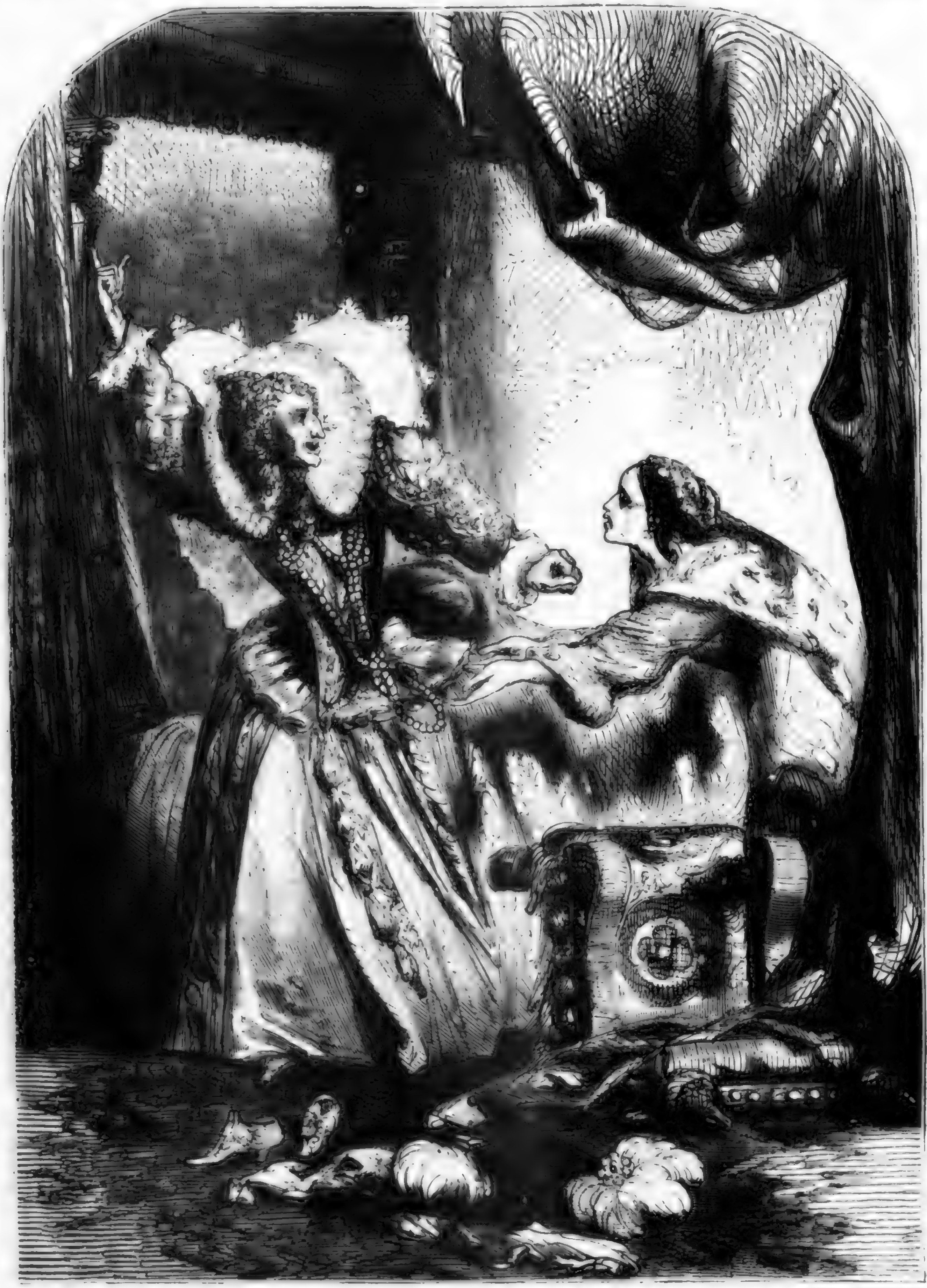
"Thin, indade, ye'd betther hunt and foind out," returned the seraph; "and is it me ye'd be after expectin' to go out and hunt it up?"

"Who was that man who was here last evening?" pursued Taddy.

"It was me cousin; and what's that ter *you?*"

Seraphina discontinued pancake-frying, placed her arms akimbo, and stood looking at Taddy as if ready for anything.

"Did he black his boots while here?" asked Mr. Loftus.



FEARFUL SCENE BETWEEN QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.—SEE PAGE 234.

"Oh, me sowl! and is it me own cousin that ye'd accuse of bein' a thafe, ye miserable little spalpeen!" and the seraph seized the kettle of boiling water in a threatening manner.

"Put that down, you old virago!" cried Taddy.

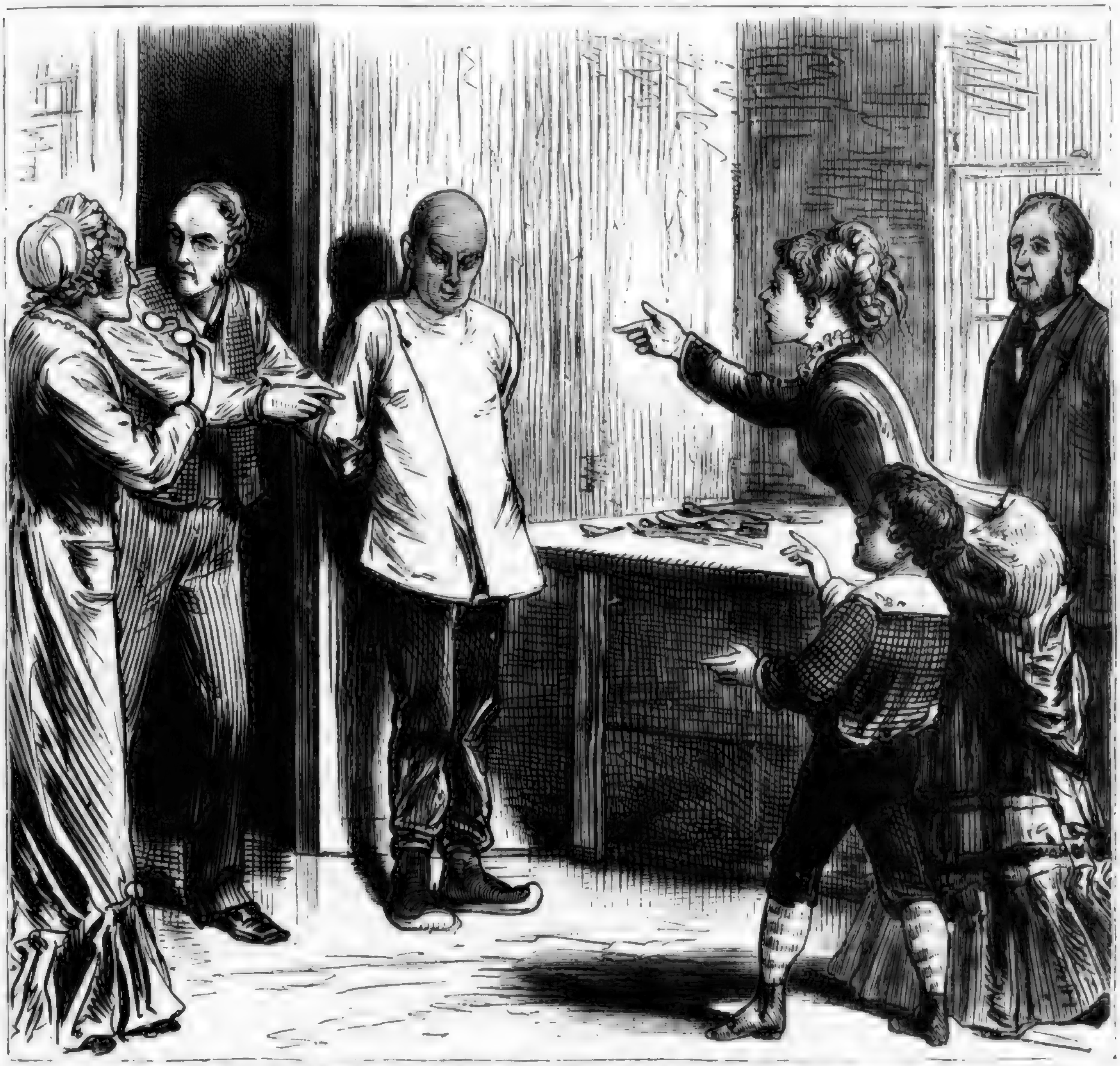
"Sure'n I'll put it down your throat!" shrieked she.

What followed, Taddy could never give a distinct account of; when he was rescued by his wife and Mr. Gallup, assisted by Mrs. Gallup and Jackie, who did the high yells for the occasion, he was found to be carved across the face with the carving-knife, and scalded over the hands with the boiling water from the tea-kettle, and scratched by Seraphina's finger-nails. That young woman was leaning against the sink, still armed with the carving-knife and the finger-nails, and apparently eager to renew the fray.

Mr. Gallup gave her her discharge on the spot, when she bade him "come on" in such threatening tones that he deemed it wise to lock her into the kitchen, and go for a policeman, who speedily disarmed her, and escorted her to the police office.

The next day Mr. Gallup brought up Ah Hee.

He was a youthful heathen, sleek and neat, with an innocent, pensive face, which was strikingly in contrast to the expression of their late domestic tyrant.



WICKED AH HEE.—"'YES, IT IS AH HEE!' SAID THE SMART BOY. 'I KNOW HIM FROM THE BULLET-HOLE THROUGH HIS EAR AND THAT BLUE MARK ON HIS HAND!' 'YES, IT IS AH HEE!' ECHOED JACKIE'S MOTHER. 'I AM CERTAIN OF IT.'"—SEE PAGE 235.

He was obedient even to Taddy, whom he treated with a respectful tenderness, and who, in return, became his champion.

He was friendly with every one in the house save Jackie; Jackie had a snub nose, freckles, and sandy hair, and a pair of blue eyes, whose exceeding sharpness did no injustice to his character.

He looked at Ah Hee with the interest of a naturalist examining a new bug, and advised his mother to lock up the spoons every night herself.

Mrs. Gallup reproved Jackie, though she *did* lock up the spoons; and Mr. Gallup reproved Jackie, and all the family took Ah Hee's part, and liked him all the better for his having an enemy in this annoyingly smart boy.

As time went on, they grew more and more attached to him. On one occasion he picked up a four-bit piece from the parlor carpet, and rushed in, all excitement, to restore it to its rightful owner. The fact that Taddy bestowed it upon him as a reward for his honesty seemed to affect him greatly, and he was observed to wipe a tear from his eye as he returned to the kitchen.

On two or three other occasions he gave signal proofs of his honesty, returning a pocket-knife to Mr. Gallup, and a gold cuff pin (plated, it is true, but how did he know?) to Mrs. Gallup; on both these occasions he seemed to be in breathless haste and great agitation. Still that incorrigible Jackie put his finger to his eye with an inquiry as to the greenness of that optic, and said, "Wait."

One mild February morning, Mrs. Gallup, having succeeded in getting Jackie off to the Kindergarten, where he made four amiable teachers wretched for six hours every day, announced to his sister, Fanny Loftus, that she was going over to Aunt Samanthy's to lunch.

"Were you going anywhere?" she inquired.

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"I was not; but if I was, I should go," responded Fanny, tartly.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gallup, dreamily, "how it would do to go off and leave Ah Hee alone in the house. I have such suspicions of these Chinese servants; though I *know* Ah Hee to be honest."

"Of course! It would be perfectly safe!" replied Fanny. "But it doesn't matter; I was not going out; I am going to do up my laces, and that will take me until you get back, I'll warrant. Be sure and get home before Jackie does; I don't want to be at that child's mercy for two or three hours, I assure you."

"Jackie shall not annoy you," said Mrs. Gallup, with a lofty air of maternal affection which tickled Mrs. Loftus exceedingly, although she maintained her serious demeanor.

Mrs. Loftus met with many obstacles in her laundry-work; the starch was first too thick and then too thin, the fire did not burn well, the laces seemed possessed with the spirit of contrariness, and tore in every direction.

"This fire!" said she, giving it a vicious poke. "Where's that Ah Hee, I wonder? He's been upstairs long enough to make twenty beds. I suppose he *is* honest, but I left my purse out, and——"

She opened the door; at the same instant Hee opened the front door. Fanny's perceptions were keen, and she darted after him.

"Stop!" she cried; "where are you going?"

Ah Hee paused an instant; turning his pensive, innocent countenance upon Mrs. Loftus, he replied: "Me no wait! You go helly!" and then he was off like the wind.

Fanny, however, was also fleet of foot, and, without waiting for hat or shawl, she pursued the flying angel. The wind blew with true San Francisco vigor, and they went on in a cloud of dust. Little knots of astonished spectators gathered here and there to look at them; one or two, more curious than the rest, joined in the chase, but were soon distanced, and obliged to give it up.

Had the Gallup residence been nearer the Chinese quarter, Ah Hee would have found no difficulty in making his escape; he would have plunged into the labyrinth on Jackson Street, where Fanny would not have dared to have followed him.

As it was, she drew nearer and nearer. Ah Hee redoubled his efforts, but in vain. Fate was against him. A sudden gust of wind bursting upon him from a side street made him falter for a moment, when a second gust lifted his long queue, and clapped it around Mrs. Loftus's neck.

She knew how to take the goods the gods provided, and seized it with both hands, screaming, "Help! *Police!* THIEF!" at the top of her voice. She had had no time to scream until then.

Ah Hee made a grab to recover his property, but in his rage and excitement seized, instead of his queue, a long curl which hung from Mrs. Loftus's waterfall.

He gave a vigorous pull, his countenance indicative of anything but innocence, when off came the whole of Mrs. Loftus's head-rigging, revealing a bare, smooth scalp, with only a small knot on the crown, which stood erect, like the scalp-lock of an Indian chief; hair-pins dropped around like hailstones, and "rats" tumbled in every direction.

As she felt her chignon going, Fanny dropped the queue. she was too late to save the precious edifice, however, and gave a shriek of anger and despair as it slid off.

Ah Hee had stood motionless, dumbfounded by what he had done; but the shriek seemed to arouse him, and before the crowd, which rapidly gathered, could quite understand what had happened, he had made his escape, this time unpursued.

For some time after this episode in their domestic affairs, the Gallup family remained without help, but at length Jackie, being more of a trial every day, Mrs. Gallup said they must try again, being sure this time to engage a heathen who was well recommended from his last place, and whose honesty, moreover, was vouched for by the employment agent.

With some difficulty, Mr. Gallup found a Chinaman who fulfilled all these requirements. His name was Chin Luck. He was elderly; he wore leather goggles of huge dimensions; he was scrupulously neat; and he had a deferential air of wisdom about him that reminded one of Confucius.

He might have been the grandfather of a long line of virtuous children, judging from appearances. Moreover, he was an excellent and careful cook, and did *not* "spit in the griddle to see if it was hot"—one of the sins of which Ah Hee now stood accused.

Taddy was no longer the angelic youth's champion, and as for Jackie, he fairly reveled in taunts, stood knee-deep in "I told you so's," and had serious thoughts of rebelling against any more Kindergarten.

Chin Luck treated Jackie with paternal kindness, baking him little pies and cakes, and furnishing him with a cold lunch every day upon his return from school, although he would *not* tolerate him in the kitchen while he was cooking.

Jackie was evidently puzzled by the venerable pagan. He made no prophecies, gave no advice concerning the silver spoons, but preserved a mysterious silence which made Mrs. Gallup miserable.

Meanwhile, nothing was heard of Ah Hee and the silver-mounted purse. The case had been put into the hands of a detective, who, like Jackie, was puzzled, and who, still like that precocious youth, preserved a mysterious silence which passed current for wisdom.

One Sunday morning, while all the family were at church save Mr. Gallup, who was not a church-goer, an incident happened which led to the peremptory discharge of the gentle Chin Luck.

It was five minutes to eleven when Mrs. Gallup, Jackie, Mrs. Loftus and Mr. Loftus left the house.

"Come, Fanny, hurry!" said Tabby, mildly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" responded Fanny.

"We are late now," he remarked, faintly.

"We'll get there during the first prayer. I don't call *that* late," said Fanny.

"We get a lickin' ter school if *we're* late," volunteered Jackie.

"Hush, you vulgar little boy!" said Fanny, and then they started.

Chin Luck was perusing a volume of Chinese classics in the kitchen.

Jackie had an inexhaustible interest in Chin Luck's reading; why he should begin at the end of the book, read the pages from the bottom up, and from the right to the left, instead of left to right as he did, was a series of facts which the smart youth could not understand.

Mr. Gallup was smoking, and reading "Buckle" in his "den" at the rear of the house; a window of this den looked upon the backyard; this window had inside blinds; the sun shone in Mr. Gallup's face, and he closed one of the blinds; he sat considerably to the left of it, but his head was in such a position that, whenever he looked up from his book (which was often, for Mr. Gallup masticated his mental food carefully before he swallowed it); when he looked up, as I was saying, his eye fell upon the dismal prospect of the cramped, dusty, unattractive hole, called by courtesy a backyard.

Upon one of these occasions, his eye caught a round, black object, which appeared and disappeared behind the shed, bobbing up and down like a rubber football.

Mr. Gallup looked at it with sleepy interest; in a few moments a pair of blue-clad shoulders appeared, then a pair of long, slim legs, and Mr. Gallup uttered, "Hi-ah!" in a suppressed whistle, when a well-grown Celestial stood upright on the shed.

At first thought, Mr. Gallup took him to be Chin Luck—a vile libel upon that venerable gentleman—absorbed in his book! A second look, however, convinced him that it was altogether a more youthful heathen.

"The dickens!" said Mr. Gallup—(he *might* have used a more profane expression on a week-day)—"The dickens! What's he about?" and, with a mental order to himself to "keep dark," he softly opened the door leading into an adjoining room, and pushed his chair into a secluded spot, from whence, with the aid of a convenient mirror, he could view all that the slim pagan could attempt to do, within *his* borders, at least; his neighbors must look out for themselves!

The slim youth gazed about him only a moment, then, dropping upon his hands and knees, he began to crawl along the edge of the shed; reaching the end, he drew himself up, like a steel spring, and lightly vaulted over the intervening distance of six or eight feet to the next shed, where he again crawled along, with an easy, almost imperceptible motion, like a snake.

For a moment or two, Mr. Gallup, intently gazing into the mirror, lost sight of him; he was just rising from his chair, for the purpose of investigation, when the faint squeak of the window in the next room caused him to drop back with the least possible noise. Then, in the mirror, he saw the window slowly go up, saw the round, black head peer in for a moment, then enter, followed by the blue-clad shoulders and the slim legs.

He seemed in no doubt or uncertainty where to go; he spent no precious time in gazing about him, but walked up to an old table standing against the wall, and took from the drawer thereof a package, tolerably bulky, wrapped in a white table-napkin.

Mr. Gallup concluded that the time had come for action; as soon as the visitor's back was turned, he slipped lightly into the room behind him, keeping his bulky form between the slim youth and the window. Fortunately, the door was closed; Mr. Gallup fervently hoped that it was also locked.

Having secured the package wrapped in the napkin—the surprised owner could not imagine what it might be—the heathen turned to go, as silently as he came.

Mr. Gallup, however, proved an impediment; he rushed upon him, and seized him firmly by the collar; the slim youth kicked, bit, fought his best, not screaming at all, but uttering, under his breath, a few expressions, which his captor took for Chinese swearing, but all in vain; Mr. Gallup mastered him, tied him, secured an iron bar, which he had hidden in the folds of his blouse, and shoved him into a closet, locking the door; so silent was the struggle, that Chin Luck, down in the kitchen, read on undisturbed!

As soon as he recovered his breath, Mr. Gallup picked up from the floor and opened the package wrapped in the white napkin; what was his surprise to find one and one-half dozens of silver spoons, one dozen forks marked "coin," a twenty-dollar gold piece, with a hole through it, which he recognized as his wife's property, and five silver napkin-rings of considerable value for their workmanship.

Mr. Gallup was aghast! Chin Luck, then ——

Then he heard the church-goers talking down in the hall, and called them up. Mrs. Gallup found something to be thankful for.

"What a mercy you didn't go to church!" she said. "And how did this silver get upstairs? Chin Luck must ——"

"Let's see him!" said Mrs. Loftus.

They closed and locked the window and both doors, although Mr. Gallup assured them that it was needless, the slim youth being securely tied.

When he opened the door and dragged him out, Mrs. Loftus, with one look and a suppressed yell, clutched him.

"So it's *you*, Ah Hee, is it?" she said.

"My name Ah Mog—no Ah Hee. Me no know Ah Hee! Allee same bad Chinaman, eh?"

At this assumption of virtuous indignation, Mr. Gallup laughed; nobody else seemed to see anything to laugh at, except Jackie, who laughed continually, from pure joy.

"Yes, it *is* Ah Hee!" said the smart boy. "I know him from that bullet-hole through his ear and that blue mark on his hand!"

"Yes, it *is* Ah Hee!" ejaculated Jackie's mother. "I am certain of it!"

"Of course it is!" said Taddy.

"I don't know—I most believe it *is* the scamp," said Mr. Gallup.

"Me no Ah Hee!" said the slim youth, actually weeping. "Me Ah Mog! Me no bad Chinaman! Me come see Chin Luck—cousin! Me no stealee allee same sploon! Lemme go!"

"Not *much!*" said Fanny, with a hissing emphasis which must have made Ah Hee-Mog's blood curdle.

Jackie was sent after a policeman, who not only bore away the weeping Ah Hee-Mog, but also escorted Chin Luck to the City Prison; though that venerable gentleman, peering through his goggles, serenely assured everybody of his entire innocence and emphatically denied the cousinship claimed by the slim youth.

When the trial came on, a triumphant detective appeared with Mrs. Loftus's silver-mounted purse and a witness, who pronounced the prisoner to be undoubtedly the same person who pawned the purse. Ah Hee, then, with touching repentance, confessed, pleaded youth, and was consigned to the Industrial School.

Chin Luck, impressed with the success of his confederate, also confessed and pleaded youth, stating with serene confidence that only thirteen Springs had passed over his innocent head.

That his story was not credited seemed to cause him pain and surprise, not unmingled with indignation.

The Gallups have broken up housekeeping, and state that they will board (in spite of all Jackie may do) until there is some improvement in the domestic service.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

THE skill should be, so to order the time of recreation that it may relax, and refresh the part that has been exercised and is tired, and yet do something which, besides the present delight and ease, may produce what will afterward be profitable.

THE only uniform and perpetual cause of public happiness is public virtue. The effect of all other things which are considered as advantages will be found casual and transitory. Without virtue, nothing can be securely possessed or properly enjoyed.

THE richest endowments of mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude; prudence is an universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest, and, where that is not present, fortitude loses its name and nature.

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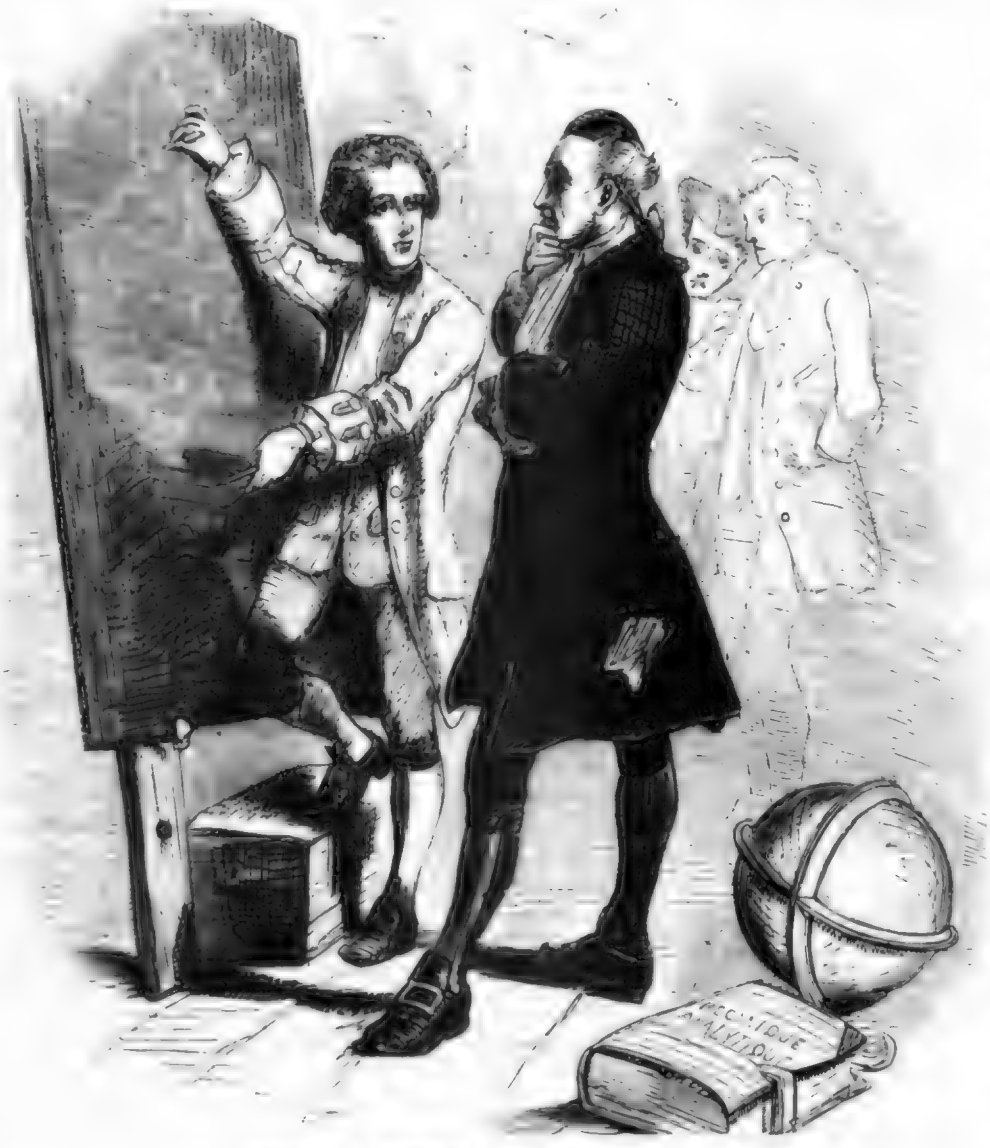
ARAGO THE ASTRONOMER.

Dominic Francois Arago, the great French philosopher, was born near Perpignan, France, in the year 1786. He objected to the course of life intended for him by his father, and wished to become a soldier. In order that he might do so he obtained admission to the Polytechnic School, after a rigid examination by the celebrated Legendre. His progress was rapid and honorable, and before his eighteenth year he was promoted to the responsible office of Secretary to the Observatory.

This led to his acquaintance with the great Biot. The measurement of an arc of the meridian, between the parallels of Dunkirk and Barcelona, had been determined on by France. The work was entrusted to Delambre and Mechain, but the results of the latter were not satisfactory, and he died of a broken heart. Biot and Arago then took up the work, which they prosecuted as far south as the Balearic Isles. While in Majorca the French entered Spain, and the populace taking the signals erected for telegraphs to the hostile generals, Arago had to take refuge in the Castle of Belver, and from thence to Algiers. Returning to France, just as he was entering the Gulf of Lyons they were made prisoners by a Spanish corsair, and carried to Rosas. Arago was confined first in a windmill, and then in the hulks on Palamos, where he had to endure the most protracted sufferings from hunger.



ARAGO AND LEGENDRE AT THE TRACING BOARD.

A friendly Dey liberated him from his captivity, when he once more set sail for France. Strange to say, he had only just obtained a sight of his native land when a storm arose, which drove the vessel once more upon the coast of Africa. Unfortunately, in the meantime, the Dey who had befriended Arago had been beheaded; his successor would have manifested opposite sympathies, and have immured Arago in the slave prison. Most opportunely he was hung himself, which saved the young *savant* from that miserable fate. In six months he was enabled once more to embark, when he reached the harbor of Marseilles on the 2nd of July, 1809, with all his instruments, manuscripts, and charts uninjured.

Those three years of hunger, imprisonment, fatigue, and danger, had surely converted the impetuous youth into the calm, self-reliant man. His return to the French capital was hailed with delight by every philosophical society of Europe. To mark their appreciation of his labors, the members of the Academy of Sciences permitted him to take a seat amongst them at the early age of twenty-three. Soon after that time he took the management of the Observatory, and then, in 1830, he became Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy. While in that position he contributed to the volumes of the Academy a number of *éloges*, or sketches, of the characters and labors of great men.

In addition to biographies, Arago contributed treatises in almost every department of science, besides essays, astronomical lectures, etc., etc. Another discovery of his is what is called rotatory magnetism, and he was about to measure the velocity of light when sickness compelled him to desist.

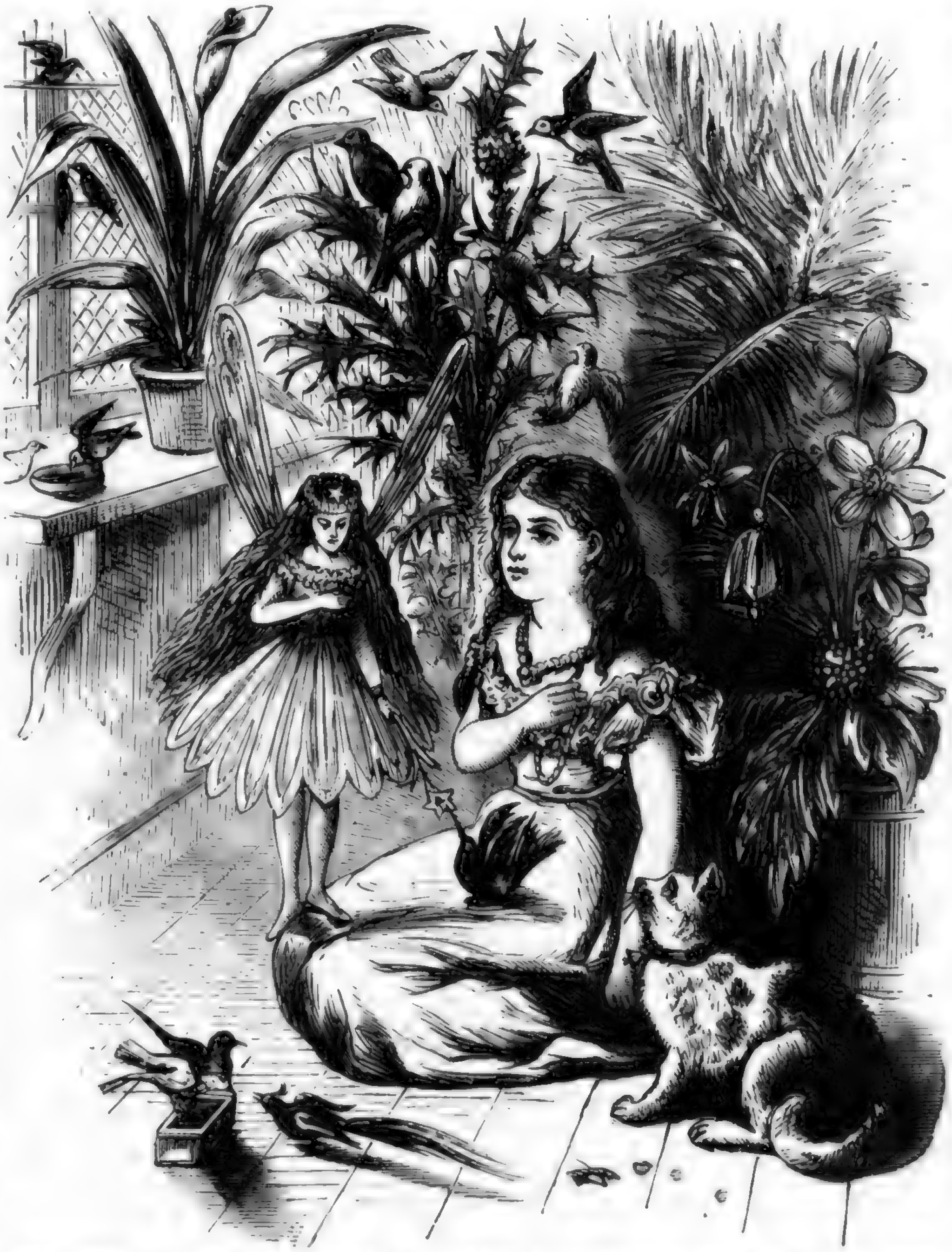
In 1848, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe, he became Minister of Marine and War; four years after his remarkable life came to an end, and he passed away amid the plaudits of the entire civilized and scientific world, as shining a light as any of the beautiful luminaries he loved and described so well.

RUBYTHROAT.

Attached to Hertha Mynier's home there was a beautiful chamber, completely formed of glass, so that in the daytime the bright blue sky was visible through the transparent roof, and in the evening the mild stars peeped through it, and sent down long, quivering rays of light on the myriads of flowers contained in the room. There were other things than flowers there, for brilliant birds flitted restlessly hither and thither, and in a fine, large marble basin there swam several goldfish, glistening in the clear water; and these were great pets of Hertha's, who used daily to feed them with crumbs of fine, white bread.

She loved the birds, and flowers also, and when she came tripping in with her little basket of wheat on her arm, whirr! scarlet and black, and green and gold wings would rush from every part of the chamber, to flutter round her, and pick up the plump grains as she scattered them on the marble floor; and as she never hurt them, they loved her dearly, and those who could sing would amuse her by telling long tales of the far-off countries from which they came.

The flowers turned to her when she approached them, and even the tall, proud, white lily nodded her stately head graciously to the smiling little lady, who often presented her with fine, cool water when she was drooping with thirst—so you can imagine that Hertha ought to have been a very happy little girl indeed, and, doubtless, so she would have been, but for one sad fault she had, and one which frequently caused great unhappiness, both to herself and the kind aunt with whom she lived. She was very disobedient, and fancied that she was far wiser than other people, which used to lead her into much annoyance and trouble, besides obscuring, to a great extent, her many other good qualities.



RUBYTHROAT.—"SHE FLEW ON HERTHA'S LAP, WHERE RUBYTHROAT STILL LAY, AND TAPPING HIM ON THE HEAD WITH A TINY LILY SHE HELD IN HER HAND, SAID: 'RUBYTHROAT, RUBYTHROAT! FLY INTO YOUR CAGE.'"

Besides her favorites in the glass chamber, Hertha had a beautiful white kitten of whom she was very fond, and who was called Silverbell, because she had round her neck a little bell of silver, attached to a scarlet collar, and which tinkled gayly as she scampered about after her young mistress.

While Silverbell remained a tiny kitten, Hertha carried her every day into the glass chamber, but one afternoon when she became older and stronger, Hertha found her holding one of the brilliant-winged birds in her white paws, while she slyly prepared to eat him; he trembling, and vainly endeavoring to escape. Hertha immediately took the bird from her, and madame, her aunt, directed that Silverbell should never again be allowed to enter the glass chamber.

For some time Hertha took care to obey, much to Silverbell's displeasure, who would follow her to the door, mewing loudly when she found it closed against her, and Hertha often said to herself:

"I am sure if I held Silverbell tightly in my arms, I might carry her into the glass chamber, and my aunt would never know anything about it."

But she was afraid that the kitten might escape, and for this reason only had never disobeyed the command of her aunt.

One day her aunt entered the glass chamber, holding in her hand a small cage of fine gold wire, which contained the loveliest little bird that Hertha had ever seen. It was not much larger than a butterfly, and had a beautiful scarlet breast, and fine, shining wings like silk. Its long, slender bill was like polished ebony, and, with a frightened air, it crouched in a corner of its cage, glancing round with small, clear eyes like diamonds, and Hertha cried: "Oh, aunt, what a lovely little creature!"

"Yes," said Madame Mynier. "It is a humming-bird, and, as a living specimen is very difficult to obtain, we must be extremely careful of our prisoner. I shall endeavor to tame it, and then it may fly at liberty amongst the flowers."

Hertha watched with delight while the cage was hung in the midst of a group of sweet-scented flowers; after doing which, her aunt remarked:

"Be sure and do not let Silverbell in on any account, as she would frighten little Rubythroat to death."

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"I will remember, aunt," said Hertha; and, no doubt, at the moment she determined to do so, and for a week Silverbell was excluded as carefully as ever from the glass chamber.

At the end of that time, Madame Mynier went from home, and to Hertha was left the exclusive care of the birds and flowers; and in attending to them, and playing with her doll, the time passed merrily to the little girl.

Rubythroat daily became something less shy, and he would dart his long bill into the cups of flowers which she put into his cage, and sip the golden drops of honey from them with great relish; and when the other birds fluttered round his cage to examine the tiny stranger, he found courage to look at them quite boldly; and every day Hertha became fonder of him.

"What a pity it is," she said to herself, one evening, as she walked along the passage leading to the glass chamber, "that I cannot take Silverbell in with me, and show her my pretty Rubythroat."

As she said this, she heard a light pit-patting on the soft carpet of the corridor, and looking round, she beheld Silverbell bounding after her.

"Go back, Silverbell," cried Hertha, shaking her hand at her. But Silverbell shook her head at her, and purred, as much as to say:

"No, no, my little mistress; you do not mean that, I'm sure!" Hertha stood considering for a moment, and then said:

"Well, aunt is away, and I will watch to see that you behave properly; and, after all, I don't know why aunt should be so particular. You know better now than to kill the pretty birds; don't you, Silverbell?"

Silverbell looked so innocent and demure, that Hertha opened the door at once and went in, Silverbell trotting soberly beside her, and not even winking at the birds, which flew away, startled at her approach. Hertha could not help feeling uncomfortable, knowing that she was disobeying her aunt's commands; but she soon forgot her uneasiness, as she fed the goldfish, and scattered wheat to the birds, Silverbell sitting quietly looking on beside as she did so.

"Now, Silverbell," she said, when all this was done, "come and see my pretty Rubythroat!"

Silverbell looked on, very much interested, while Hertha plucked some flowers, and proceeded to open the door of the cage in order to put them in. Rubythroat fluttered in his cage, poising himself over the bright-hued blossoms, and Hertha was so much engaged in admiring him, that she carelessly let the tiny door swing wide open, and out flew Rubythroat, and darted away among the flowers.

An exclamation of dismay burst from Hertha, and springing after the escaped prisoner, she endeavored to recapture him; but he was too quick for her, and flashed like a crimson flame from one flower to another, hovering for an instant over each. The sun was just setting, and after some moments' chase, Hertha stopped, tired out, and ready to cry with fright and vexation, as she watched him flitting so gayly about. After some time Rubythroat looked round; seeing the open country through the transparent walls, he dashed himself against the unseen obstacle, and fell stunned and bruised on the marble floor. Hertha sprang forward to lift him up, when something white bounded passed her, and she saw with horror the treacherous Silverbell seize Rubythroat in her wide jaws, and proceed to toss him about, putting him from side to side with her white, velvety paws.

"Oh, wicked, bad Silverbell!" cried Hertha, as she slapped her with hearty goodwill. "My poor, dear Rubythroat! Oh, *what* will aunt say?"

Silverbell stole away, looking very guilty, and casting longing glances at Rubythroat, while Hertha lifted him from the ground, and burst into a passion of tears, as she perceived that he was quite dead. On his crimson breast there was a deeper crimson stain, where Silverbell's sharp claw had torn him, and one of his tiny wings hung down limp and broken. His clear eyes were quite dim, and his beak was open, as though gasping for air. Hertha sat down holding him in her hand, and crying bitterly, both with grief for the loss of her favorite, and terror at the anger she knew her aunt would feel at her disobedience.

"Oh," she said, "if I had only not allowed that bad Silverbell in, this would never have happened! Wicked, naughty Silverbell! I will never love you again."

"I think, Hertha, that you are much naughtier than Silverbell," said a clear voice, quite close to the little girl.

Hertha started, and looked round, but she could see nothing, and the voice spoke again:

"Don't you see me? Look up here."

Hertha now perceived that the voice came from the direction of the tall white lily, and in some alarm she looked that way, and beheld a little figure sitting balanced on the edge of the cup of the lily, and regarding her with great sternness. She was dressed in white and green, and had long, glistening wings, as bright as silver, while in her hand she held a miniature lily.

"Yes, indeed," she said nodding; "I think you are a very naughty little girl!"

Hertha looked at the poor dead Rubythroat, and could not help thinking so, too; but she said nothing, and the fairy of the lily continued:

"It is the nature of Silverbell to eat birds, and therefore she is not to be blamed; and if *you* had not disobeyed your aunt by bringing her into the glass chamber, this misfortune could not have occurred, as you very well know!"

Hertha was surprised at the little fairy's accurate knowledge of the affair, and somewhat frightened, as well, by her stern looks. As she looked at the fairy, the latter spread her bright wings, and fluttered down quite close to the little girl, who shrank back as she approached.

"Don't be alarmed, Hertha," said the fairy, as she gracefully folded her wings; "I am not angry, but excessively sorry that a little girl should behave more foolishly than a senseless kitten, especially as you have often shown kindness to my tall white lily, and as I have seen how careful you are of my friends, the goldfishes, and of those noisy birds. If I thought you a really cruel child, I should not be here now, you may be sure." Hertha smiled through her tears at this, and the fairy resumed: "If you will make me a solemn promise never to disobey your aunt again, I will instantly restore Rubythroat to life."

Hertha clasped her hands, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear little fairy! I never will be disobedient again."

The fairy looked at her earnestly, saying:

"I am sure you will keep your promise, Hertha; and if you do, this will have been a fortunate circumstance, as it will have taught you the necessity of obeying those who are older and wiser than yourself."

As she said this she flew on Hertha's lap, where Rubythroat still lay, and tapping him on the head with a tiny lily she held in her hand, she said:

"Rubythroat, Rubythroat! fly into your cage!"

Rubythroat opened his bright eyes again, and stretched his wings as though he had just awakened from a nap.

Hertha held her breath in an ecstasy of joy, as, brilliant as ever, he darted away into his cage; and did not know how to expresss her gratitude to the fairy, who was again poised on the edge of the lily, regarding her with a benevolent smile, and who, as she was about to speak, interrupted her, saying:

"I cannot promise ever again to come to your assistance, if you remain a disobedient child; but if you do not, we may often meet again; and so farewell, dear Hertha, until that time comes."

"Adieu, dear little fairy!" cried Hertha, as she disappeared into the lily, which closed its snowy petals after her with a musical sound.

WHETHER Hertha ever saw that fairy again I do not know; but is very probable she did, as she became a very obedient little girl, and fairies are sure never to forget their promises, in which they set a very good example to many people who are *not* fairies.

THE RUINS OF "AKR KOOF" AND THE MEDIAN WALL.

ORIGINAL NOTES OF RECENT TRAVEL, BY AUG. LOCHER.

DURING my residence at Bagdad, capital of Mesopotamia, five of the twelve European residents of the "City of the Caliphs," among them the author of this article, undertook, toward the end of the year 1865, an excursion to the little-known ruins of "Akr Koof," situated about twelve miles to the northwest of Bagdad, near the southern bank of a little river, called "Nahr Esa Saccläwi," which appears to have formerly been a canal, as it connects the River Euphrates with the Tigris.

We started from Bagdad shortly before daylight, accompanied by a few servants, who carried the requisite provisions for the party, and were, like us, well mounted on horseback.

The first part of our way led along the right bank of the stately Tigris, bordered on both sides by evergreen gardens and lofty date trees, until we reached "El Hor," a small, nearly choked up, right-hand tributary of the Tigris, which joins the latter just below Bagdad. Here the luxuriant gardens and date trees abruptly gave way to huge tufts of tall reed-grass, which densely covered both banks of the swampy, muddy rivulet, that seems to have formerly been connected with, if it did not derive its source from, the "Nahr Esa Saccläwi."

The reedy banks of El Hor effectually hide from view the stagnant waters of the rivulet, and are alive with every species of water-fowl, which find a safe asylum in the impenetrable thickets of tall grass and bulrushes, the very elysium of millions of leeches and horrid reptiles.

With considerable difficulty we crossed the swamp, and on arriving on the top of a low ridge of sandy soil, found ourselves face to face with the ruins of "Akr Koof," about two miles distant.

Our spirited horses soon brought us right among the ruins, which consist of a series of widely scattered tumuli, or mounds, most of them riddled with holes, dug by the wretchedly poor inhabitants of that district, in search of antiques. The largest of the tumuli is surmounted by a huge tower, which must formerly have been of great height, to judge from the immense quantity of brick and mortar scattered all around it; but the thousands of years which must have witnessed its existence have reduced it to probably less than one-half of its original height—yet sadly crippled though it be by the inexorable tooth of time, this tower still figures as one of the most interesting architectural relics of its period.

It is a square structure, reduced now to a height of barely one hundred feet by about sixty feet in diameter. The building material used for its construction were very large-sized quadrangular bricks, baked in the sun, now as hard as granite. The bricks were cemented together by thick layers of dark-gray clay, mixed with grass, now completely petrified, and adhering so tenaciously to the brick, that the one cannot be detached from each other.

The upper portion of the ruin is still in comparatively good preservation, but the base is slowly but surely destroyed by the vandalism of the natives, who, aware of the superior quality of the bricks, and the great demand for them throughout Mesopotamia among blacksmiths, coppersmiths, bakers, etc., who can scarcely use the modern ones for their fireplaces, chimneys and ovens, are almost constantly at work on the walls of the venerable ruins, endeavoring to detach the brick, which they sell at a good price.

The tower does not appear to have had any windows—not even loopholes are visible on the ruins; but what astonished us still more was the absence of anything like a door or gate by which access might be gained to the structure, nor could we discover traces on the walls that any gate had been "bricked up" or filled out with masonry.

The natives—one or two reckless fellows among whom are said to have climbed the tower from the outside—assert that they never could discover any other way of entrance to it; that the walls of the ruins are over ten feet thick, and the tower filled with *débris* of brick and mortar to nearly one half of its present height.

Akr Koof is believed by archæologians to have been used as a fortress and lookout tower. Even in its present greatly reduced height, it must command a view of over one hundred square miles of the all but perfectly flat plains between the Tigris and Euphrates. It is supposed to be of great age—nay, to be contemporary with the Median Wall, another famous relic of great antiquity, situated but ten miles further up the plains, with which latter it is believed to have been closely connected, in a strategic point of view. History seldom alludes to Akr Koof—not to be confounded with Kufa the famous city, the ruins of which are situated on the most southerly shore of Bahr Hindija (Lake Hindija), thirty miles due south of the ruins of Babylon—and does not give the date of its destruction.

As it was still early in the day, by the time we got through with the inspection of Akr Koof, we resolved to spend the rest of our leisure in paying a visit to the famous ruins of the Median Wall above referred to, which, as I have already stated, stretches within twelve miles of the ruins of Akr Koof.

After a brisk ride across the perfectly level plain, which, immediately above the last-mentioned ruins, assumes the aspect of the parched, dismal desert, we arrived in due time at "Sidd Nimrood" (Wall of Nimrod), as the natives of Mesopotamia call this stupendous structure. The mammoth bulwark of ancient Chaldea, which may have been beheld by Abraham (Genesis xi. 28),[*] either already completed or in the course of construction, extended from the Euphrates, at a place seventy-five miles above the site of ancient Babylon, to a locality on the banks of the Tigris (sixty miles above Bagdad), right across the entire plain intervening between these two rivers, a distance of fully sixty miles. The wall describes somewhat the figure of a horseshoe, with the apex thereof in the middle of the plain, and nearest to the ruins of Akr Koof. Viewed from afar, the remains of "Sidd Nimrood" strikingly resemble a long chain of high, steep, and flat-topped hills, intersected at irregular distances. To judge from the remains still visible, the wall must have measured originally considerably over one hundred feet in height by about eighty or ninety feet in thickness. It is merely an earth wall, composed, evidently, of pounded earth; as in many places it is still almost perpendicular, and nearly as hard as brick.

The average dimensions of the remains still visible are about eighty feet in height, and about the same in thickness. According to tradition, the wall was lined and surmounted with huge towers or forts, built of brick, stationed at regular distances from each other, and garrisoned all the year round

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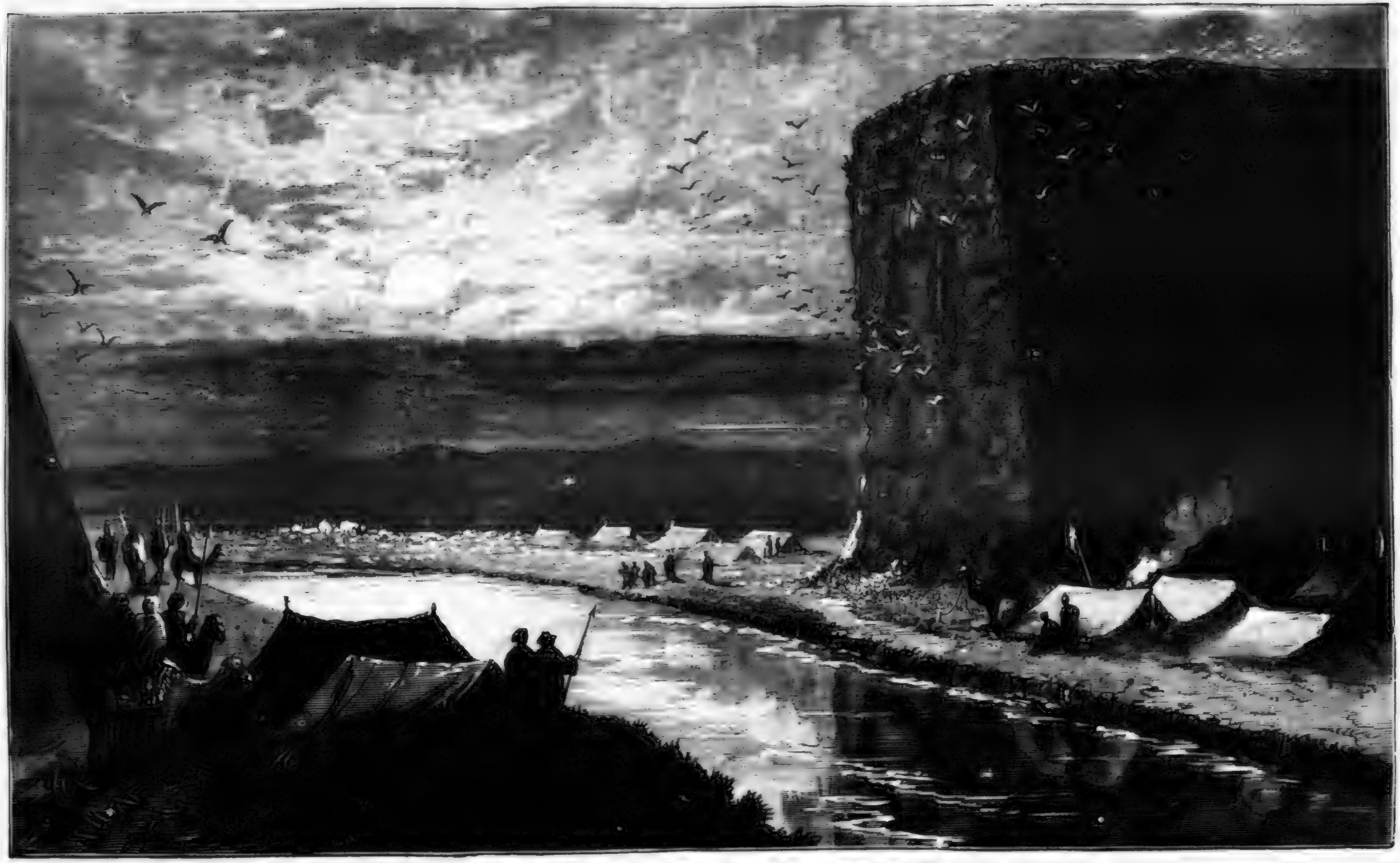


THE RUINS OF "AKR KOUF" AND THE MEDIAN WALL.—SEE PAGE 243.

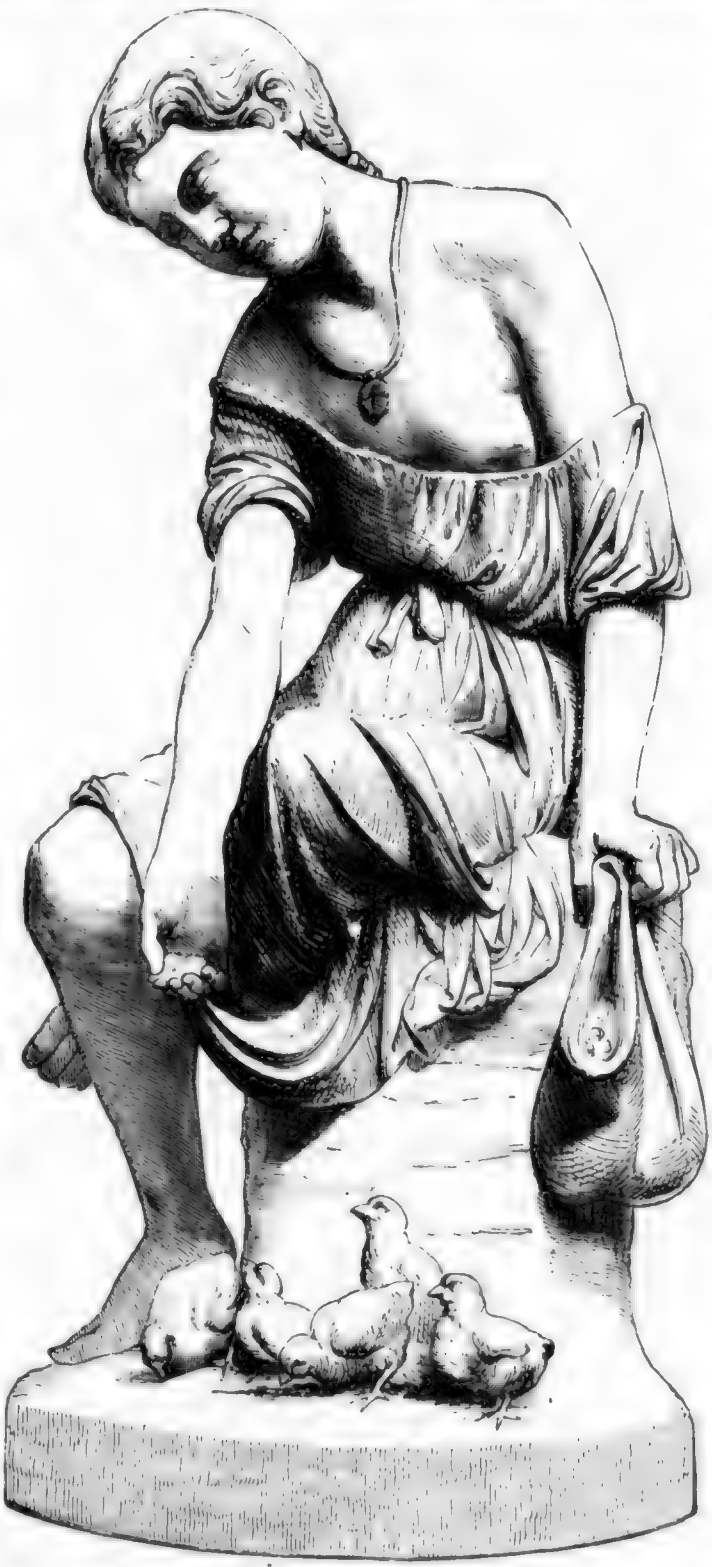
by Babylonian warriors. It is not improbable that Akr Koof was originally one of these forts, and is the only representative of them left.

Historians and archæologians differ in their opinions as to the origin of Sidd Nimrood. Some of them ascribe it to Nimrod, one of the supposed rulers of Chaldea, or Babylonia, who, according to biblical tradition (Gen. x. 8, 9), ruled over that country about 2,200 B. C.; others date its origin to about the year 1,000 B. C., and its completion to about the seventh century B. C. The former supposition is probably more correct. However this may be, so much is certain, that this mammoth bulwark must have been the work of hundreds of thousands of human beings — work lasting, perhaps, for centuries. Even the fastidious Greeks considered it one of the architectural wonders of the world.

It was undoubtedly a formidable barrier, the assault and capture of which, in times when gunpowder and artillery were not yet dreamed of, defended as it was by an army of desperate warriors, must have been a very difficult task indeed for any invader.

The tooth of time, however, has left sad marks on this relic of ancient history; not satisfied with reducing it perhaps to scarcely one-half its original size, it has entirely swept away miles and miles of this mammoth work; but whether through the agency of earthquakes or floods, I cannot say.

What struck me most vividly on my visit to the Median Wall, was the circumstance that there are no ditches or hollows visible on the plains, except the many almost obliterated canals in the neighborhood, which seems to imply that the immense quantity of earth required for the construction of the mammoth wall must either have been dug out of the canals, or that large hills, which may formerly have been scattered over the country, must have been leveled to furnish the requisite material.



"FEEDING HER CHICKENS."— A MARBLE GROUP BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR FRANÇOIS TRUPHÈME.

Leaving the Median Wall about 3 o'clock P. M., we rode ten miles in a southeasterly direction, when we arrived at Tell Heir—a little Arab village on the right bank of the Tigris—where we rested our horses, and enjoyed a hearty luncheon. Two hours afterward we resumed the journey, and following leisurely the course of the sinuous, silvery Tigris, arrived before the gates of Bagdad just before they were closed for the night.

SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THIS man of genius among trading authors, before he began his History of England, wrote to the Earl of Shelburne, then in the Whig Administration, offering, if the earl would procure for his work the patronage of the Government, he would accommodate his politics to the Ministry; but if not, that he had high promises of support from the other party. Lord Shelburne, of course, treated the proffered support of a writer of such accommodating principles with contempt; and the work of Smollett, accordingly, became distinguished for its high Toryism. The history was published in sixpenny weekly numbers, of which 20,000 copies were sold immediately. This extraordinary popularity was created by the artifice of the publisher. He is stated to have addressed a packet of the specimens of the publication to every parish-clerk in England, carriage-free, with half a crown inclosed as a compliment, to have them distributed through the pews of the church: this being generally done, many people read the specimens instead of listening to the sermon, and the result was an universal demand for the work.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

M. AGASSIZ, the celebrated palæontologist, is known to have relinquished pursuits from which he might have been in the receipt of a considerable income, and all for the sake of science. Dr. Buckland knew him, when engaged in this arduous career, with the revenue of only a hundred pounds: and of this he paid fifty pounds to artists for drawings, thirty pounds for books, and lived himself on the remaining twenty pounds a year! Thus did he raise himself to an elevated European rank; and, in his abode, *au troisième*, was the companion and friend of princes, ambassadors, and men of the highest rank and talent of every country.

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THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

If we attempt to trace the history of paper back to its origin, we are carried to times very remote, when the Egyptians prepared a plant, called the *papyrus*, on which to record their sacred inscriptions, and from which we derive the present name for writing material. Simultaneously with papyrus the ancients undoubtedly made use of the skins of animals in the form of parchment, and also had recourse to wood and stone, for the preservation of their records. It cannot be ascertained with certainty when the art of making paper from fibres was first discovered, but to the Chinese is usually ascribed the honor, as they very early learned how to convert the inner bark of the mulberry, the bamboo and rags into a web or felt suitable for writing; and it is in China at the present day that the manufacture has reached its highest perfection, and where it is used for clothing, handkerchiefs, napkins, twine, furniture, and numerous other purposes.

The Chinese consider paper so indispensable that they usually secure a certain quantity to their wives in the marriage contract. The Arabs acquired the art from the Chinese, and by them it was brought to Spain, from whence it rapidly spread over the other countries of Europe. Cotton paper, well authenticated, has come down to us from the tenth century; but linen paper cannot be traced further back than the thirteenth century, after which date it rapidly rose to the first rank, and was extensively manufactured from rags. At the present time paper is made from such an infinite number of materials that a bare catalogue would occupy more space than we can devote to that branch of the subject. They are, however, nearly all of vegetable origin—such as flax, hemp, cotton, wood, straw, esparto, manilla, jute, cane, etc.; and the art of paper-making consists in the reduction of all these materials into their primitive fibres, and forming them into felted sheets.

It is gratifying to see that in the manufacture of paper, as well as in all other arts, there has been great progress during the last hundred years. Chemistry and mechanics have each contributed their share. The former has afforded improved methods for washing, bleaching, bluing and coloring the stock, while the mechanical improvements have been many, and tend to facilitate and cheapen the whole process. The use of ultramarine, which at one time was almost as valuable as gold-dust, is a contribution from chemistry such as the most sanguine believer in the progress of science could not have foretold. To see the beautiful blue color that Raphael so highly prized now made so cheaply as to be available in every laundry, and in extensive manufactories, is one of the triumphs of modern science. The same science that has given us our pigments has also taught us that the cellulose of all plants is the same as that contained in rags; and, in fact, the fibre of some plants will give us a paper that cannot be made from rags.

Not all plants, however, are adapted to the making of paper. Much depends upon the bark, membrane and fibre, and there is a difference in the purity of the cellulose in various plants. The chemical tests also show a modification in the fibre of plants. The cellulose of cotton yields a blue color immediately with tincture of iodine; that of flax does not turn blue until an acid has been added, and hemp requires both acid and considerable time before the blue color makes its appearance. These reactions point to the presence or absence of starch and glucose in different species of plants. Chemically pure cellulose is perfectly white, more or less translucent, elastic, with a mean specific gravity of 1.5. It is insoluble in water, alcohol, ether, volatile and fixed oils. It is unchangeable in dry air, but when moist it becomes yellow, in consequence of the formation of ulmic acid. In the sunlight, moist cellulose suffers changes that have not been fully explained, and these alterations are modified and retarded by coloring or any organic matter. The action of acids upon cellulose is full of interest. Sulphuric acid changes it into a species of parchment, and if the action of the acid be permitted to go on for some time, the cellulose is transformed into starch, dextrine and glucose. Very concentrated sulphuric acid chars the cellulose of paper and converts it into ulmic acid. Nitric acid acts violently, and produces explosive compounds, and by longer contact yields oxalic acid. A mixture composed of 80 per cent. hydrochloric acid and 20 per cent. nitric acid has been shown, after a great number of experiments, to be the best adapted for the disintegration of woody fibre. In twenty-four hours it converts the cellulose of wood into a spongy, soft mass, that can be easily separated by the fingers. The color is not changed, and all of the incrusting and foreign matter of the wood is destroyed.

Nearly every variety of vegetable fibre has been tried in the manufacture of paper—roots, leaves, stems, bark, cabbage, potatoes, beets, vines, but in practice these have not been found of much value. On the other hand, straw, wood, corn-stalks, rice-straw, and esparto-grass have been successfully introduced in various countries. In Austria the husks of corn are not only made into paper, but into clothing, and a good article of food for cattle is also produced from them. Paper clothing is also made in China and Japan, where a good coat can be had for ten cents, and a suit of clothing for a quarter of a dollar. In Germany paper napkins are now introduced; the cost of them is a trifle, and they can, after having been once used, be thrown into the common stock to be worked over again. The fact that cotton and linen are really the same thing, chemically speaking, as paper, may take away from the prejudice that some persons entertain in reference to the use of paper collars, cuffs and clothing.

The cheap production of paper suggests its application for many ornamental and useful purposes. For doors, windows, cornices, papier-mache goods, moldings, bookbinding, pails, tubs, boats and houses, there is a great future open to paper, and hence the importance of increasing our stock of raw material and our knowledge of the best methods of its manufacture.

MATERIALS FOR PAPER.

The most ancient material is the papyrus plant, or paper reed, an engraving of which we have given. It belongs to the family of sedges, nearly related to the grasses, and was called *papu* by the Egyptians, whence the Greek *papuros*, the Latin *papyrus*, and the English word *paper*. The plant grows on the marshy banks of the rivers in Abyssinia, Syria, and formerly abounded on the Nile, but is at present becoming more rare in Egypt. It has large and abundant root stocks, which spread in the mud and throw off numerous stems from five to ten feet in height, the lower portion being submerged; the stem is triangular and smooth. The leaves all spring from near the base, the upper part of the stem being quite naked and bearing its inflorescence at the apex.

In making paper, the inner cuticle of the stalk is separated into thin leaves by a sharp instrument. The finest layers are those near the pith; there are about twenty of them, and they decrease in quality as they approach the bark; the last deposit being coarse and fit only for making cordage, mats, etc.

The slips are laid side by side on a smooth, flat surface, and covered with a second layer placed at right angles to them, after which they are pressed so as to cause the different pieces to adhere together and form a single sheet, which is then dried in the sun. The veracious historian, Pliny, says that the lanimæ were made adhesive by wetting them with the water of the Nile, to which he ascribed glutinous properties. The sheets are finally beaten smooth with a mallet, and polished with a piece of ivory. When finished, the papyrus is rolled upon a wooden cylinder, the ends of which, projecting beyond the edges of the sheet, are neatly finished and ornamented.

"In ancient times the papyrus plant was used for a great variety of purposes besides paper. Its graceful flowers crowned the statues of the gods, and decorated their temples; its pith was eaten as food; wicker-work boats, boxes, and baskets were woven of its stalk, and of its bark were made sails, cordage, cloth, mats, and sandals for the priests. It was applied as medicine to the cure of pustules and ulcers; it furnished material for torches and candles, and its roots were used for fuel and manufactured into furniture and household utensils."

There appears to be some analogy between the early use of papyrus and the employment of birch-bark by our Indians, with this important difference, that the Egyptians attained a higher civilization and carried the art of paper-making to a much greater perfection.

MULBERRY PAPER.

The Japanese paper is made from the inner bark of the mulberry, and is never bleached, although made as clean as possible. Paper is made in small towns where all the inhabitants are paper-makers, just as other villages consist entirely of blacksmiths or other trades. The sons follow the avocation of their fathers, and thus the art is transmitted in a family from generation to generation.

The mulberry of which the paper is made is propagated by cuttings from the roots, which are planted on the borders of rice-fields, and come to maturity in five years. In November, the reeds are cut and sold to the paper-makers, and the roots are left to send up new shoots. The shoots are cut in pieces two feet long, piled up and allowed to ferment, which operation loosens the bark so that it can be stripped off, after which they are dried in the open air or scraped at once. The scraping removes the brown epidermis, which can be used for inferior wrapping-paper. About thirty-three pounds of the bark is boiled at one time for two hours in a strong lye made from wood ashes. It is then put in bags and left in a running stream until the alkali is washed out completely. It is next beaten, two or three pounds at a time, on a wooden block with heavy sticks, for fifteen or twenty minutes. This pulp is now mixed with a little rice paste or a paste made from a species of mallow. A thin pulp is obtained by stirring one quarter of a pound of this mass into forty or fifty gallons of water. The web or mat on which the paper-pulp is collected is made of slender strips of bamboo, only the thirty-sixth part of an inch in diameter; several hundred of these are bound together with silk threads; the rods all run lengthwise of the sheet and hence the mats can be rolled or folded up in one direction. Just as the manufacture of glass was the privilege of the nobility in France, so the making of these mats is the monopoly of a certain class of the nobility in Japan. For coarse paper, reed mats are employed. The process of manufacture is essentially the same as in the making of hand-paper elsewhere. A woman sits in front of the tank containing the milky pap and stirs it vigorously; then dips a mat and frame into the vat, takes up some of the pulp and shakes it so as to make the fibres parallel. A single dip produces very thin tissue paper. Heavier sheets are made by dipping several times. After the second dipping the mat is set up on edge by the side of the tank to drain, and the frame put on a second mat, which receives the first dipping. By the time that the second sheet is drained the mat can be removed from the first sheet, so that only two mats are necessary. The sheets as fast as drained are piled upon each other with rice-straw between them; and when 500 or 600 sheets, which form a day's work, are completed, they are pressed for some time with heavy weights, then taken up, one at a time, by means of the rice-straw and placed on smooth boards to dry in the sun. When dry, the sheets are stripped from the boards by a sharp knife with the blade at right angles to the handle like a sickle. The finished paper weighs about one-half as much as the bark employed.

BAMBOO AS A SOURCE OF PAPER STOCK.

Like the asparagus plant, the bamboo is succulent and tender when young, but rapidly becomes hard and woody with age. When mature it is exceedingly dense, and in most varieties the outer part is so hard and silicious that it will strike fire like flint.

To convert stems at this stage into pulp, they must be subjected to long-continued boiling in strong solutions of caustic alkali, at high temperature, under pressure of ten or eleven atmospheres—a process at once difficult, costly, and dangerous.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, a progressive paper-maker, finds that these objections may be obviated, and the bamboo made to furnish excellent stock cheaply, simply by using the plant when young and green. Before the stems become indurated and woody, a very mild treatment of alkaline baths, at atmospheric pressure, suffices to dissolve the mucilaginous and extractive matters so that the fibres may be readily separated, pure and free. Mr. Routledge is of the opinion that no fibre can approach the bamboo in economy of production, and very few, if any, in the quality of the stock it yields for the manufacture of paper; and it has the further advantage of being practically inexhaustible in quantity.

The bamboo is of extremely rapid growth, and it flourishes in every tropical country. Grown under favorable conditions of climate and soil, it excels every other plant in amount of available fibre to the acre, and there is no plant which requires so little care for its cultivation and continuous production. The estimated yield is twenty times that of flax, hemp, jute, or cotton. In view of the threatened exhaustion of the supply of esparto, owing to the greed of the native collectors, the utilization of the bamboo promises to be a great public advantage.

ESPARTO.

Esparto, as it is called in Spain, and alfa, on the African coast, is a coarse, rushy grass, which has long been used as a fibrous material for rough yarn and cordage, and, more than thirty years since, was recommended as a paper-making material, but was only brought into extensive use about sixteen years ago. No material alteration in the machinery or apparatus is required for working esparto, and much less power is necessary. According to a practical authority, the successful working of this fibre depends mainly on the careful and proper adjustment and strength of the chemicals employed.

The quantity of soda-ash required for neutralizing the gummo-resinous matters in the fibre, so as to admit of its being made into pulp, is very large, though not so great as is required for straw; and the fibre, unlike rags, never having been subjected to bleaching or other chemical treatment, also requires very much more bleaching powder to bring it to color suitable for printing-paper. The quantities required are from five to six times as much as for cleansing and bleaching the coarsest rags.

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THE PAPYRUS OR PAPER REED OF EGYPT.

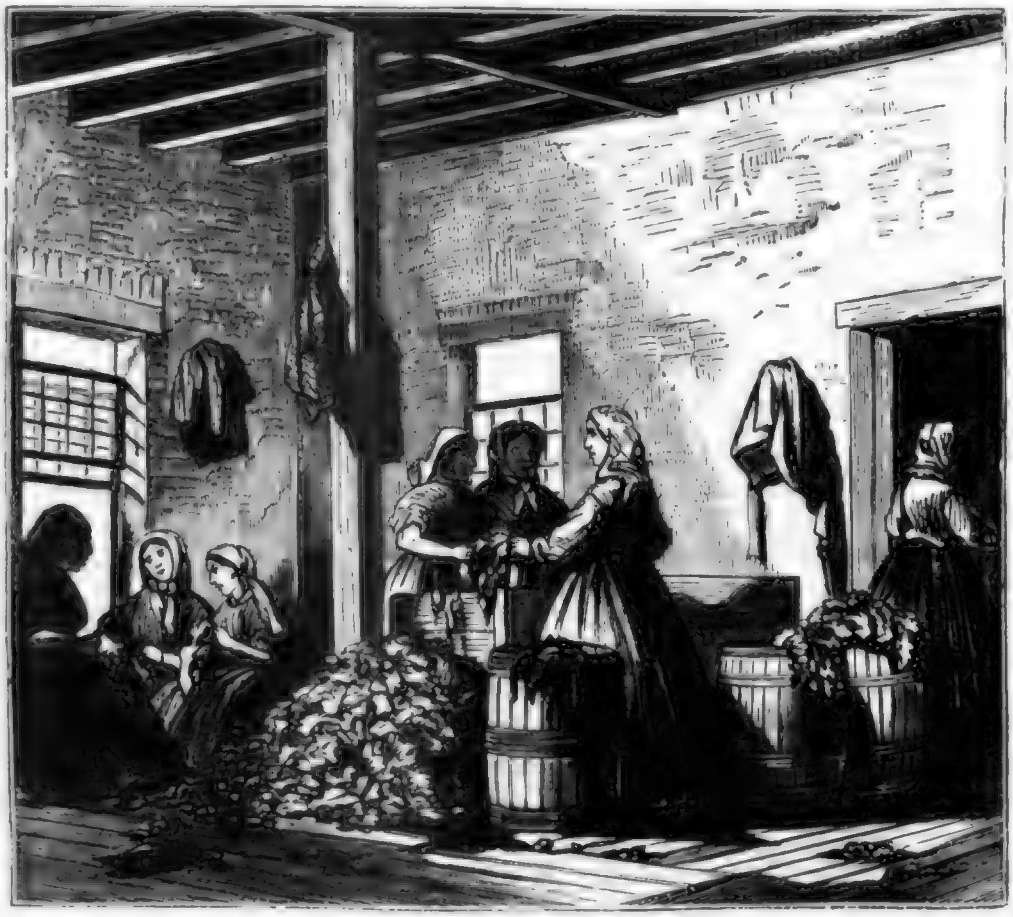
Carl Hofmann, in his "*Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper,*" says that when esparto, about the year 1860, was first used on a large scale for the manufacture of paper, it could be drawn from the accumulated growth of centuries, and its supply seemed inexhaustible, but the increased demand, rising to 140,000 tons in 1871, and the consequently much higher prices paid for it, caused forced cropping, and, in many cases, extermination of the plant to such an extent that the yearly decrease of its production amounts at present to from two to seven per cent., and in some localities, to ten per cent.

STRAW PAPER.

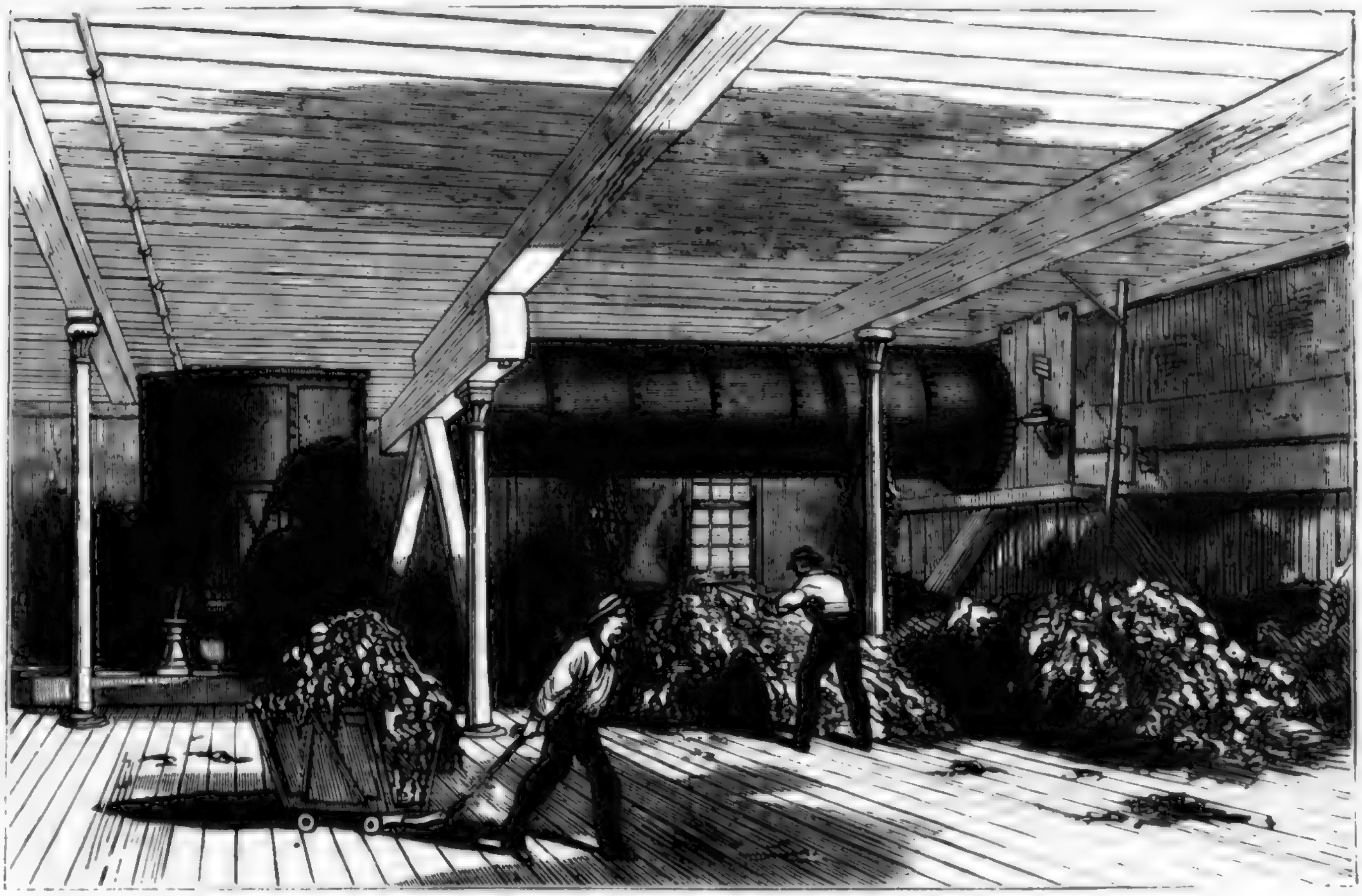
The attention of paper-makers was attracted to straw as a substitute for rags as early as the middle of the last century.

Joel Munsell states, in his Chronology, that the first attempt to manufacture paper from straw was made in Germany, in 1756, during a scarcity of rags. A treatise was printed at that time, giving directions for reducing the straw to pulp, and bleaching the same, but as that was anterior to the discovery of Le Blanc's process for the manufacture of soda ash, and Berthollet's suggestion in reference to bleaching powders, the operation must have been a tedious and expensive one. Yellow straw paper was the result of the earliest experiments, and it was probably made many years ago in substantially the same manner as at the present time. Numerous patents have been taken out in the United States for improvements in the manufacture of straw paper, and its production has been brought to great perfection.

Rye-straw, from highly cultivated farms, yields the best quality of paper. The straw is first chopped into pieces of about three-quarters of an inch in length by a feed-cutter, during which operation weeds and other impurities are removed by hand. The cut straw is then freed from dust and grain in a fanning-mill, and then passed to crushers consisting of heavy iron rolls, running with different speeds, and as close together as possible without touching each other. The hollow tubes and knots are thus opened out, and made more accessible to the action of the alkaline liquor. The prepared straw is then put into horizontal rotaries with sixty gallons of a three-degree Baumé solution of caustic soda to every 100 pounds of straw. The rotaries are sometimes walled in, heated by direct fire to a pressure of sixty pounds above the atmosphere, and kept at that point for six or eight hours. The



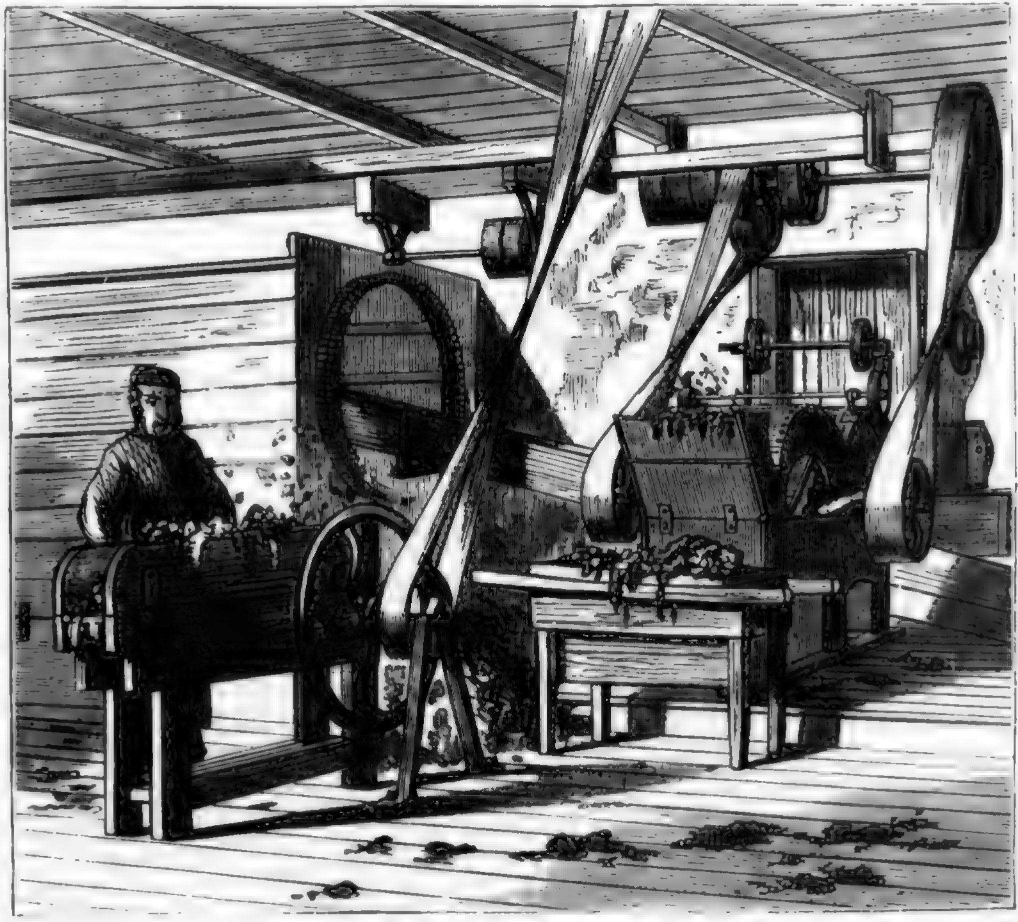
PICKING AND ASSORTING THE RAGS.



BOILING THE RAGS.

contents of the rotary boilers are discharged into tubs provided with strainer bottoms in which the contents can be thoroughly washed. From the tubs the pulp is emptied into a stuff-chest, connected with a Kingsland engine, and any knots or bundles of fibre which might not have been thoroughly reduced in the boiler are separated during its passage through the engine. From the Kingsland engine the stuff is conducted into other vats, and left to drain. It is again washed, bleached in the usual manner, once more drained, mixed with size, color, and clay in beating-engines, then passed through a second Kingsland engine, and finally finished over a Fourdrinier machine.

Paper made in this way is soft, clean, and white, and although produced from straw alone, finds a ready market for book, newspaper, and various other kinds of printing at remunerative prices.



CUTTING AND DUSTING THE RAGS—THE "DEVIL."

WOOD PAPER.

The wood, mostly poplar, is cut in lengths of five feet, and delivered at the mills the same as cord wood. It is then treated in two ways, mechanically and chemically. The chemical process is the one followed at the American Wood Paper Company's works, near Philadelphia, and is as follows: The bark having been stripped off by hand, the wood is cut into slices of about a half-inch thickness, by a cutter, or rather chopper, constructed like a feed-cutter on a large scale. The logs are placed in a slanting position and pushed down against the revolving knives

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until they are entirely cut up. The piston or pusher then returns to its original position, fresh wood is put in, and the operation repeated. One or two choppers will cut up forty cords of wood in a day. The fine slices are digested under sixty-five pounds of steam-pressure, with caustic soda, testing twelve degrees Baumé, in upright cylinders, five feet in diameter and sixteen feet high, and the discharged pulp is treated in much the same manner as the stock from straw.

In the mechanical wood pulp process, the wood, exclusively poplar, is pressed against a millstone, so that the grain will run parallel with the axis, and the fibres be torn off, or rasped by the rough surface, instead of being ground or powdered. A small stream of water falls constantly upon the stone, and carries the pulp first through a rake, which retains the coarse pieces, and then to a wire-covered cylinder, turning on its horizontal axis. The pulp is made up directly into pasteboards, without further chemical treatment, and in that shape is sold to paper manufacturers, by whom it is mixed with other stock and worked into paper.

RAG PAPER.

The first record of cotton paper shows that it was used as early as A. D. 900 for the Papal bulls, and manuscripts are extant which appear to have been written in 1050. Among the records which are preserved at the Tower of London, is a letter addressed to Henry the Third, written previously to 1222, which is upon strong paper of mixed materials. Several letters of the following reign, which are there preserved, are evidently written on cotton paper. The use of linen rags was introduced subsequently to cotton, as more skill was required in their manipulation, but the precise date cannot be ascertained.

After the introduction of rags the best paper was made from them, and this still continues to be the case. "Rags are king," so far as paper is concerned; and all other material must be looked upon as introduced to cheapen the product for newspapers and ephemeral books and other purposes, where the more costly and durable rag paper can be dispensed with. The practical operation of paper-making from rags must be given further on, after we have finished our recapitulation of the materials employed in the business.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPER MATERIAL.

Out of dirty and apparently unbleachable tarred ropes is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, of even surface and delicacy of color, a ream of which weighs, with wrappers and strings, two and a half pounds. It is principally used in the potteries for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any substance yet known for that purpose. It is so tenacious, that a sheet of it twisted by the hand in the form of a rope, will support upward of one hundred pounds' weight. Corn husks have been successfully employed in Germany. The husks are first boiled with an alkali in tubular boilers, which converts them into a spongy condition filled with gelatinous substance or dough, which latter is pressed out from the fibres by hydraulic process, leaving the fibre in the shape of longitudinal threads, interspersed with a dense mass of short fibre. The long fibres are used for spinning, and yield a cloth suitable for clothing. The short fibres are used for paper, which is stronger than that made from linen or cotton rags. It is very durable, and can be made extremely transparent without sacrificing any portion of its strength. The yield of the husks employed for the purpose is thirty per cent. of fibre, ten of gelatine, and sixty of dough.

In 1869 and 1872, S. D. Baldwin, of Marysville, California, succeeded, after numerous experiments, in making a paper from the tule, a product of the swamp-lands. He produced a fine pulp, capable of being made into the best quality of writing and printing paper. Using the tules cut in June he obtained 50 or 60 per cent. of pulp, as fine and strong as that made from cotton.

At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, Zahony showed specimens of paper made from the bark of the mulberry. Near Venice the leaves for feeding silkworms are obtained by stripping the leaves from the twigs, or else the whole branch is placed on the worm bed. The twigs, after having the leaves eaten off, were heretofore only used as fuel, whereas, now they have the bark peeled off by a very simple arrangement without losing any of their value as fuel, but yielding a considerable quantity of bast for paper. The labor of removing the bark is not tiresome, and can be done by children or old people incapable of hard work. A fine quality of cigarette-paper is made from the mulberry bark obtained in this way.

In 1786, a book appeared in France, printed on marshmallow paper, and containing samples of paper made from nettles, hops, moss, reeds, couch-grass, spindle-tree, wayfaring-tree, elm, lime, yellow-willow, poplar, oak, burdock, and coltsfoot.

In 1809, S. Green, of New London, Conn., obtained a patent for paper from sea-weed, and other patents have since been taken out, based upon the use of the same material, with the added advantage of extracting all of the iodine before converting the sea-weed into pulp.

In the decade between 1820 and 1830, processes were invented for the employment of hop-vines, moss, pine shavings, hay, blue grass, leather cuttings, and corn-stalks. Later inventors have made use of asparagus, beet-root, banana-fibre, gutta-percha, horseradish-leaves, the common hollyhock, ferns, moss from Lake Superior, cattails, and sedge.

Munsell's work on paper-making says that in 1867 the following substances were in actual employment: Manilla hemp, agave of Cuba, cultivated hemp, white hemp of Hayti, India hemp, acacia, fibres of aloes, jute, Spanish broom, hops, silk-weed, flax, Chinese hemp, mallow, mulberry, Chinese nettle, New Zealand flax, esparto-grass, linden, yucca, bamboo, and cane. To the above list must be added the ramie plant, wild and cultivated rice, potato pomace, the bark of coniferous trees from which the resin has been extracted, stalks and fibres of cord grass, and okra; in fact, more than sixty different kinds of fibre have been experimented upon in the search for new material, and it cannot be denied that the result of all these trials has been favorable to the paper industry by adding permanently to the supply of stock upon which to draw in emergency and for special kinds of goods.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM RAGS.

The manufacture of paper from rags is the most important branch of the business, and the one in which the largest amount of capital has been expended and the greatest improvements attained. The first operation is in the purchasing, sorting, cutting and dusting of the rags. In the purchase of rags the mill-owner has to encounter the same attempt to cheat that seems to obtain in every line of business. Bales are made up looking well outside, but in the interior inferior articles are put, and the rags are moistened or loaded with sand to increase the weight. The dealer soon becomes expert, and can tell from what country the rags came, by their color, strength, and general character. Some nations wear more linen, others more cotton, some fine, some coarse. City rags are apt to be white, country rags yellow or dark-colored. All of these points have to be considered before making the purchase.

All rags have considerable quantities of dust, sand and other impurities mechanically mixed with them, and it is the custom now in many mills to put them, as soon as they are taken from the bales, into a dusting machine or thrasher, which frees them from most of the adhering dust and makes them less objectionable to the sorters. The thrasher consists of an octagonal shaft provided with strong teeth, which, when revolving rapidly, throws the rags against stationary spikes, and thus gives them a thorough shaking. A change of speed moderates or increases the thrashing, and sometimes the effect can be intensified by reversing the motion. The dust gathers in the lower part of the box, while the rags drop through an opening into the floor below, ready for the sorters. This is better than the old plan of sorting them first and dusting them afterward.

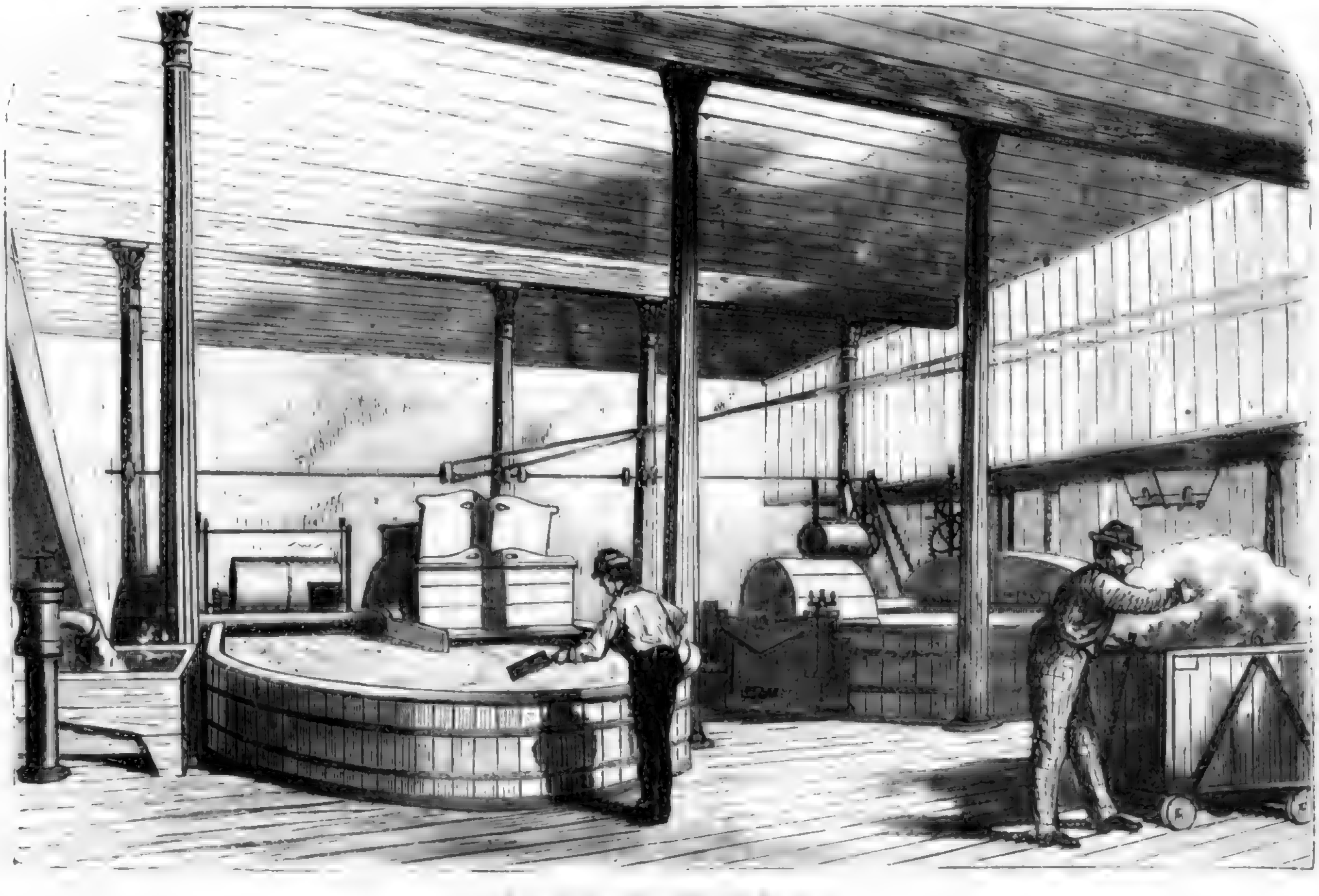
Every paper-maker has his particular wants, and tries to buy rags roughly assorted, but all of them make the following distinction, according to fibres: Linen, hemp, cotton, manilla, half-wool or woolens; according to color: white first, second, third, gray, blue, red, black and all dark colors. Canvas, ropes, bagging, twine, threads, etc., are classed separately. The work of sorting is usually done by women, who stand before a square or oblong table, covered with coarse wire cloth, and surrounded by enough square boxes, baskets or bags to provide one for every grade of rags which is to be sorted out. A scythe-shaped knife is fastened to each table, standing upright, with the blunt edge toward the worker. It serves to cut the rags as well as to separate from them seams, buttons, buckles, leather, rubber, and other foreign substances.

The assorted rags must not be piled up in a wet or damp state, as they are liable to fermentation and spontaneous combustion, occasioning both loss of raw material and the danger of destructive conflagrations. The cutting is accomplished by hand or by machinery, according to the quality of the paper. For the best qualities of book and writing paper very fine and high-priced rags are exclusively used, and it is believed that a smaller proportion is wasted if they are cut by hand. All rag-cutters work on the principle of scissors on a large scale. A bed-knife presents a sharp edge to a movable or cutting knife, and the manner in which the latter is propelled constitutes the main difference in the construction of machines. Sometimes the knives revolve; at other times they work up and down like a guillotine. The former are usually preferred, because the time used in the guillotine-cutter for the upward movement is lost, while revolving knives cut without intermission. The principle of the guillotine machine is correct, as it does not tear the rags, and cuts with equal facility the finest cotton and the heaviest rope.

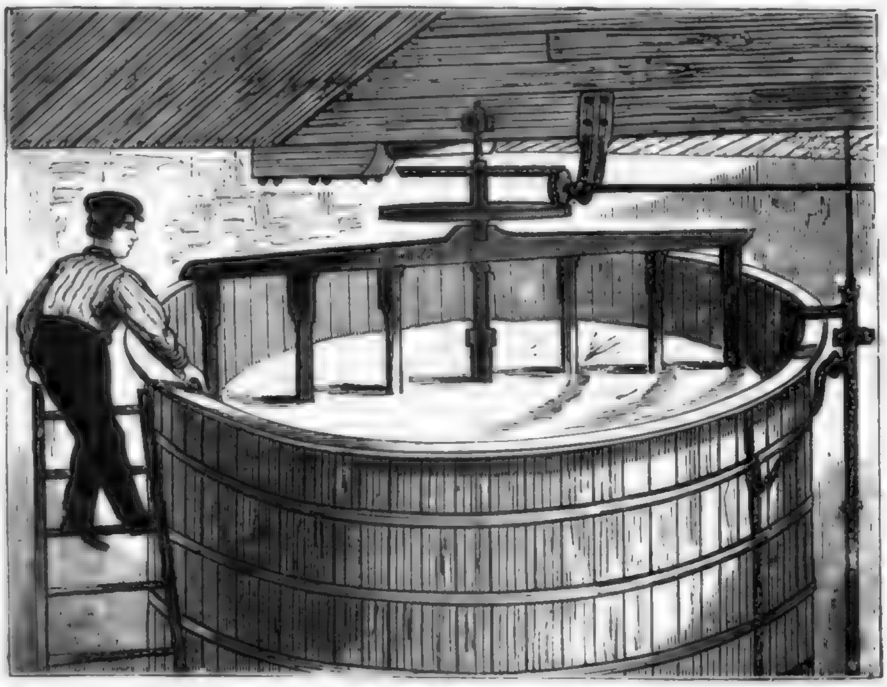
Notwithstanding the previous thrashing through which the rags have passed, much dust arises during the cutting process, which is drawn up through spouts connecting with a ventilator, and made available for a poor class of paper.

From the cutter the rags go directly to the duster, where they are to be freed from sand, straw, metals, and other foreign substances. The duster is eight-cornered, rests at the lower end on a stand, and carries at the upper end a cast-iron ring supported by two flanged pulleys. It is covered with coarse No. 3 or 4 wire-netting, as far as it is inclosed in the wooden box. The rags enter at the higher point, and descend gradually, while revolving, to the lower end, where they fall out. The dust and impurities which pass through the wire collect on the bottom below, and can be removed through side doors. The rags, after having been cut and dusted, must be thoroughly washed and cleaned; for this purpose they are thrown into wrought-iron cylinders of from ten to twenty-five feet in length, and from six to eight feet in diameter, with cast-iron heads ending in journals, where they can be thoroughly boiled with the proper chemicals.

In the making of paper, the pure cellulose or fibre is what is wanted, and the object of the boiling is to extract or dissolve the fatty, glutinous, and coloring substances which envelop the fibre. Alkalies in solution, and at a high temperature, are employed to accomplish this. In France, caustic soda alone is used for the finest rags, lime alone for



WASHING AND BEATING THE RAGS.

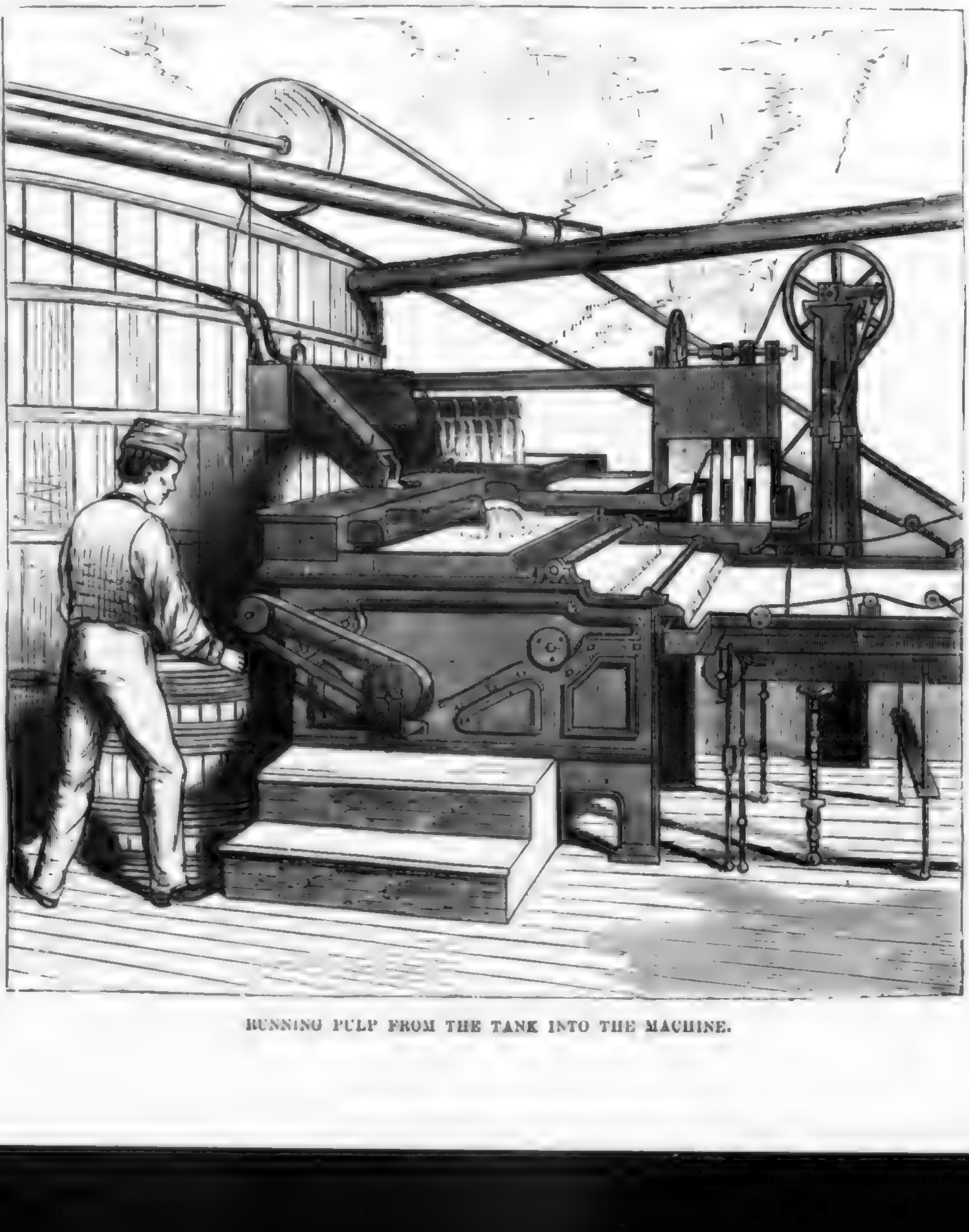


GRINDING THE PAPER PULP IN THE TANKS.

the coarsest, and a mixture of both for the intermediate grades. In the United States, nearly all the mills use lime alone in rotaries, and obtain a product excellent in color, purity, and strength.

Some colors resist the action of lime, but succumb to soda.

After the boiling is complete, the steam is blown off and the contents of the rotaries emptied on a floor slanting to a centre, through which the liquor can drain off. Some manufacturers of fine writing-paper have discontinued the use of rotaries, and do their boiling in wooden tubs with a very weak solution of caustic soda; they claim that the loss of fibre is less, and that the stock escapes the scales and rust which are apt to fall in from the rotaries.



RUNNING PULP FROM THE TANK INTO THE MACHINE.

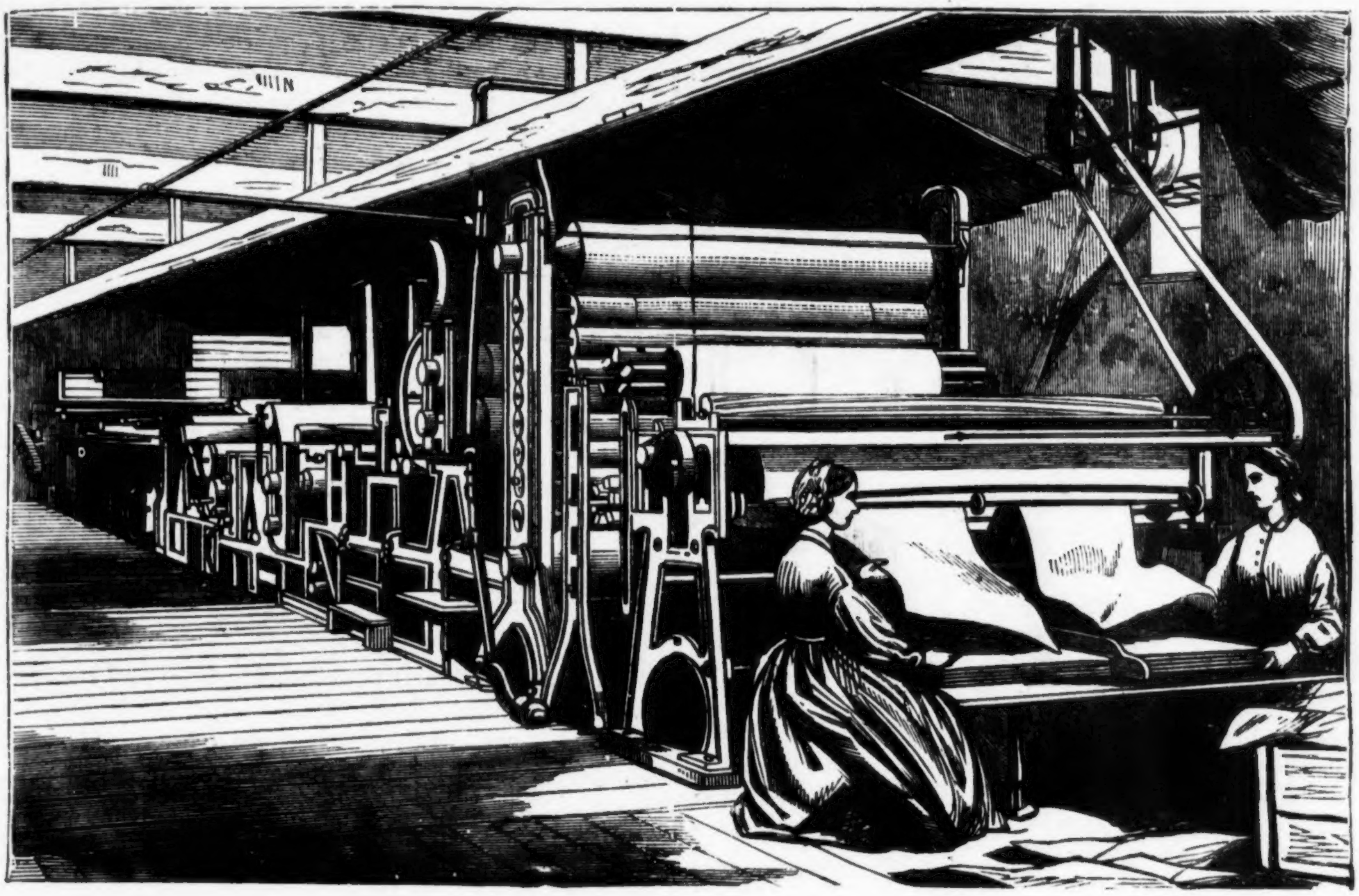
The Dutch were the first to invent an engine for the complete rinsing and bleaching of rags, and the contrivance which was introduced more than a hundred years ago by them is still called the Hollander, in honor of the country of its origin.

The Hollander is a shallow oblong cistern, with circular ends, divided lengthwise by a partition which extends as far as the rectangular part of the body. A shaft bearing a roll revolves across the middle of this cistern. A number of steel knives are fastened parallel with the shaft on the surface of this roll, and another set is placed underneath on the bottom, so that the sharp edges of both are opposite each other. Between these two sets of knives, the first revolving, the latter, stationary, the rags must pass, and here they are cut, torn, or only rubbed, as the case may be. The rags are first worked coarsely with a stream of water running through the engine, which tends effectively to wash them, as also to open their fibres; and, in order to carry off the dirty water, what is termed a washing-drum of fine wire gauze is employed.

As soon as the water runs off clean, the cutting-cylinder is lowered upon the plate so as completely to disintegrate the rags, which gradually lose their textile appearance, and resemble lint saturated with water.

Every engine is provided with sand traps, or excavations in the bottom, where heavy foreign substances, like nails, buttons, stones, metals of all kinds, and sand, deposit themselves.

The pulp, after being thoroughly washed and comminuted, is either moved forward by an attendant with a paddle, or is carried forward by an automatic propeller. By the use of the propeller, the current is made faster, and the stock is rapidly converted into pulp. Having thus with much difficulty obtained the finely comminuted pulp, the next step is bleaching to snowy whiteness by the use of proper chemicals, either in the engine or the drainers. For this purpose the most common agent is the well-known bleaching-powder or

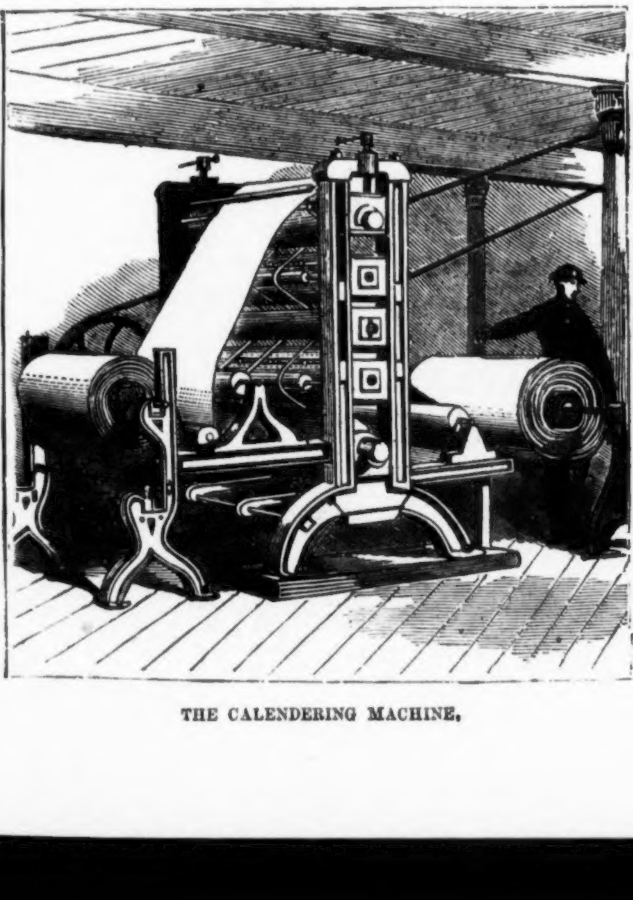


THE FOUDRINIER PAPER MACHINE.

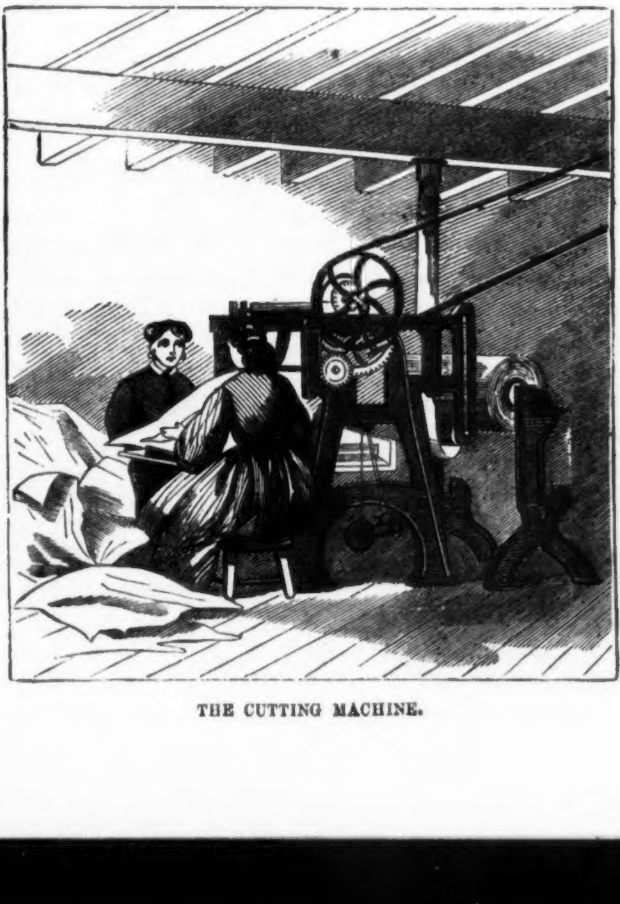
chloride of lime. Permanganate of potash has been urged for the purpose, but it is not popularly understood, and has never been manufactured in sufficient quantity for the supply of the trade.

Bleaching powders can be most advantageously manufactured in England, where the supply of material is more extensive than anywhere else. They are made by passing chlorine gas into chambers, on the floors of which is spread moist lime—it is supposed that by this operation hypochlorite of lime and chloride of calcium result; but, although bleaching powders have been made for many years, their true chemical composition is still a matter of controversy among chemists. It is unfortunate that the United States should be dependent upon Great Britain for its supply of soda ash and bleaching powders, two of the agents indispensable, n only in paper making, but in many other industries; but th cost of production in this country has hitherto proved to be too great to enable chemical manufacturers to compete with foreign houses. It is not probable that this condition of things can continue many years longer, as the supply of raw material is unlimited, and the wants of the country constantly increasing.

The use of chlorine as a bleaching agent was suggested, toward the end of the last century, by Berthollet in France, and by Tennant in England. It is not convenient to employ the gas directly, and it is, therefore, first combined with the lime in the manner described. A solution is then made of the powders, of the proper strength, and the liquid is



THE CALENDERING MACHINE.



THE CUTTING MACHINE.

XUM

thoroughly stirred up with the pulp. The process is much quickened by blowing a blast of air through the mixture, the effect, apparently, being to introduce active oxygen to aid the operation. Some sulphuric acid or a solution of alum is added to the bath to facilitate the liberation of the chlorine. As soon as the bleaching liquor has become thoroughly mixed with the pulp, the contents of the engine are emptied into a drainer, constructed of such material as will not be too rapidly eaten up and destroyed by the bleach liquors. The drainers are made of brick, eighteen to twenty inches thick, and well lined with cement. They have a false bottom, consisting of boards or planks full of holes and covered with wire cloth or bagging. The outlet of the drainers is closed by a stop cock, so that the bleach solution can either be allowed to run off at once or can be pumped up for further use.

After the draining, the pulp will be found to contain some chlorine, hydrochloric acid, chloride of calcium and other products, which, if left in the paper, injure its durability by turning it yellow, render it brittle in course of time, and interfere with perfect sizing and coloring. All of the chlorine must be expelled by thorough washing, and to make sure that it is all removed, the iodine test is applied from time to time, and as this is extremely sensitive the absence of chlorine can readily be proved. To add to the efficacy of washing, and to make sure that all of the chlorine is removed, a chemical agent called anti-chlor is sometimes added. This is the hyposulphite of soda, which is also so much employed by photographers. Thorough washing after the use of chemicals is indispensable to the preservation of the paper, and especially to its fitness for taking color. The beating process follows the washing, and by it the fibres are rendered parallel, all knots and inequalities are removed, and the pulp assumes the consistence and appearance of milk-and-water. The stock is now ready for the paper-machine.

Few inventions have ever gone forth from the brain of man to equal in importance and perfection the incomparable machine by means of which a white, milky pap is converted into the most beautiful paper within the space of a thousand feet. It has required the life-long labor of the most ingenious mechanics to bring the paper-machine to its present degree of perfection, but the one who devoted the most attention to it and laid the foundation upon which others have built was a Frenchman of the name of Fourdrinier, who, in the early part of this century, brought out in England the machine which is still called after his name. As the inventor never received any pecuniary reward for his labors, it is but just and proper that his services should be commemorated by attaching his name to the invention that cost him so much time, labor and money.

The first step in the final conversion of pulp into paper is to secure a proper degree of dilution. This is accomplished by pumping it into a regulating box, whence it flows into a mixing box, to be thinned out by the addition of fresh water. The thin pulp flows from the box into a lifter, and thence through a strainer upon a continuous wire, being partially compacted by a shaking motion. From the wire the half-formed sheet is taken up by felt, and, after being well squeezed, it finally becomes strong enough to be able to travel alone, and is carried over cylinders heated by injected steam, and thoroughly dried. If it be printing-paper, which can be sized sufficiently in the pulp, it may be at once conducted to the cutting machine, to be divided into any length and width required; if it be letter-paper, it must undergo a sizing after it has passed around the steam cylinders. A paper machine, with the sizing apparatus attached, sometimes measures, from the wire-cloth where the pulp first flows on, to the cutting machine at the extremity, no less than one thousand feet. The sheets of letter paper are sometimes subjected to great pressure between sheets of zinc in order to impart to them a certain gloss and elegant finish. Less valuable paper only requires to be dried and counted after leaving the cutting machine, to be ready for market.

PARCHMENT PAPER.

Parchment paper is made by the action of sulphuric acid upon ordinary paper. One thousand parts of concentrated sulphuric acid are diluted with one-eighth part of water. Into this mixture the paper is dipped, so as to moisten both sides, and left from five to twenty seconds. When the acid has acted sufficiently long, the paper is put into cold water, then into diluted ammonia, and then again into water, in order to extract all the acid. When paper parchment dries spontaneously, it is crisp and looks badly. To avoid this inconvenience, a steam-engine passes the paper at first through a vat containing sulphuric acid, then through water of ammonia, and again through water, and at last it is placed on a roll of cloth in order to absorb the water. It is then pressed and glossed on polished and heated cylinders. When well prepared it possesses the color and clearness of animal parchment. Dipped in water, it becomes soft and flexible, but without losing any of its solidity. This variety of paper is valuable for diplomas, public documents and papers of value for preservation, as it is less exposed to the attacks of insects than parchment. It can be employed for the binding of books, for printing books destined for children; also to cover fruit-jars, and for sausages and preserved food of all kinds.

STATISTICS OF PAPER.

Dr. Rudal calculates that the quantity of paper produced in the whole world—paper of all kinds, of hemp, of linen, of straw, of jute, of rice, of wood, etc.—amounts to 1,800,000,000 pounds. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for miscellaneous uses. The whole may be thus categorized: For government purposes, 200,000,000 pounds are required; for instruction, 180,000,000; for commerce, 240,000,000; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000; for private correspondence, 100,000,000; and for printing, 900,000,000. For the production of all this paper there are 3,960 manufactories, employing 90,000 men and 180,000 women; while 100,000 persons are engaged in collecting rags. The number of paper-mills in the United States at the present time, according to Lockwood's Directory, is 934, and the number of firms 795. Of these, 254 firms and 327 mills are in the Eastern States; 328 firms and 360 mills in the Middle States; 155 firms and 179 mills in the Western States; and 58 firms and 68 mills in the Southern States. According to Dr. Edward Young's tables of the commerce of the United States for 1876, there has been a great falling off in the importation of paper and paper material, and a corresponding increase of exportation in the last few years. The following were the imports and exports for 1872 and 1876:

IMPORTS.	1872.	1876.
Raw Materials	$6,034,393	$3,711,953
Printing	440,229	410
Writing	224,698	8,994
N. E. S.	1,721,190	1,138,662

EXPORTS.	1872.	1876.
Paper	$724,528	$908,494

THE USES OF PAPER.

During the last few years paper has found constantly increasing uses. In addition to the familiar applications for stationery, newspapers, and books, we now hear of the employment of paper for boats, car-wheels, furniture, clothing, roofing, sheathing of ships, and house-building. Every year brings us new applications, but, fortunately, the progress of chemistry and the improvements in mechanical arts, keep pace with the increased demand, and the article is furnished from a greater variety of material and in various forms and conditions suitable for the wants of mankind. There are few industries of more importance than the manufacture of paper, and none in which greater progress has been made in the last few years.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Properties of Water.—Professor Guthrie remarked at the Royal Institution in London that the most common compounds—such as water, for example—often possess the most exceptional properties. Water is a compound which may be studied with advantage, and about which there is always something new to be learned. When radiated heat falls on water, it is arrested and retained. Water is the best conductor of heat. Drops of water are the largest of any liquid, and hold their forms longer than any other liquid. Water reflects light imperfectly. Water can be rendered solid on removing the heat, and, associated with other bodies, it can be made solid. In this latter condition, it ought to be called fixed. In reference to the water of hydration, Professor Guthrie proposes the name cryohydrates to such salts as can only retain water at temperatures below the freezing point of water. The study of cryohydrates is a fine field for research, and in the Arctic regions it can be studied with advantage. The palæocrystic sea of the North Pole will be found to contain salts in different proportions from those occurring in more southern waters.

The New Metal Lavoesium.—M. Prat has discovered a new metal which he calls lavoesium, in honor of the eminent chemist, Lavoisier. It has a silvery white color, is malleable and fusible. It forms crystallizable and colorless salts, and in general its reactions do not correspond with those of any known element. It is said to occur in many minerals, especially in iron pyrites. With the spectroscope, the new metal yields two sets of characteristic lines in the indigo-blue, two other sets in the bright green, some blue, violet, and green secondary lines; in all, twenty-three lines. These characteristic lines coincide with those of copper, which would seem to show that copper must be present in the specimen under examination. Its silvery white color and behavior toward ammonia and ferrocyanide of potassium, constitute properties which distinguish it from any other metal. M. Prat has not divulged the manner in which the metal was discovered, or how it can be prepared, nor has he given any of its properties. There is, therefore, some doubt about the authenticity of the alleged discovery.

Antidotes for Poisons.—There are certain salts used by photographers which are sometimes accidentally swallowed by careless members of the family, the antidotes for which ought to be generally known. Corrosive sublimate, which is used for intensifying negatives, can be partially counteracted by milk, but the most efficient antidote is the white of an egg. An emetic quickly administered is the best thing first of all, and then the milk or egg should follow as quickly as possible. Cyanide of potassium, also much employed by photographers, is a terrible poison, to counteract which the perchloride of iron is the best remedy, but the ordinary copperas, or protosulphate of iron will do; both of these iron salts produce the comparatively harmless Prussian blue, which may be removed from the stomach by an emetic. Salts of silver are also somewhat counteracted by the administration of an egg, but common salt is better, as it forms an insoluble chloride of silver, which is comparatively innocuous. These remedies must be given before the doctor comes.

Pork and Trichina.—An able agricultural writer, Mr. R. Goodman, of Massachusetts, again calls attention to the danger from parasites to persons who have the habit of eating pork. An ounce of flesh will contain a quarter of a million of the infinitesimal nematoids; a bit of muscle weighing one-fifth of a grain, nearly a hundred; and, allowing a hundred worms to a grain of muscle, a man weighing 150 pounds, might contain over 40,000,000 of the parasites, and the length of muscle actually inflamed by such a number, if placed in a line, would amount to more than 120 miles. "Talk about the 'Diet of Worms,' which Luther bravely encountered and survived, and then consider the diet of a pork-eater, who, at a few mouthfuls, may fill himself with 50,000,000 vermiculars, and then wonder that he feels uncomfortable and unable to wriggle through the length of days he was entitled to."

Bichromate of Potash as a Disinfectant.—The addition of one part of bichromate of potash to one hundred parts of water, will prevent the putrefaction or fermentation of organic substances, such as meat, urine, gelatin, and vegetables. Beer does not turn sour after the addition of a thousandth of the bichromate. Dogs will not eat meat preserved in an aqueous solution of the bichromate. From these observations, it will appear that the bichromate of potash could be employed to advantage in embalming, in chemical preparations, in injections, and anatomical macerations. It is, unfortunately, not applicable to the preservation of food, owing to its poisonous nature.

India Rubber.—The various rubber manufactories in the United States employ about 7,200 hands, and have a capital invested in the industry of about $9,500,000. The total value of the product is probably not less than $17,500,000 annually. Last year there were about 14,500,000 pounds of caoutchouc imported into the United States, considerably over one-half of which came from Para, Brazil, the great depot of rubber exportation from South America. Great Britain used a like quantity, two-thirds of which was from Brazil, and the remainder from India. The manufacture of india-rubber has become one of the most important industries of this country.

A New Safety Lamp.—M. J. Coquillon proposes to utilize the property possessed by palladium, of remaining red-hot in a mixture of gas and air at the expense of the compound, in the construction of miners' safety lamps. He is now making a lamp which should be perfectly safe, as the lamp cannot cause an explosion without the palladium giving timely warning. A further property of palladium compounds, to absorb carbonic oxide gas and liberate the metal, could be employed in the invention of a foul air signal, to be connected by means of a battery with a bell. The bell would sound when the air of a room became irrespirable.

Retirement of Sir Robert Christison.—Sir Robert Christison, who has held the chair of materia medica, in the University of Edinburgh since 1832, and for ten years previously was Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the same institution, has resigned on account of advanced age and ill-health. He has been a most industrious worker, and has well-earned the repose he now seeks.

A Peculiar Wall Paper.—If paper be coated with oxalate of copper, it appears dark in a strong light, but becomes bright in the dusk; it thus moderates the light on sunny days and brightens the room when the sky is clouded. Wall-paper of this kind is manufactured in Germany.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Affairs to Come Off.—Ill-sewn buttons.

Not Likely to Get Hoarse.—"Speaking" eyes.

When ought mariners to have fruit at sea?—When they stem the currents.

The Fastest Manufacturing of Military Cutlery on Record—Looking daggers.

For the Combative.—A duel is quickly managed. It takes only two seconds to arrange it.

When may babies be said to be literally living from hand to mouth?—When they are sucking their thumbs.

A Crusher.—*Mr. Blank:* "I always found that at school the stupidest boy carried off all the prizes."—*Miss Sparkle:* "Did you get many?"

Too Unkind.—It is rather unkind to present a maiden lady with a copy of "Paradise Lost." The title is too suggestive now that leap year has glided away.

Not by the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

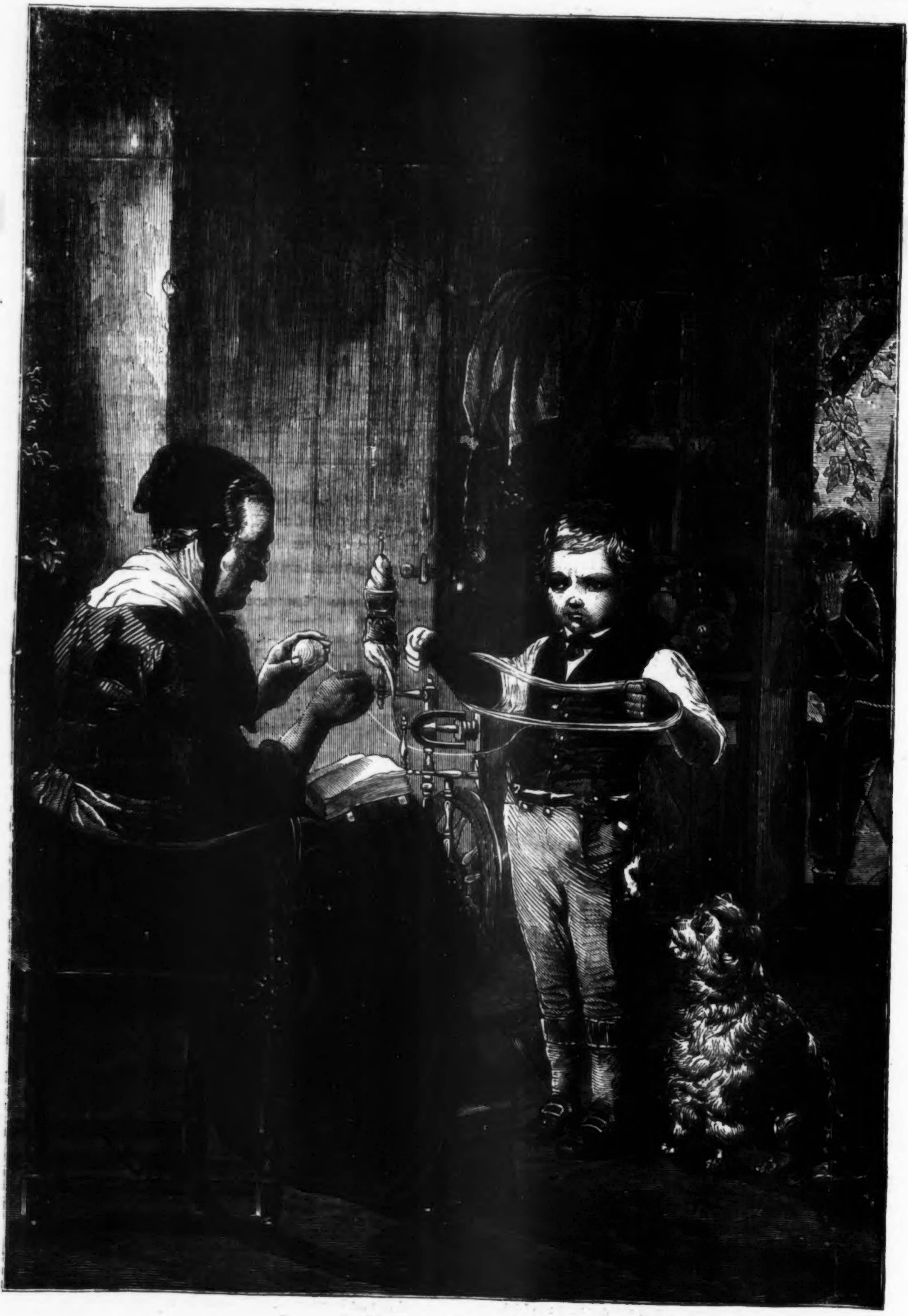
Mother and Daughter.—*Mother:* "Child, haven't I told you not to stand so much before the glass?" *Daughter:* "Why, mother, you told me to read and reflect. I have been reading, and now I am reflecting."

Woman's Wit.—"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old, who can't cook a good meal, shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls, in a sweet chorus.

Pointed.—It is said that an undergraduate once, translating Livy in a lecture-room, described impressively the destruction of Hannibal's infantry by elephants; upon which his lecturer blandly pointed out that they were "saved from that catastrophe by the intervention of a full stop."

"Which is the Orphan?"—A farmer once told his man, who was from the Emerald Isle, to run into the pasture and catch an ox. "I mean the off 'un; I will manage the other myself," said he. Pat ran to do as he was bidden, but suddenly paused on his way, with the exclamation, "He's a reasonable fellow anyhow, bedad! And how am I to know which is the orphan?"

A Profitable Game.—It is said that a new form of begging has made its appearance in Paris, in the shape of a beggar who wants only a pair of boots, his feet being nipped by the cold. The weather had been exceptionally mild the past Winter; nevertheless, the sight of bare feet during the mildest January moved the hearts of the compassionate, and a skillful Parisian beggar got as many as a dozen pairs of boots in a day, thus realizing, it is calculated, a comfortable income of about seventy francs, or two pounds sixteen shillings per week. Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that beggars should scarcely vouchsafe a word of thanks to the passer-by for the gift of a penny. "What do you want me to do with these two sous?" asked a sturdy mendicant of M. Jules Sandeau, who had bestowed alms on him—"Keep them, my friend," he replied, "and give them to the first poor man you see."



THE TRIAL OF PATIENCE.